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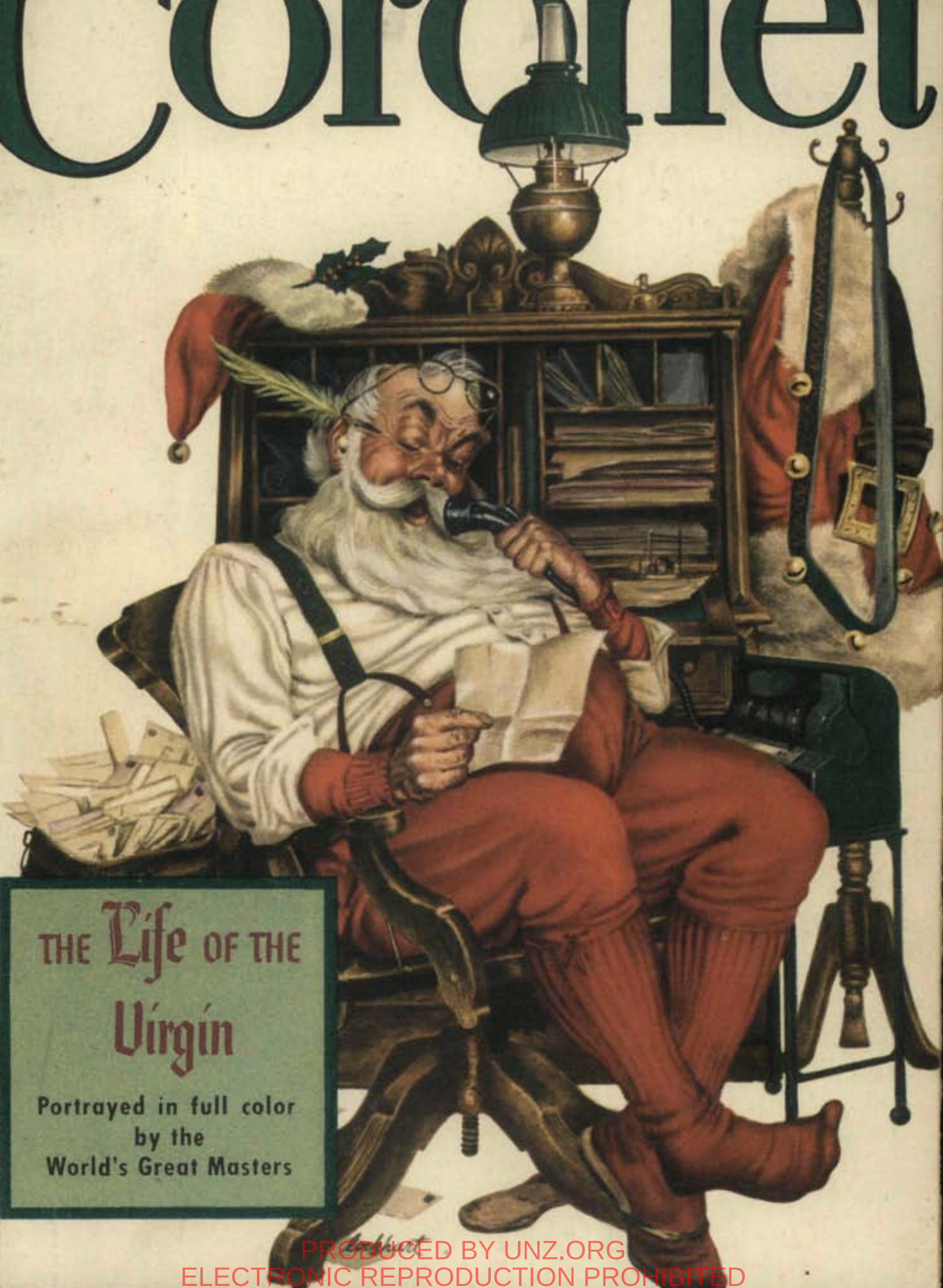
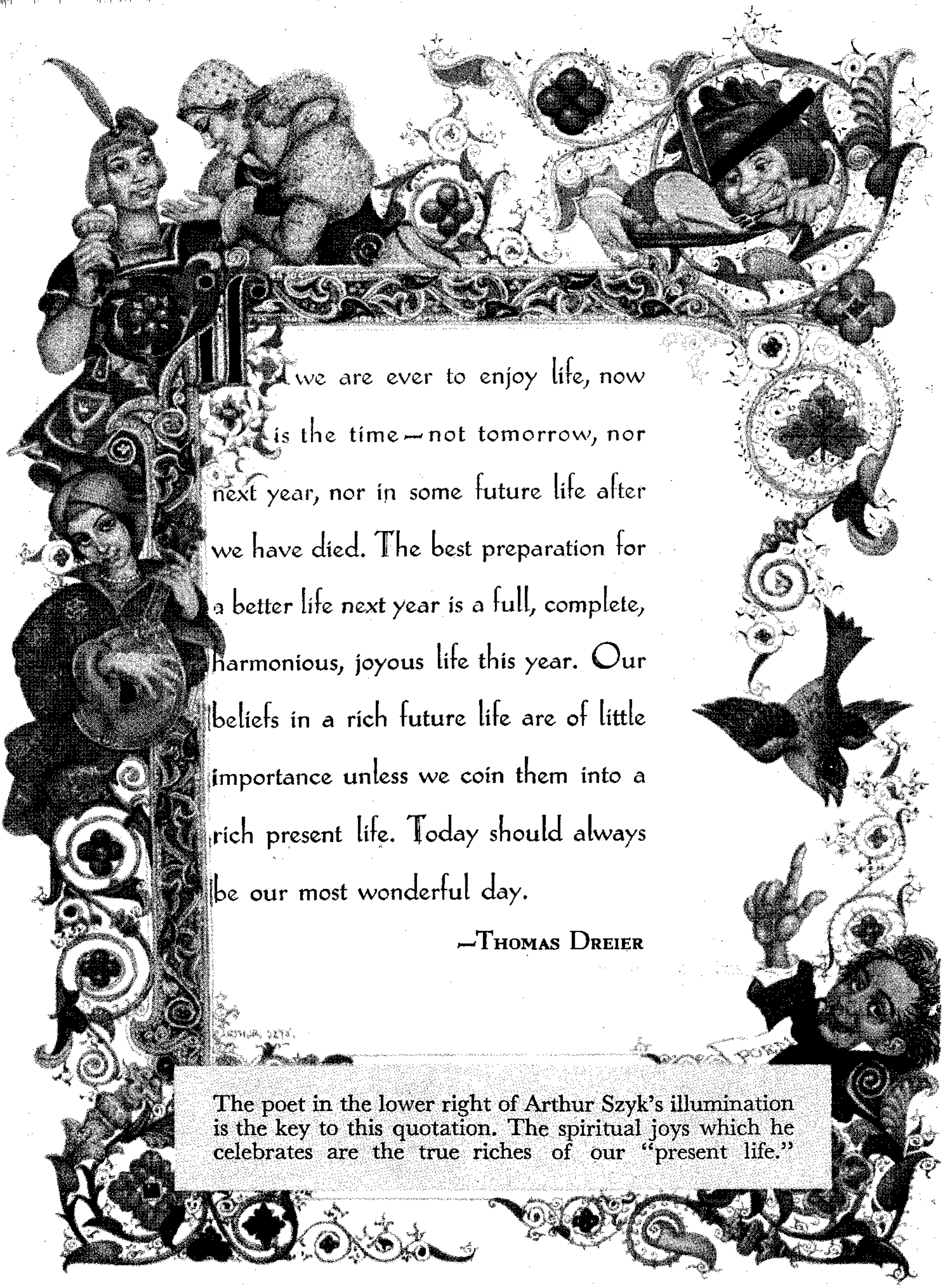


THE Life OF THE Virgin

Portrayed in full color
by the
World's Great Masters



If we are ever to enjoy life, now is the time—not tomorrow, nor next year, nor in some future life after we have died. The best preparation for a better life next year is a full, complete, harmonious, joyous life this year. Our beliefs in a rich future life are of little importance unless we coin them into a rich present life. Today should always be our most wonderful day.

—THOMAS DREIER

The poet in the lower right of Arthur Szyk's illumination is the key to this quotation. The spiritual joys which he celebrates are the true riches of our "present life."

Vol. 23, No. 2 Coronet December, 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

ADVENTURES IN Christmas Giving

by MRS. GLENN FRANK

THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT
BROWNSVILLE

SNOW WAS DRIFTING down on the Missouri village, a Christmas Eve snowfall that whitened trees and cottages. The evening bell in the Methodist Church steeple was summoning the villagers to the Community Christmas tree.

A man and a little girl were hurrying along the street to the church. The man was in his early fifties, but his hair was white and his steps were labored, the result of a battle wound at Shiloh.

The child tugged at her father's hand and her lips moved. "Please, God, make Papa walk faster."

The little girl was I. Papa sensed my impatient excitement. I had written Santa Claus for a doll with golden curls and a blue satin dress. The doll was sure to be on the tree and Santa Claus would give it to me with his very own hands.

At the first corner Mr. Farrington overtook us. My heart sank. He and Papa would begin arguing religion again and that would slow Papa's pace.

"Merry Christmas," said Mr. Farrington. "May I go to church with you and Mary? I've been thinking all afternoon about our talks in your library, Mr. Smith. You are right. It is not necessary to understand Jesus. We only need to *feel* Him."

Papa said we'd be delighted to

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have him join us. But that was all he said—until we reached the church steps. Then he turned to Mr. Farrington.

"What you've just told me is the best Christmas present possible. All the years I've known you, you've tormented yourself with doubts. At last, you realize that faith is feeling—not understanding."

In recent years I have often recalled those words. I know now that the best part of our old-fashioned community gathering was the *feeling*. Everyone was happy. Our village was transformed. The Christmas spirit entered the hearts of everyone, sweeping away envy, bitterness and sorrow. They forgave their enemies and loved their neighbors, freshened their ideals and revitalized their faith.

This Christmas of 1947 is perhaps the most significant to mankind since the first Christmas, almost 2,000 years ago. For many generations, men who have preached a Christmas of good deeds carried over into daily life have been called impractical idealists.

But now, in our new atomic age, the scientists—regarded as intellectuals rather than idealists—are preaching the same gospel! Not as a passport to heaven but as a means of survival on earth. The only answer to the atomic bomb, they say, is religion's simple proclamation: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

So this year, more than ever before, we should not profane the celebration of Christ's birth with competitive, insincere or obligatory gifts. What we give should come straight from the heart.

My first year out of college, I taught Latin in a well-to-do St. Louis suburb. Most of my pupils were allergic to Latin. But one freshman boy, William Schuyler, was a brilliant exception—so brilliant that I asked the principal about his background.

I learned that he was perhaps the only really poor boy in the school; that his mother, a widow, was struggling to educate her children and that William worked after school in the local drugstore.

The last day before the Christmas holiday, as the pupils of each class came to my room, they placed presents on my desk. All but William Schuyler had a gift for me.

I put the presents away and went to luncheon. When I came back, on my desk lay a thin package wrapped in red paper and tied with green cord. Inside was a blotter. On one side was a picture of the Madonna, and in the corner in fine print the name of the firm that had sent this blotter to the drugstore for free Christmas distribution. With the gift was a note in William's handwriting: "When you work at your desk, maybe you'd like to have this.

Mrs. Glenn Frank is the granddaughter of an Episcopalian minister and the widow of the noted educator and publicist who for 12 years was president of the University of Wisconsin. Her only son, Glenn Frank, Jr., was educated at Groton and Harvard, where he distinguished himself in scholarship. With his father, he was killed in an automobile accident in 1940. Only her deep religious faith has sustained Mrs. Frank in the trying years since that tragedy. Here, drawing on her own experiences as a child and as a bereaved mother, she analyzes the true and the false spirit of Christmas giving.

I think the picture is pretty. I wish you a Merry Christmas."

William had no money for a "present." Yet the memory of his gift is still as fresh and inspiring as if I had received it yesterday.

Gifts from the heart are not obligatory.

Last December 20, I was riding on a crowded bus. Two women close to me, their arms full of bundles, were discussing the day's purchases. Suddenly one cried: "Oh, I forgot to get something for Edna! Is it too late to go back?"

"Don't worry," answered the companion. "You probably can find something at home to give her."

"I hope so," said the first woman. Then she added resentfully, "I wish she hadn't started this Christmas exchange!"

Gifts from the heart want no exchange. Passing on a gift one doesn't want, and has no reason to believe anyone else wants, is dishonoring the ideal of Christmas.

The best gift of all is the sympathy of a loving heart.

LAST CHRISTMAS EVE I sat alone in a hotel suite in a large city. I was turning over in my mind all the Christmases of my son's life—from the first when he was 18 days old to the last when he was a man of 21.

I remembered that the Christmas he was seven, he left a sandwich and glass of milk near the fireplace for Santa, for he still believed in this most beautiful of myths. Later, how disappointed he was when an older playmate told him there was no Santa Claus! But his father softened the disappointment by explaining the symbolism and assuring him that as long as there was love on earth, there would be a Santa Claus.

And now, on this Christmas Eve of 1946, I was alone. My son and his father were dead. I didn't see how I could live through the hours until the holiday was over.

Then there came a knock on my door and the bellboy handed me a special-delivery letter. It was from an old teacher now in a home for the aged. She had never known a husband's or a son's love, yet she could understand my grief.

"You were brave as a girl," she wrote. "I know you are brave now."

It was a sacrifice for my old teacher to buy even a special-delivery stamp on her meager budget. But her letter was the Christmas gift I needed. It brought me new courage and a sense of strength. It revitalized my faith again, just as Christmas Eve had revitalized the Missouri village of my childhood.

Perpetual Mention

IT IS NOT GENERALLY known, but it was Millard Fillmore, 13th President of the United States, who gave Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the recording telegraph, his earliest and most potent support. In gratitude, Morse named the two Morse code characters after Fillmore's children, Dorothy (Dot) and Dashiell (Dash). —BILL VAUGHAN

Saved—

a million babies!

by **Madelyn Wood**

Thanks to new skills in the endless fight against killers in the nursery, it's safer to be born today than ever before in history; but the men in white won't be satisfied with anything but a perfect score

"IS MY BABY all right?" A new mother haltingly asks the question with a world of hope and fear apparent in her voice.

Can the doctor answer with hearty assurance: "It's a fine baby boy" or "It's a fine baby girl"? Or does he have to square his shoulders and try to find the right words—when he well knows there are no "right words"—to tell the mother that her baby is dead?

Fortunately, he seldom faces this cruel dilemma, for medical science in the last three decades has saved the lives of a million babies who otherwise would have died. Could there be any more thrilling news than the fact that today it is safer to be born than ever before in history—safer than even a *year* ago?

Cold statistics can't do justice to a fact like that, but the figures will help you to comprehend the full scope of medicine's great triumph.

Go back less than 30 years to 1920, when the mortality rate in the first month of life was 41.5 for every 1,000 babies. Now look at the 1930 figures. They are startlingly lower—down to 35.7! In 1940, they have dropped again—to 28.8. But not low enough. Medicine in the next five years forced them down to 24.3, and last year they went even lower.

No spectacular wonder cure or miracle drug has been invoked. Instead, credit belongs to the burning faith of doctors who believe that not even the tiniest life should be sacrificed if medicine's courage and persistence can save it.

Look what happened recently in a Brooklyn hospital. With kindly directness, a doctor was telling a mother the truth: he did not believe her newborn baby could live. But he added: "I won't give up until I've done everything possible."

"*Everything possible.*" But what could that mean when you were faced with an apparently hopeless situation? Here was a baby born with hardly a trace of life, a baby unable to breathe. Nevertheless, the doctor and two nurses went to work to keep that feeble heartbeat going. After administering adrenalin, the doctor tried artificial respiration and the nurses took turns breathing into the baby's mouth in an effort to expand his lungs.

An hour went by. Three people working, hoping, praying, and yet the baby had not taken a single breath. "We'll keep on," the doctor said grimly. Thirty more minutes passed, and then they heard it. It was a faint gasp, just a whisper, but the breath of life itself.

"Oxygen!" the doctor ordered.

It wasn't enough. The baby was breathing, but still not normally. Would a powerful stimulant work? The doctor tried Metrazole. The baby's breathing speeded up, faster and faster; suddenly there came forth a lusty howl. Three weary people looked at each other and smiled. Then the doctor glanced at his watch. Almost two hours since the baby was born.

Giving a baby a chance to breathe can be one of the toughest jobs to confront a doctor. Neonatal asphyxiation, they call it, when a baby dies because he doesn't get the precious oxygen he needs. But that happens in fewer cases every year.

Doctors had tried various and drastic means to start the process of breathing, usually relying on the crude methods of spanking, swinging the baby by his feet or suspending him in hot or cold water. Then, in Washington some 20 years ago, a young doctor named Joseph Kreiselman had an idea.

"What is needed is a device—a machine if you want to call it that —to save the lives of babies."

He proceeded to design it himself, and the result was the Kreiselman Infant Resuscitator. Today the electrically operated device is standard equipment in most hospitals. It has saved thousands of lives and has indirectly helped to make childbirth less painful.

In administering drugs to the mother, the doctor knows that the effect may be transmitted to the unborn child, hampering his breathing at delivery. With the resuscitator available, the danger is greatly lessened.

MOST BABIES COME into the world big enough to start normal living right away. But seven per cent of them are premature—a term medical men use for any baby weighing less than five pounds. Right there is the biggest challenge to the obstetrician, for problems arising from prematurity will claim some 30,000 lives this year alone.

Today the biggest single factor in reducing these deaths is the modern incubator. Heated electrically, its controllable temperature and humidity provide just the right conditions for the tiny "preemie" who must be protected from cold because he has a skin area relatively large in proportion to his weight, a condition resulting in excess loss of body heat. Being too weak to raise his own chest wall sufficiently for normal breathing, he is aided by oxygen blown into the incubator.

But the real secret of pulling a "preemie" through those first dangerous days is tender care. Nothing can be left to chance. His food, clothing and utensils must be specially sterilized, for the premature baby may succumb to germs that would not harm an ordinary infant. One major discovery is that there should be no feeding in the first 12 hours, or perhaps longer.

More and more hospitals are joining in the all-out drive to save premature babies, with spectacular results. For example, in St. Joseph's Maternity Hospital, Houston, Texas, a special nursery has been set up. Special nurses guard it constantly and physicians examine the infants in a special room where ultraviolet lights kill germs.

Chicago offers a brilliant example of what can happen when a big city throws itself into lifesaving efforts. Any premature baby born there gets special attention from the Health Department. Two hospitals have been designated as "preemie" centers, and to them are brought all difficult cases in a special city ambulance. The Chicago campaign is getting results. Doctors calculate that, in the last five years, some 2,600 infants have been snatched from death.

Another killer which stalks the nursery is diarrhea. Once, doctors were almost helpless in the face of an epidemic which could sweep through a nursery in a matter of hours. The big question was: what caused death in such cases?

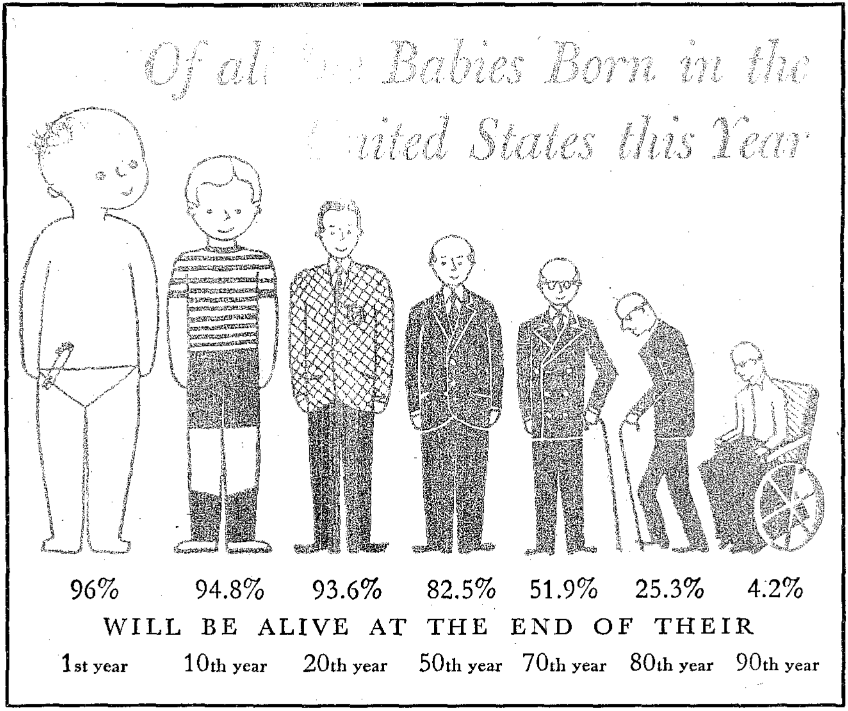
For a long time medicine was baffled. Then an important symptom was found: lack of water in the baby's tissues. Doctors overcame dehydration in many cases by simply giving intravenous injections of a saline solution containing potassium salt, glucose and sodium bicarbonate.

What a progressive hospital can do to protect babies against infection is demonstrated by the records at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore. In 1940, the institution launched a campaign to stop infections in the nursery. The year before, there had been 28 cases among 713 babies. Not bad, as averages go, but a poor record in the eyes of hospital authorities. Their new orders called for constant vigilance by every nurse and doctor.

In the first year of the new campaign, only five babies out of 853 incurred an infectious disease. In 1942, the number was down to just *two* out of 1,156 infant patients.

Then the slogan became: "Let's make it perfect!" As a result, in 1943 there was not a single case of infection among the 1,430 babies born that year!

IF THE SUCCESS of medicine is measured by its ability to prevent possibly fatal emergencies before they arise, then certainly one of its great triumphs lies in a simple discovery that is saving thousands of babies from bleeding to death. At birth, an infant's blood lacks the property of clotting quickly. Only



after the first week does the process speed up to any extent. Here, then, is a terrible danger zone.

For a long time, medicine did not know what caused clotting. Then a remarkable substance was discovered in the blood. Christened "prothrombin," this chemical must be present to permit proper clotting. Here was the explanation of the dreadful danger to newborn babies. Their blood did not have enough prothrombin.

Fortunately, science knew how to put it there, for two Danish investigators had discovered a vitamin which they christened K, the K standing for the Danish word *koagulation.* It has the property of speeding up clotting. But would it work with infants? The doctors experimented and found that it gave babies a blood-clotting time as brief as that of the normal adult.

Then the medical men made a big jump in thinking. Why wait to give it to the baby? Why not give it to the mother *before* childbirth? Again the experiments worked. Today many doctors give the mother synthetic vitamin K once a week during the last month of pregnancy, and once a day during the last four days before delivery.

Yes, doctors are determined to save the lives of babies, not only in the streamlined hospitals of big cities but also in the humble ones of remote communities. Look at what happened last year in the town of Bigfork, Minnesota.

On September 2, a two-pound, 12-ounce premature baby girl was born. Dr. Kenneth Kelley, recently returned from the Navy, knew that the chances were all against survival, but he decided to fight the battle through. There was no incubator, so Dr. Kelley had one built. Then, as the whole town watched and waited, the battle began.

It would take nurses—at least five — and volunteers promptly stepped forth. Night and day, week after week, they watched the baby, feeding her with an eyedropper, guarding her against infection by injecting penicillin. September went by. Then October, November. Now the baby was three months old. The parents were beginning to wonder whether they couldn't take their daughter home, but Dr. Kelley shook his head.

Then it happened. The baby stopped breathing. But Dr. Kelley knew what to do. Injections of adrenalin—more oxygen—a grim refusal to give up hope. Somehow the crisis passed and the baby began to breathe again.

Two weeks later, the doctor proudly handed the parents a normal, healthy little girl, and told them they could take her home to their little shack in the wilderness. A struggle of three and a half months was over. Another infant had won the right to live. And another victory had been achieved in medicine's ceaseless fight against the killers that stalk the nursery.

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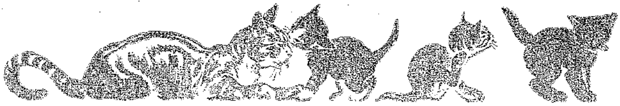


How old do cats have to be to have kittens?

Usually, six months.

What is the greatest length of time that a person has ever held his breath?

Twenty minutes and five seconds. This record was made by Eugene J. Frechette, Jr. at Wesleyan University—under the laboratory control of Prof. Ross A. Gortner, Jr. of that institution.

Are blondes more likely to become baldheaded than brunettes?

Yes, blondes are more likely to become bald than brunettes—and brunettes are more likely to become bald than redheads.

What is the average height and weight of men and women in the United States?

The average height of men is 5 feet 8 inches; of women, 5 feet 3½ inches. The average weight for men in their early 30's is 152, and for women, 133 pounds.

Do more men or more women live to be 100 years old?

More women. About twice as many women live to be 100.

—From *Here's the Answer* by Albert Mitchell, the Answer Man. Published by Miles-Emmett

I FLEW FASTER THAN A BULLET

by Col. Albert Boyd, USAAF

The race to set a world's speed record is an endless one. During the past 25 years, the mark has been variously held by Britain, Italy, Germany and the United States. When this article was written, Colonel Boyd had just returned the record to this country. Then, two months later, on August 20, Comdr. Turner F. Caldwell, USN, flying a Navy jet-propelled D-558 Douglas Skystreak, set a new speed mark of 640.7 miles per hour over the same course. Just five days later, Caldwell's record was broken when Maj. Marion Carl, in the same plane, flew 650.6 miles per hour. By the time you read this story, an even faster record may have been set, either here or abroad. This is the challenge that keys our Air Forces in their peacetime war against the unknowns of the supersonic barriers. —The Editors

HOW DOES IT FEEL to fly faster than a bullet? I learned the answer to that question last June when I flew a modified Lockheed P-80 over the California desert at a speed faster than man had ever traveled before.

The record-smashing flight was part of a carefully planned experiment conducted at Muroc Dry Lake, the Army Air Forces test base, to prove that an American-built, in-production type plane could set a new world's speed mark over a straightaway course.

My plane was equipped with delicate instruments which showed a speed of 632.5 miles per hour on one pass over the course. Recording devices on the ground corroborated this, and the official average for the four times over the course was 623.855 m.p.h.—faster than any human ever had flown before. Faster, in fact, than a bullet.

Take, for example, my Army automatic. The slug leaves the muzzle of the gun at about 574 miles per hour. Thus, if a pilot flying at better than 600 m.p.h.

should aim one of these automatics at the tail of his plane and fire it, the bullet would literally stand still in space. Or, if a gunner in a plane behind him fired at the P-80, the little aircraft could actually run away from the bullet.

My record flight was part of a minutely executed campaign in the mysterious war now being waged against the unknowns of the supersonic barriers. I say "mysterious" advisedly, because none of us knows what to expect beyond the next mile-marker as our planes go faster and faster, approaching the speed of sound.

There seems to be a Thor-like monster lurking behind the "wall of sound" with a giant sledge hammer, ready to smash our planes to bits. This is what happened last year to Britain's great plane designer and pilot, Geoffrey DeHavilland, when his plane disintegrated in mid-air during a speed attempt. Right now we are not sure exactly what that force is, how it strikes, where or when. The only way we can hope to find out more about it is to have someone take up a plane and fly the throttle off it, the faster the better.

It was my privilege to be that someone—the pilot selected to fly the P-80R Shooting Star over the Muroc course. It was also my job to do it, for I am a test pilot. In addition there was the honor, if the plane reached expected speed, of bringing the world's speed crown back to America.

This latter incentive gave the whole affair a lot of publicity, but actually the flight was no more of an exploit than any one of a hundred routine flights that our test pilots are making every day. Only this time we were going to try and squeeze out a few more m.p.h. in a straightaway, which was much less dangerous than some of the dives I have experienced.

As a Hollywood version of a daring test pilot about to make a death-defying run, I was a flop. I didn't have my midriff taped to keep my innards from bursting; I didn't wear a grotesque flying suit as protection against excessive gravity pulls; I didn't pedal a gymnasium bicycle before the flight to get in condition; I didn't plaster a wad of gum on the plane's fuselage for good luck because the protuberance would only have cut down on maximum attainable speed.

The truth is, on the morning of the flight I got out of bed at 6:30 A.M., took a shower, shaved, then went to breakfast. The orange juice, toast, eggs and coffee—my usual diet—looked good.

One of the kitchen girls came to our table. "My goodness," she said, "aren't you too scared to eat?"

"No, but the plane is," I joked.

After breakfast our little group went to the operations office and sat around talking until someone called to say the plane was ready. My clothes were no different from those worn by the other officers with me: regulation summer uniform of worsted trousers and shirt, brown PX-oxfords. I decided on this outfit because the standard nylon flying suit which I had worn on some preliminary test runs got too hot: it didn't absorb the cockpit heat as well as wool.

Come to think of it, I'm wearing the same suit at my desk as I work on this article. But no . . . it's a little different. I didn't wear a tie for the flight. It was too hot then.

Of course, I did put on a standard P-80 pilot's helmet, which keeps sudden spurts of speed from bashing out your brains against the cockpit canopy top. And I did have a parachute; there was a bare chance, if something went wrong, that I might somehow get out. But here's an idea of how I felt about the odds:

Just before the engine was started, Capt. Foster White, Wright Field project officer of the flight, said, "Everything's ready, sir. But just in case something goes wrong, I've got a doctor and ambulance standing by."

"You send them back to the hospital where they belong," I told him. "It's a cinch that if anything goes wrong I won't be needing them. Or an undertaker, either."

Then they snapped on the detachable cockpit canopy and I was ready to start. But before I take you along on this faster-than-a-bullet ride, let's look at the plane and some of the reasons for such a flight. There's a lot more behind a record flight than just the pilot and his ship.

All of this started in 1946, when a directive from Washington told us to prepare to break the British world speed record of 606 m.p.h., set in the twin-engined jet Meteor. There had been public clamor that either we beat the mark or admit the inferiority of America's high-speed planes.

Immediately there began a race to get a plane ready. First, we tried with a standard P-80, but failed. Then we set Lockheed to work modifying the P-80. Meanwhile Republic was working feverishly to ready its P-84 jet-fighter for an attempt. But despite this duel in the industry, one disappointment followed another.

Finally, however, Republic's P-84 showed up well in test runs. It was ready, and judges from the National Aeronautics Association in Washington prepared for an official test. Then one day Capt. Martin Smith, a fellow Wright Field pilot, flew the plane past the camera stations at Muroc. Unofficially he beat the British mark, but one camera had malfunctioned and the record was tossed out.

It didn't matter much, anyway, for a few hours later word came that the British had smashed their own mark, flying the Meteor at 616 m.p.h.

Our P-84, the Thunderjet, was not quite ready for that, because the plane was still in a highly experimental stage. The factory would have to make a lot of changes before the P-84 was ready to accept the British challenge. So it looked as though we were whipped again.

Then last spring "Kelly" Johnson, Lockheed's chief research engineer, called me at Wright Field from Burbank. "Colonel," he said, "we've got the fastest things with wings. Now it's up to you boys."

A few days later I was at the Lockheed factory, inspecting the plane that looked every bit its nickname—Racey.

Officially designated P-80R (for racing special), it's a sleek little job with a wing span approximately the length of a Greyhound bus. Its weight is about four tons, spread out in a streamlined package. The fuselage is shaped like a dart, and the wings are thin as knife blades. It squats low to the ground on a tricycle landing gear, and is powered with a turbo-jet engine which scoops in air, compresses it, mixes it with burning gases and kicks it out through a tail pipe as thrust-power, on the same principle as the jet-nozzle on your garden hose that shoots out a stream of water.

In outward appearance and inherent power principle, the record-plane is just like any other P-80 which you can see going down the production line at Burbank. But for purposes of getting maximum speed, the little plane incorporated certain modifications, which I won't detail here. It's enough to say that Racey was not a wholly new plane, merely a changed plane.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—this sleek P-80R seemed ready to try for the record. But consider what had to be done before we could make the flight. First, we notified NAA again and three judges flew to Muroc, set up recording instruments and helped us with preliminaries. Then we had to solve the problem of the speed course itself.

You would think that with a whole desert to choose from, it would be easy to find a spot three kilometers (1.863 miles) long. But there could be no obstacles within a radius of ten or twelve miles: otherwise the pilot could not make safe turns at either end of the straightaway course. Around Muroc there are a few hills, and we had to skirt them, for it takes about five to six miles to make a turn in a P-80 going top speed.

Finally we decided upon a spot in the middle of the dry lake. The speedway was plotted out on the white desert, with black oil lines marking it like a highway. Col. Bill Councill, Captain Smith and I flew over it a couple of dozen times in various types of planes, ranging from an A-26 bomber to the P-84 and, of course, the speed plane itself. Each time we flew a little faster, until we were approaching 600 m.p.h. Then we got together to decide the best and safest technique for the speed dash itself.

Finally, everything was worked out in tiniest detail. Then it was time to practice, practice—and practice some more. Take off, climb, turn, straight, nose-down; pull up, turn, straight, turn, straight, nose-down. It began to ring in my ears like a drill sergeant's cadence. . . . You weren't human any more. You were a machine . . .

Now you're on edge and eager to go. Cameras on the ground are all set. Up front in the nose of the P-80R, other cameras will make a film record of everything the plane does.

Three NAA planes with observers aboard are cruising at 1,300 feet to see that you don't go too high and disqualify. The plane itself has been in the hangar all night. They've just air-conditioned it inside and out to keep the temperature down as much as possible.

Mechanics have rolled it out of the hangar. The tanks have plenty of kerosene in them: that's Racey's diet and she eats like a horse. There's lots of water for the engine injection system, a new experiment with jets which gives even more power. Everything's ready, everything's all right.

You adjust your helmet and climb in. A Lockheed crewman snaps the canopy shut. You laugh at your own wisecrack about the undertaker. Then you're dead-pan serious and alert.

Once more you check things inside the cockpit. The shoulder harness: it's plenty tight. Safety belt: it's pinching. Chute: you can feel its folds on your bottom, you're strapped in so tight. The stick: it's free. The rudder: perfect.

Now start the engine. Okay! Check the instruments: fuel gauge, altimeter, air-speed indicator, tail-pipe temperature indicator. These are the important ones to watch. And the shiny clock on the dashboard, the most important timepiece you've ever looked at. Because you're going to time your precision movements with each tick of its second hand.

Now adjust the microphone. Then the headset. Call the tower: "This is 5200 to Muroc tower. Muroc tower from 5200. Request permission to take off."

"Runway clear. Go ahead."

Now check the speed-course crews. "5200 to speed course. Ready to take off."

"We're ready. Good luck, Colonel!"

You push forward on the throttle. The ship trembles, starts to move faster and faster as the engine picks up. The wheels skim lightly over the hard surface. Back on the stick. More throttle. Then she's free and seems to slip into the air. There's the little light that says the wheels are up. Now climb!

Sswoosssshhh — you cross the black lines of oil. They look like tar-strips on a highway when you pass over them in a car doing 80.

The altimeter needle swings clockwise, 200 — 500 — 1,000 feet. Now turn. Bank her with the ailerons. Easy does it. There's the hill. Careful! Straighten out. Watch the clock on the instrument panel.

Tick, tick, tick—45 seconds. Bank again. Make it vertical. There's the little village. It looks like a section of a rag rug. Don't look too long. Hurry up! Straighten her out level! There's the cement plant—gray, fuzzy splotches as you whisk by.

Glance at the speed: 570 and still climbing. Call the speed course: "Pushing her over."

That's the prearranged signal. Now—nose her down. Aim the nose like a rifle at those oil lines coming up. Press the little button near the throttle that shoots in the water to spurt the engine power. Feel the ship lurch forward!

There's the first black line. There another blur. Must be the first camera station. You catch fleeting glimpses of other objects as they whizz by. There's the end marker. Quick now. Pull up!

Now repeat everything. Do it all over again in the other direction. Whew! It's getting hot in the cockpit. The sweat is pouring through your uniform. No wonder. Look at the temperature inside: 125 degrees F. Getting hotter.

Gotta make one more pass or it won't count. But will she stand another? You'll bake. Gotta risk it, anyway. Can't let those guys on the ground down. Can't make "Kelly" Johnson out a liar. . .

Then, before you know it, you've swished over the course for the fourth and last time. And in the earphones, White is saying something. "We're in! All four passes recorded. Looks good."

"That's wonderful."

Now ease back on the throttle and try for a landing. But watch the speed indicator. Don't let it get below 150 or you'll stall out and it'll all be over. Watch the altimeter, too. Don't let it get above 1,300 feet.

Suddenly, you realize it's tougher to fly slow than it is to fly fast. It's hard to slow this plane down to landing speed. Normally you would climb up five or ten thousand feet, loose power and come on in. But the rules say you can't do that. So just sit there and jockey the throttle and pray things hold together and the bottom doesn't drop out of this plane still going 400-plus.

Now let the flaps down. Slowly! Let the wheels down. Watch the earth come up to meet you. Then the wheels touch and roll. You're down and taxiing over to the hangar where a crowd is gathering.

NOW YOU SIT AROUND and wait for hours while the judges decide whether you've broken the world's record. You talk with newsmen, pose for pictures, say something into a microphone.

Tell 'em you were too busy to be scared. Tell 'em you didn't see anything but blurred images and the instruments in front of you. Try to convince them that this was a routine test flight, not a circus stunt. Yes, just try. Honestly, that was the toughest part of all.

And in the middle of all this, there's a shout from the darkroom where the timers are developing the camera negatives. Somebody yells: "The guy flew better'n 630 miles an hour on that second pass."

Then we got the official returns: the world's record was ours again for the first time in 24 years. The British or anyone else would have something to shoot at—623.855 m.p.h. average.

Afterwards, I took off in a bomber to fly over and see the commanding officer at San Bernardino Army Post. I had the radio on, listening to a couple of fighter pilots talking to each other.

"Did you hear about the new speed record?" said one. "Some Wright Field guy just flew 622 miles per hour."

"Sounds impossible."

I butted in on the wave length. "It was 623.85 m.p.h.," I corrected and snapped off the switch.

They'll never know who interrupted their conversation. But one of them had a question: "Thanks, bub. But say, who wants to fly that fast, anyway? And why?"

The answer is: some day it may help us to win a war.

Marked Down

The honeymoon is over when he takes her off a pedestal and puts her on a budget.

—*Pathfinder*

Pride of America's Farm Lands

The energetic boys and girls of our 4-H Clubs have some amazing achievements to their credit

by **William F. McDermott**

If you were to step off the train at the village of Exeter, Nebraska, and ask "Who is the 'first lady' of this community?" the chances are the answer would be "Why, Maurine Steyer, of course."

When you meet Maurine and learn about her record—not from her but from others—you understand why she is not only an outstanding figure in up-and-coming rural Nebraska but also the champion girl "achiever" among the 1,700,000 aggressive farm youngsters who comprise the 4-H Clubs of America.

Chosen from a roster of almost a million energetic girls the nation over, Maurine has reigned during 1947 as "achievement champion" even as she continues her studies at the University of Nebraska. What she has done on the farm is almost incredible. A little girl in pigtails when she launched her 4-H Club endeavors in 1940, Maurine, now 17, has earned $11,718.47 with her rural improvement projects, including $206.13 in cash prizes and $450 in scholarships.

Just an obscure country girl on a modest prairie farm, she managed to roll up such an impressive record by combining brains with bustle. She has canned thousands of jars of food for her family, has raised and sold beef cattle valued at hundreds of dollars, has cultivated big gardens and sold produce, has made her own clothing and sewed for many others, has helped to improve seed grain used on her father's place, has planted many trees, and modernized and beautified her home. As a symbolic reward for accomplishment, Maurine has received a personal trophy from the President of the United States.

There must, however, be a boy "achievement champion" in the picture too, and the Westby, Wisconsin, lad chosen to reign during 1947 has a record as colorful as Maurine's. Twenty-one-year-old LaVerne E. Hall, six feet tall and powerfully alive, has also won a trophy from President Truman, as well as a scholarship award, for his amazing farm record.

"Dad" Hall recognized his son's zeal when the boy was 12 years old. "Here, Vernie, take a calf for your own and see what you can do with it," the father said.

Starting with the gift heifer, Verne earned enough money at odd jobs for other farmers to buy another calf. Then he went on to build up his present herd of 49 purebred milkers, for which he was awarded the title of "Jersey breeder champion" of Wisconsin. In addition, he has marketed hundreds of fine hogs, has maintained a herd of high-grade beef cattle, and has bred and sold scores of colts.

LaVerne, a sociable youth who believes that "no man lives unto himself alone," has spread the gospel of neighborliness even into the realms of soil conservation, improving the strains of cattle, and helping younger boys and girls to get a start in progressive agriculture. Experimenting with land-improvement methods, he found that by strip cropping and terracing he could not only get a maximum yield from his father's 255-acre farm—enough to feed all the livestock and to spare—but also could arrest erosion and improve the soil.

Thus, when the annual election of the Farmer's Union Local approached this year, the nominating committee could think of only one person for president: LaVerne Hall. In that position, he has directed the activities of 350 farmers, touring his own and adjoining counties to make speeches for soil conservation and improved farming methods. As a result, hundreds of acres are being improved in the most scientific ways. As a 4-H leader, LaVerne has fired scores of neighboring boys and girls with the ambition to become real agriculturists.

But Maurine and Verne are not the only rural champions recognized by the 4-H Club movement—there are also leaders chosen to reign yearly. The girl "leadership champion" of 1947 is a Missouri farm miss, now a coed at the University of Missouri. Pretty and charming, 20-year-old Estelle Ruth Stewart of Mill Grove is the possessor of a trophy and a scholarship because she guided 95 farm boys and girls in rural-improvement activities until they won high honors in county and state 4-H competitions. She also earned $4,460 with her canning, clothing, poultry, beef, sheep, and gardening projects.

A good match for Estelle in leadership activities is Lewis Topliff, a 20-year-old lad of Formoso, Kansas. As a tiller of the soil in his out-of-school hours, Lewis earned $8,644, but it was in civic and school work that he really triumphed. He served three years as junior 4-H leader, was counselor at the club camp, led his group in wartime scrap drives, Red Cross fund-raising, and other patriotic efforts.

These young people are truly representative of the 1,700,000 keen-thinking and quick-acting boys and girls, 10 to 21 years old, of the 4-H Clubs of America, who have dedicated "Head, Heart, Hand and Health" to better farming and a better world. They have not only rescued America from the threat of peasantry but have glamorized agriculture to the point of halting the exodus of farm youth to the cities.

The 1,700,000 members are formed into 75,000 neighborhood clubs that blanket the rural areas of the nation. For support and administration, this vast program is dependent on the U.S. Department of Agriculture and its Extension Service, the State colleges and county agencies. But it receives important civic aid from the volunteer National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work, located in Chicago and headed by Thomas E. Wilson, the meat packer, and Guy L. Noble, managing director.

This group enlists individuals and corporations in promoting the program, including the National 4-H Club Congress and the annual awards of $317,000 in scholarships, medals, tours and grants.

The 4-H Clubs, which sprang up as a grass-roots movement early in the century, have turned 11,000,000 disciplined and eager youngsters into activities for bettering farms and farm life. They have improved livestock, increased production of fruit and grain, modernized houses and barns, beautified yards and highways, planted millions of trees. During the war, 4-H'ers contributed nearly 1,000,000 fighting men (and many women), yet raised enough extra food to feed 3,000,000 fighters. Today, their efforts contribute vastly to America's record-breaking production of food, so that undernourished millions may be fed in foreign lands.

To highlight this record of achievement, let's look at the six "canning queens" of the current farm year—girls 17 to 19. Together they have put up 21,451 jars of vegetables, fruits, jams and jellies, as well as chicken and other meats, including quail and venison. Among them are 19-year-old Mary Grant of Winona, Mississippi, who alone canned 6,174 jars of food; and 18-year-old Beatrice Margwarth of Ramona, Oklahoma, whose output totaled 4,516 containers, including 266 jars for a rural school's lunches.

CHIEF BOON TO TODAY'S 4-H Club program is rural electricity, which means power for household devices and farm machinery. Consider the case of 14-year-old David E. McClun of Preston, Idaho, who was dissatisfied with the way his father's hens were laying—doing double duty in summer when eggs were cheap and going on strike in winter when prices were high.

David calculated that if he warmed up the hens they would stick to their job, so he designed an electric heater to supply warm water in winter time. As a result the hens doubled production.

Pretty Shirley Peterman of Miami, Missouri, was so delighted with the coming of rural electricity that she pored over textbooks and visited power plants to see how the "juice" could be best used on her farm. Deciding that electric milking machines were better than the hand method, the 15-year-old girl designed a modern dairy barn and supervised construction and installation of milking machines.

Safety is another prime 4-H project, what with 18,000 rural people killed and 1,500,000 injured in accidents each year. A Colorado girl made her section of the state safety-conscious by spectacular promotion methods; a Georgia girl campaigned to have an unsafe bridge removed and a new one built. She also persuaded county officials to acquire forest-fire fighting equipment, and helped to raise money for a new fireproof roof for her church.

Health is another asset the Clubbers cultivate. Blue ribboners are chosen not for the health they may have been blessed with, but for the health they have *achieved*, and for their efforts to improve community living conditions. A sickly Kansas boy built himself into a rugged athlete and then became a health crusader. A Missouri girl remedied a foot defect by exercises, and then taught other 4-H'ers how to care for their feet. Today, she plans correct diets for 180 children in her consolidated school.

ON THE INTERNATIONAL front, the 4-H'ers are determined to win a world peace. This they would achieve by service rather than by sentiment—extending 4-H knowledge and benefits to 360,000,000 boys and girls all over the globe.

From the American zone in Korea comes word that 4-H-trained boys among the occupation troops are starting clubs for rural Korean youth. The owner of a sugar plantation in Brazil has called on the 4-H to launch the movement among children of his employees. A Methodist missionary has organized clubs in Chile, and is now back in America for further study of scientific farming methods. Since the war, Texas 4-H boys have made a good-will trip to Mexico to demonstrate club methods, and a return visit was paid by Mexican youths.

In recent months, queries about forming clubs have come from Holland, Rhodesia, France, England, Australia, New Zealand, Uruguay, Argentina and El Salvador. One of the "livest" correspondents is Mohammad Latif, secretary of the Punjab Young Farmers' Club in Lahore, India.

Although here in America government agencies and private groups help the 4-H program, real responsibility for success rests with the rural people and the 185,000 volunteer leaders. Everything is on a free-will basis—no one has to join, no one has to stay in. The movement represents democracy at its best, since members select their own officers and determine their own programs with local guidance.

The foundation of all 4-H activity is the "project." Each boy and girl conducts a project in agriculture or home economics, whether it be clothes-making, cooking, gardening, canning, developing purebred livestock, modernizing equipment, or scores of other constructive tasks. 4-H'ers no longer apologize for agriculture: the glamour of the soil has returned, and pride shines in the eyes of this new generation of agriculturists.

All this year, contests have been conducted for superior achievements among 4-H boys and girls, with awards presented on county, state, sectional and national levels. County winners alone will receive 143,500 gold and silver medals, while major awards include watches, scholarships, cash prizes, savings bonds and educational trips.

But most coveted of all prizes is the opportunity to attend the great 4-H Congress in Chicago the first week in December. Here 1,500 of the "nation's finest" in rural achievement assemble for ovations, fetes and banquets. Awards are made by city and national leaders, and champions to reign during 1948 are named.

If you should happen to be in Chicago December 3 as one of the 20,000 who will jam the International Amphitheater to witness the 4-H "Pageant of Rural America," you will see stirring sights. Sturdy, straight-shouldered youths from nearly every state in the Union, from Alaska and Canada, will parade behind the banners of their states, territories and provinces. Rank on rank, in close formation, they will march with a rhythm befitting experienced troopers.

Then, at the climax of this dramatic ceremony, you will hear them solemnly give their pledge: "I pledge my Head to clearer thinking, my Heart to greater loyalty, my Hands to larger service, and my Health to better living for my club, my community and my country."

A Story of Mother Love

SEVERAL YEARS ago, during a prolonged drought in Australia, the wild creatures of the bush became so thirsty that they braved even the dangerous dooryards of settlers for a drink of water. So the settlers, whose cattle and sheep died like flies for lack of water, were constantly on the lookout lest these wild creatures drink what little water was left. Each man hung a loaded gun near the doorway to be used at a moment's notice.

Such a call came one hot summer's day. Instantly the settler seized his gun and stood ready. Out of the bush a mother kangaroo, with a young one in her pouch, came loping across the brown, powdery open space surrounding the house. Nearer and nearer she came, her beautiful brown eyes fixed beseechingly on the settler. She made her way straight to the tub of water placed there for the use of the few domestic animals that had survived. Still the settler did not shoot.

The water reached, she waited, her soft gaze still fixed on the man, while the young kangaroo in her pouch drank its fill. Then she turned, without taking a drop for herself, and loped back across the parched open space and on into the tangled depths of the bush. The settler watched her until she disappeared. Then he hung up his gun and, with a choking in his throat, went back to work.

—H. E. Zimmerman

TALK UP to your doctor!

by HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M.D.

If you don't understand what he's talking about, say so! His explanation may rout needless anxiety about your health

THE OTHER DAY I overheard a famous surgeon tell the husband of a patient that the woman was suffering from a "thrombophlebitis" rather than a "phlebothrombosis." The husband nodded sagely, although he hadn't the slightest idea whether the surgeon meant that his wife would recover—or lose a leg.

As the surgeon walked down the hospital corridor, a nurse asked bluntly: "What is the difference between the two conditions?"

The surgeon paused to make a few simple sketches on a pad, showing that although both concerned a blood clot within the leg, they differed completely in cause, danger and treatment.

When the nurse inquired why he hadn't made a similar explanation to the patient's husband, he shrugged. "He didn't ask me!"

Well, why didn't he ask? And why don't thousands of other patients ask their doctors for a simplified explanation of their troubles?

Chiefly because most patients are ashamed to admit that they do not understand the doctor's language. When his explanation is over their heads, they simply say, "I see." But actually, they don't see at all.

It is human nature for a person to believe that everyone is familiar with the words used in his particular line of business. The lawyer talks glibly of writs and torts; the architect takes it for granted that you know the difference between Doric and Ionic columns; and a physician may likewise think you know what he is talking about when he remarks that you have a bronchiectasis.

But don't blame him too harshly. Instead, ask yourself this question: what does the doctor know about *my* particular line of business?

If you are a mechanic and your doctor brings his car in for service, he may be the world's greatest fixer of broken arms. *But*—should you talk to him about a circuit breaker, he may not have the faintest idea of what you mean. If you are a salesgirl and the doctor plans to surprise his wife with wearing apparel, he may stare blankly as you talk about satin, sateen and satinet. And if you sell fruit at the corner market and he wants a bagful of apples, just watch his expression as you ask whether he prefers the Jonathan, Delicious, Rome Beauty, Baldwin or the Winesap!

When stumped by such words, the doctor will promptly ask these people for an explanation. Hence they, in turn, should not hesitate to ask him what *he* means when he says, "Oh, it's nothing but a dermatophytosis."

Being afraid to talk up to your doctor may cost you months of unnecessary suffering. Take the case of the carpenter who had an ailing finger. When he bent it, it clicked at the knuckle and stayed in that position until he forcibly snapped the finger straight again. The doctor said he had a tenosynovitis, requiring an operation. The words *tenosynovitis* and *operation* frightened the man. So he muttered: "I'll think it over."

The carpenter suffered the disability for months, even though it interfered with his work. Finally, in desperation, he visited another doctor. But it was the same story. This time, however, he summoned enough courage to ask questions.

"Is this a dangerous operation, doctor? Is there any chance that my finger might become stiff for life—or that I might even lose it?"

The doctor explained that the tendon which moved the finger normally slid back and forth in its sheath like an arm in a shirt sleeve. In the carpenter's case, the sheath was too tight at one point, causing the tendon to stick. The remedy the doctor suggested was to cut the sheath and free the tendon.

"How long will I be in the hospital?" the carpenter asked.

"Hospital? You don't have to be hospitalized for that. I can do it here in the office under a local anesthetic."

Fifteen minutes later the carpenter was able to move his finger freely again.

PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT talking up to your doctor because you are fearful that he will say something you don't want to hear. You dread the words: "Well, you asked for it. You have cancer!"

If a patient has a cancer, one which has a good chance of being cured by irradiation or surgery, many doctors will reveal the plain fact. This is necessary to "scare" the patient into accepting treatment quickly, before the cancer spreads and gets out of control. On the other hand, if the patient has an apparently incurable malignancy, the truth is usually told to a member of the family.

Doctors know that the average patient does not have the fortitude to hear that he has only so many months to live. There is no point in making a hopeless malignant case a mental one, too. Besides, medical men have no right to destroy faith, especially when the speed of today's scientific progress is considered. What seems hopeless today may be curable tomorrow.

A young woman felt a small lump on her right arm. The doctor told her it was a lipoma—a tumor. The word "tumor" struck terror in her heart. Her uncle's arm had been amputated several years previously. He, too, had had a tumor.

Tongue-tied with fear, the girl said nothing to her doctor. But she brooded for weeks and then, one night, took an overdose of sleeping capsules. Fortunately she recovered.

The doctor then explained that her uncle had had a sarcoma, a malignant growth. Her tumor was just a lump of fat which could be removed easily or, if she preferred, could be left untouched without danger. He further explained to the patient that doctors apply the word "tumor" to any kind of lump or localized swelling.

The girl then had the tumor removed. But she shudders whenever she thinks how she almost lost her life because she lacked the nerve to talk up to her doctor.

MANY PATIENTS DISLIKE asking questions because of bashfulness. To them, it is a painful experience to talk about extremely personal matters. But such modesty is unwarranted. Your intimate troubles and habits, no matter what they may be, cannot shock your physician. He has heard the same story dozens of times before. So talk up. If you just tell him the truth, he will help you.

Sometimes a patient keeps silent because he has permitted an insistent relative or friend to accompany him to the doctor's office. For instance, a mild and meek man was accompanied by his militant wife when he visited his physician because of "kidney trouble." The wife insisted on being present so that her husband would not forget the details of his condition and how it started one night when he slept with a draft on his back. But during the privacy of the physical examination, the story the man told was different. The diagnosis and treatment were simple.

Even children have been known to give a distorted story in the presence of parents. A 14-year-old boy was brought to a doctor by his mother because the youngster complained of severe headaches. When the woman wasn't looking, the boy gave a knowing wink to the doctor, who then asked the mother to go shopping for an hour so that he could be alone with her son.

The story was simple. The boy confided that he had never had a headache but had used the symptom as an excuse when his mother insisted that he play with other children. This he hated, because the youngsters called him a "sissy."

The doctor gave the youth a careful examination, meantime acquiring a significant history of his ideals, desires and dreams. Obviously the youngster was homosexually inclined. Hormone treatments gave him a different view of life, and today he is a very masculine young man. Early in the treatment, his "headaches" disappeared.

Another patient said he disliked asking questions because he didn't want to take up the doctor's time. This is considerate, but from a business standpoint the patient is buying the doctor's time and is entitled to a few extra minutes. Don't blame the doctor, however, if he fails to condense a complete course in medicine in a single visit, while his waiting room is full of other patients.

Another note of warning: beware of so-called "medical" almanacs distributed by patent-medicine houses, and similar pamphlets found on many drugstore counters. Here the object is obvious—to convince you that your complaint doesn't require diagnosis but merely the advertised medicine. It is better to read nothing than to get misleading information.

The same applies to most home medical encyclopedias, which may give sound advice on general nursing but cannot possibly be up to date on all medical subjects. Unless one knows what to accept and what to discard, reading a medical book is like reading last year's newspapers to find out today's stock-market quotations.

Physicians are informed of the latest developments by journals and literature which come to their desks every day, and by attending clinics and conventions where discoveries are discussed months before they appear in books. Your wisest course is to ask the doctor for up-to-the-minute information about your particular ailment.

IN THE MATTER OF FEES, you should also talk up to your doctor, so that both of you are spared unnecessary embarrassment and ill will. Recently a wealthy actor was charged $6,000 for the delivery of his wife's baby. Angered, he threatened legal action to have the fee reduced. But the situation could have been avoided if the fees had been discussed at the first visit.

Your doctor may not be able to tell exactly how much an operation or series of treatments will cost, but he can give a fairly good estimate. Then you will know whether it will be about $50, $500 or $5,000.

Perhaps you don't talk up to your doctor because you honestly do not care to know what is wrong. Your only desire is to get well. Hence, you will be an ideal patient, doing everything the doctor orders. This happy philosophy may have advantages, but experience proves it may also have drawbacks.

An elderly woman was stricken with an acute pain in the abdomen while on a liner in mid-Pacific. Her symptoms were such that diagnosis was questionable.

The ship's surgeon noted an abdominal scar and thought: "If this woman's appendix has been removed, she can be kept under observation and perhaps surgery will not be necessary. If she still has her appendix, then it is better to operate. Otherwise, it may rupture, causing peritonitis and death."

So the surgeon voiced a simple question, "Was your appendix removed?"—and received the startling reply, "I don't know. I never asked my doctor."

Amazing though it may seem, many women who have undergone abdominal surgery do not know whether the surgeon removed the appendix, the gall bladder or one of the pelvic organs. So if you don't know what type of surgery has been performed on you, it would be advisable to find out now while your doctor and the hospital have records readily available. Otherwise, you may find yourself being operated on some day for something which just isn't there.

Medical men are often accused of being closemouthed, gruff and unsympathetic. But before reproving your physician, ask yourself these questions:

What kind of patient am I? Do I exaggerate the doctor's statements when I talk about him to friends? Do I pretend I not only know what he is talking about but am so far ahead of him that he feels it is unnecessary to tell me more?

Do I tell him what is wrong with me and what he should prescribe? Do I talk disparagingly to him about other physicians, making him afraid to say too much for fear I will do the same to him?

Do I place implicit faith in him, or do I seek other professional advice just as he is about to understand why I have certain symptoms?

Do I make demands and ask questions which violate his code of ethics? Do I ask his advice and then listen to what my neighbor has to say about "similar cases"? Do I hold back valuable information with false modesty, yet expect him to be frank with me?

If you can honestly say that you are not guilty of any of these practices, then talk up to your doctor. He will be delighted to treat you as a fellow human being, rather than as just another case. Which means a mutual saving of time and effort in accurately diagnosing your ailment and in restoring you to health.

* * *

Precious Cycle

THERE HAD NEVER BEEN any argument about it: Julius was the wisest and shrewdest man in town. One day a youth of the community questioned him on the subject.

"Julius," he said, "to what would you attribute the fact that you know so much?"

"Good judgment," replied Julius readily. "I'd say it was my good judgment."

"And where did you get your good judgment?"

"That I got from experience."

"Where did you get your experience?"

"From my bad judgment." —ABNER BIBERMAN

Bottle Correspondents

HORACE B. HATTON, official of a Baltimore dairy, collects notes left in milk bottles as some collect stamps. Among the prizes of his collection are these:

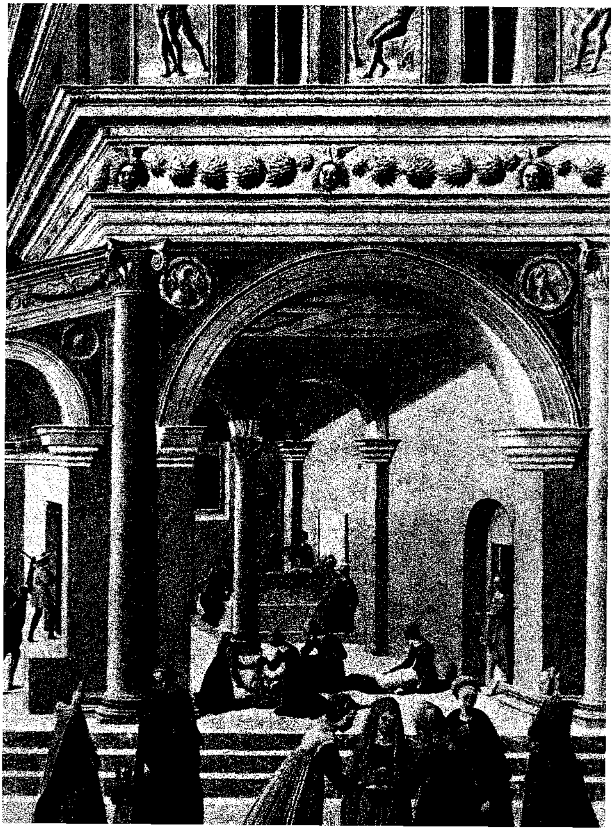
"Dear Milkman: Please leave three quarts of milk and one cigarette. I am smoking my last one as I write this note."

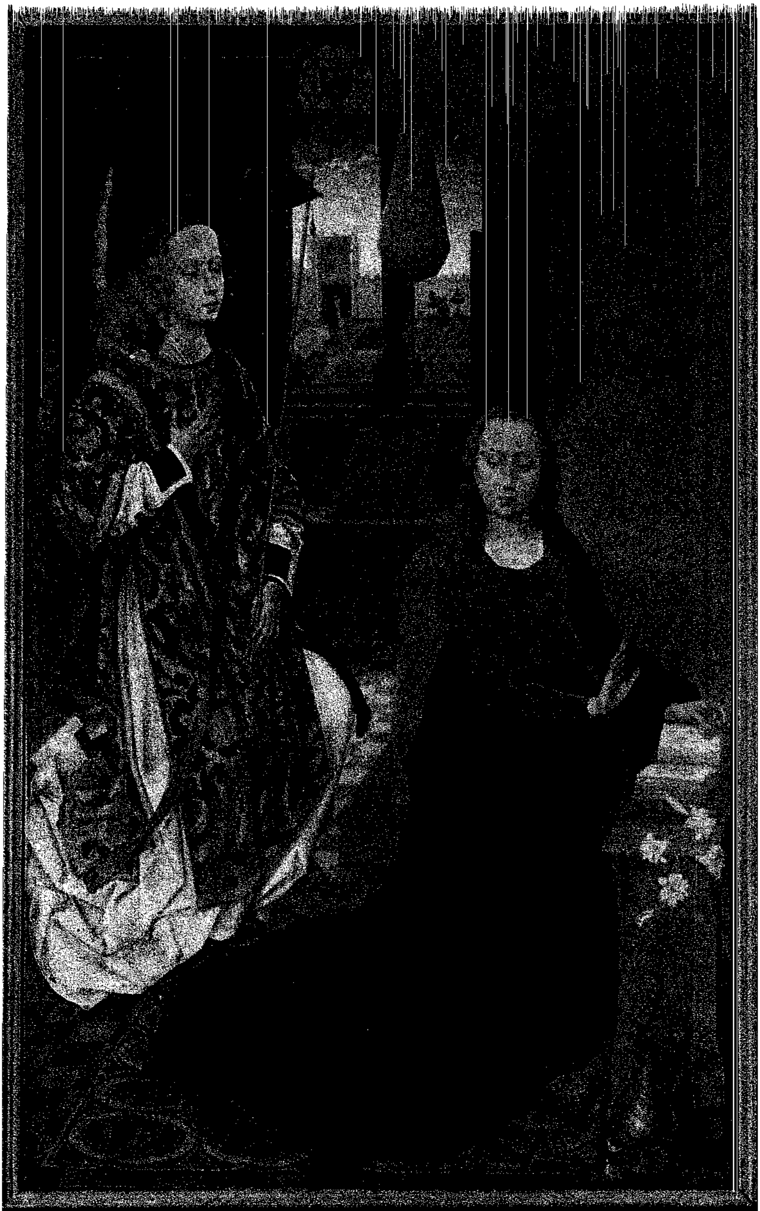
"Dear Milkman: Nothing today. Just two quarts of milk."

"Milkman: We are going away on our vacation. Will not need any milk until we return. Please be sure to leave two quarts on the day we return, but we can't be sure just what day that will be."—C. L. HOLLAND

For Christians everywhere, the story of Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, is forever linked with the glory of Christmas. Churches may vary in the telling of this beautiful story, but they all pay honor to the Virgin Mother. It is with pride, therefore, that Coronet, with the cooperation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, presents these nine masterpieces as a special Christmas feature. Brilliant 15th-century interpretations of Christian traditions, the magnificent paintings reproduced here are among the world's finest works of art.

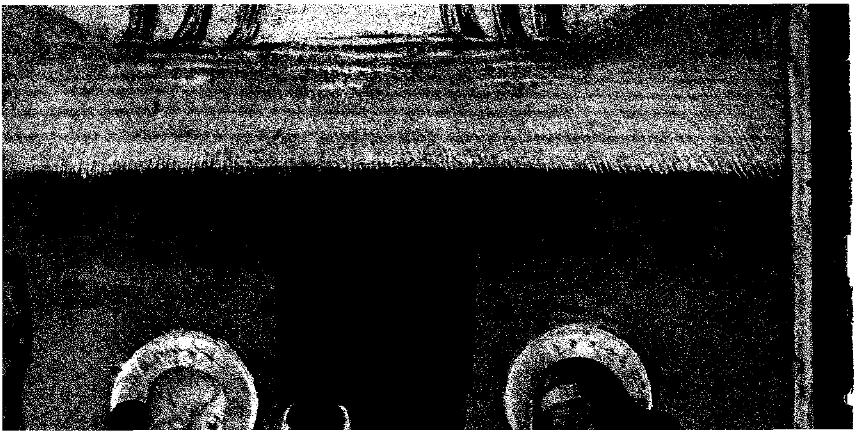
THE CRUCIFIXION BY HUBERT VAN EYCK

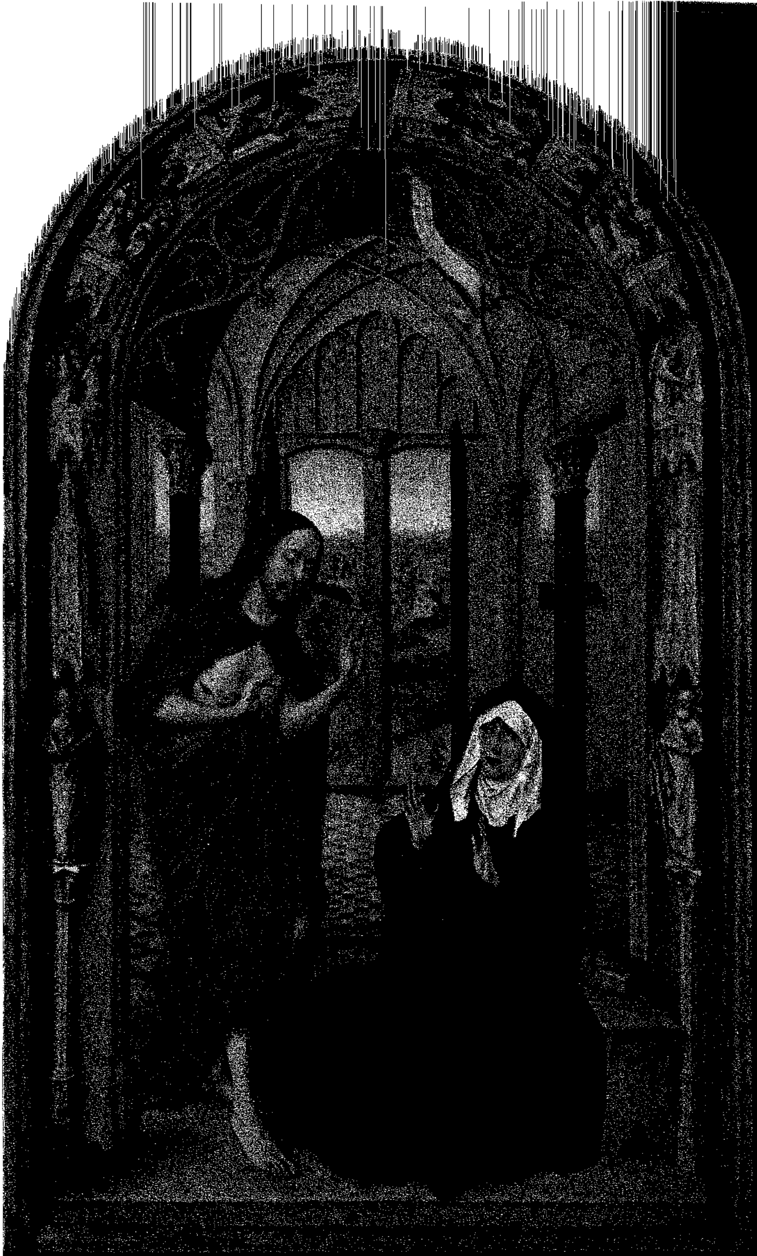




THE ANNUNCIATION BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN

While Mary was betrothed to Joseph the carpenter, the angel Gabriel appeared to her, saying "Fear not, Mary . . . thou hast found favor." He told her that she would "soon bring forth a son" who was to be called Jesus.

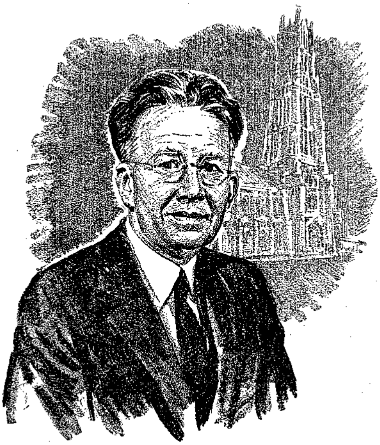




CHRIST APPEARING TO THE VIRGIN BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN

After the Crucifixion, Christ arose from the dead. He spoke with the Apostles; yet, in early church tradition, one of the most beautiful moments of the resurrection was when Jesus Christ appeared to Mary, His mother.

"One HEAVEN of a Fellow"



A fighting rebel all his life, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has dodged many a brickbat and made front-page news by scorning rule and formula to serve God and man

by JAMES CRAIG GORDON

THE HOST WAS a famous oil magnate. His guest was a clergyman who, because of heretical views, had just resigned under pressure from a famous pulpit. Over luncheon, the conservative man of business made a proposition to the radical man of God:

"Dr. Fosdick, will you accept a call to be pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church?"

The minister shook his fuzzy, brindled hair. "No. Your church, in the swankiest part of New York, is for a privileged group."

"Suppose we were to build a much larger church elsewhere to serve the whole community?"

Dr. Fosdick, who has the perplexed face of a maiden aunt and the eyes of a seer, leaned forward. "The answer must still be no!"

"Why?"

"Because of you, yourself. I admire you personally, but I wouldn't care to be known as the pastor of the richest man in the country!"

All blandishments used up, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., exclaimed: "Look here, Dr. Fosdick! Do you think people will criticize *you* on account of my *money* more than they will criticize *me* on account of your *theology?*"

Both men laughed—and soon rich man and clergyman were talking of a dream.

Out of the dream there since has arisen New York's great gray Riverside Church, to which every week come 10,000 visitors. In these Gothic spaces, denominationalism is ignored. The church still sends delegates to the Northern Baptist Convention, yet hardly a quarter of its 3,500 members stem from Baptist backgrounds; the others come from some 20 religious groups. Now minister emeritus after 20 years of leadership, Harry Emerson Fosdick calls his experiment in Protestant harmony a successful pilot-plant operation — a unified church of Christ in miniature.

The venture was led by an enthusiast consumed with love for God and man, yet galled by rule and formula. "I should be ashamed," Fosdick once declared, "to live in this generation and not be a heretic."

He comes naturally by his mixture of faith and rebellion. One ancestral Fosdick was fined in 1643 for reading the wrong books; another was expelled from a colonial pulpit because he rejected hell. And on stormy nights Fosdick's grandfather rowed fugitive slaves across the Niagara River.

Early in life Harry also began to rebel. At four he ran away from home; at seven, he made up his mind to be a foreign missionary and asked to be baptized. Blue-eyed Harry with the brown curls seemed a mystifying contradiction—a child aware of the wonder of life yet member of a scrimmaging gang that called him "Sticky."

Boyhood in the little town of Lancaster, near Buffalo, gave Harry eight happy years. But the fun of life was spoiled periodically by hell-preaching evangelists who came to town with dire warnings of sinners roasting forever. In their eyes, card playing was a sin, and theater-going, damnation.

"I hold it everlastingly against them," declares Fosdick, "that once, as a boy, because of their idiotic legalism I refused my own father's invitation to see Edwin Booth in *Hamlet*!"

Upon graduating from college, Harry knew he desired a spiritual career and so studied at Colgate Divinity School for a year. Then he won a scholarship for Union Theological Seminary in New York, but to obtain food and lodging he helped to run a mission for down-and-outers.

This was the hardest year of his life: he was studying theology at the Seminary and philosophy at Columbia, meanwhile doing two men's work at Mariners' Temple on the Bowery. On Sundays, Fosdick held as many as nine meetings in Bowery lodging houses, at a time when a 25-cent Sabbath dinner in a hash-house under the Third Avenue El was his best meal of the week. It was also during this year that he sold a gold scholarship medal for $40, bought a ring and hastened to Worcester, Massachusetts, on the greatest mission of his life—to propose to a girl.

Back at Colgate, a friendly professor had told him about Florence Whitney from Worcester, who was coming for a visit. Would he squire her around? The bespectacled student took one look at dark-eyed Florence and, like the gambler in the song, his heart stood still. Now he put the question. Her promise secure, he came back to Manhattan.

Fosdick was ordained in November, 1903, and nearly a year later he and his bride began life together in the First Baptist Church of Montclair, New Jersey.

Before long, some of the new pastor's outspoken sermons raised eyebrows in Montclair, and Fosdick knew he was in for a struggle.

But long ago, in his days at Colgate, he had fought the same struggles with himself. That was when he had begun to feel increasing religious doubts.

"For me," he declares of that time, "truth was becoming an open field to be explored. What one believed had to be discovered! I no longer merely doubted the old stuff I had been taught; I rose in indignant revolt against it."

And he wrote home to his mother: "I'll behave as if there really were a God, but mentally I'm going to clear God out of the universe, start all over and see what I can find!"

Challenged in his first pastorate, Fosdick called in his critics, and rising to his full five feet eight inches, smilingly promised to quit if they objected to his views. For the rest of his stay in Montclair, there was never another protest.

"If they had complained of the *quality* of my sermons," Fosdick says, "they would have been right!"

It was true that in the pulpit he was self-conscious and awkward. Yet he set himself relentlessly to self-improvement, and spent long hours in preparing his sermons. Then, one Sunday morning in the pulpit, he felt himself filled suddenly with a strange warmth in body, mind and spirit.

"The idea I was dealing with took fire," he recalls. Ever since that day, he has been able to hold crowds in thrall. Speakers envy his sermons, especially his stories and illustrations.

Many of his best stories are humorous, since for all his zeal Fosdick has a comedian's instinct for timing and emphasis. A vaudeville actor told me: "There were seven wows in his speech when he talked at a testimonial gathering of the church."

And in the solemnity of his farewell sermon in Riverside, he could still quote:

All our fathers have been churchmen
Nineteen hundred years or so,
And to every new suggestion
They have always answered No.

WITHIN A FEW years after Fosdick's start at Montclair, the world outside began to take notice of this boundlessly energetic man. Churches and universities invited him to speak. At Princeton, he had to blow down a Jericho wall of Sunday comics raised against him by rude students in the compulsory chapel, but he did it. Meanwhile he was writing books, lecturing at Union Seminary, and studying at Columbia for a master's degree.

How could one man do so much? Part of the answer he found in solitude; he rented a room in a Montclair office building and locked himself away five mornings a week.

But after 11 years in one church, Fosdick grew restless. He and Florence now had their two girls, Elinor and Dorothy. Many voices were inviting—a New York church wanted him for pastor, a woman's college considered him for president. But in 1915, preferring to be free to teach and preach, Fosdick became a full professor at Union Theological Seminary. No one suspected, Fosdick least of all, that he was forsaking a cloister for an arena.

Europe having gone to war, Fosdick now began to urge that the United States join the struggle at once. "What a temptation war is to a preacher," he was later to lament. "If he takes the popular side, which is always for vengeance, how great the thrill as he moves crowds! But idealizing war is no business for a Christian pulpit!"

After four months abroad with the A.E.F., he came home seething. What many returning chaplains are declaring today, Fosdick was proclaiming in 1918. Soldiers were a cross section of the United States and their attitudes a blistering comment on churches.

"The utter irrelevance of our petty, sectarian divisions must give way!" he stormed.

JUST WHEN THE fiery Baptist began to feel need of a sounding board, a group of Presbyterians invited him to be their "Guest Preacher" in New York's First Presbyterian Church. Because he accepted, this sedate house of worship on lower Fifth Avenue was soon to wince in the spotlight of national publicity, its pulpit a stage on which Fosdick was to play the leading role in the religious drama of a century.

Unmolested for a while, he preached that in an age of scientific discovery, one could stay in a Christian church and keep intellectual self-respect.

"The idea that any creed can be final is as incredible to me as that the interpretation of the physical cosmos could stop with Newton or Einstein. . . . But, while ideas of God may change—and ought to—that does not mean that anything has happened to God."

Here lay his personal danger; he was a rationalist who believed in God, yet a devout Christian who questioned everything. Such a contradiction was bound to be suspected on both sides of the fence. And then he preached an incandescent sermon titled "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?"

That historic discourse might never have been ballooned had it not been for a man called Ivy Lee. Lee, Georgia-born son of a minister, was among the earliest and greatest of public-relations experts; he told corporations how to win friends and influence opinion.

An earnest fellow with modernistic views on religion, Lee applauded Fosdick's sermon as a plea for tolerance—for a church that would open its doors to liberals and fundamentalists alike, without either trying to drive the other out.

"There are many opinions in the field of modern controversy," Fosdick had said. "I am not sure whether they are right or wrong. But there is one thing I am sure of: courtesy and kindness and tolerance and humility and fairness are right. Opinion may be mistaken; love never is."

Filled with admiration for such views, Lee mailed out reprints of the sermon by thousands. "The results," sighs Fosdick, "brought the house down."

Theology became front-page news: the Virgin birth, the Miracles, the Resurrection, the infallibility of the Bible were soon breakfast conversation. And while attacks came from conservative pulpits, a campaign to prevent such preaching was prepared at a meeting held in the country retreat of John Wanamaker, department-store magnate.

At the next annual Presbyterian General Assembly, the issue was angrily debated. The bellicose William Jennings Bryan, most influential Protestant layman, thundered that the issue was the faithful against the infidel. The delegates voted Bryan's way and ordered a report for next year's session.

What would Fosdick do? Debate waxed hotter all over the country. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts took Fosdick's side. More than 1,200 Presbyterian ministers signed a declaration for him; 8,000 others did not. The venerable Henry Van Dyke came from Princeton to his old New York church to declare for freedom of belief.

President Faunce of Brown praised the rebel for "such power . . . as to win the approval of two continents." The Clergy Club of New York daringly gave Fosdick a luncheon, with 198 pastors applauding. At Cornell, several hundred professors and students testified: "You have deepened our faith!" The response was similar at Columbia, Mount Holyoke and, mildly amazing, at Southern Methodist in Texas.

But Fosdick was also dodging many a brickbat. The fundamentalists were yowling for him to quit; so were the left-wing radicals, for he had pleased neither. One group called him a "Presbyterian bootlegger, a Baptist outlaw, a theological Jesse James." The radicals said he was a compromiser; he should spurn all formal religion and walk out of the church forever.

From left to right came the question: "How can a man, if he is honest, stay in a church if he no longer believes in its doctrines?"

Fosdick did offer to resign, but church officials preferred to placate the Assembly and have him go on preaching if a way could be found. Not so Fosdick himself. He sent his own letter to the Assembly:

"Far from having searching of conscience because I preached that sermon, I should have had desperate and intolerable searching of conscience if I had *not* preached it."

The final decision was that Dr. Fosdick be invited to become a Presbyterian minister — else he should not preach in the congregation's churches. But not for a moment did Fosdick consider the proposal; it would trap him under ecclesiastical discipline. Sooner or later he would find himself on trial for heresy.

As he decided to resign, Bryan cried jubilantly: "We have won every point!"

Quitting in October, 1924, Fosdick told the congregation he would always be against a "denominational closed shop." A short time later Rockefeller invited him to lunch. The amazing sequel was that the Park Avenue congregation backed Rockefeller in his concessions to Fosdick—and called the rebel to be its leader.

From the fundamentalist camp came the acrimonious comment: "Oil and water mix at last—the water of baptism and the oil of Rockefeller!" But this was sheer bombast. Characteristically leaning over backward not to rule, the millionaire put his contributions into a capital fund, given outright to the church, thus forever stripping himself of financial influence. Fosdick was his own boss and began to plan the promised church.

Six years later, New York gazed upon the new pearl-gray cathedral on the North River bank. Almost 400 feet above the sidewalk rose the great stone tower, with archangels at its four corners. Dead saints and living leaders were carved in stone at the doorways, so that the west portal included an image of Albert Einstein,* who is not even a Christian!

Above ferryboat toots and auto horns came an ecstatic clangor from the 72 bells of the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial Carillon. In groined arches, colored windows and 50 committee rooms, Fosdick's vast church was designed to speak mystically and practically—an old denomination busy in the latest affairs of man.

"I am a genius as an organizer," Fosdick likes to say. "My genius consists of disliking the details of organization and getting someone else to take care of them."

So the details were left to two permanent clergymen, who worked with Dr. Fosdick, and a business manager who had the assistance of the entire staff of 72 full-time and 136 part-time helpers. All these were necessary because of the rapid success of the plan — Riverside Church serves a wide community. Mostly the flock is made up of doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, white-collar employees and owners of small businesses. They pay the bills; more than 2,000 subscribers support the church's program.

DURING HIS YEARS at Riverside, Fosdick continued to be a fighting rebel. In February, 1939, he preached a pacifist sermon: "Dare we break the vicious circle of fighting evil with evil?" A few individuals walked out of Riverside, but not many.

Early in his ministry he had announced "a Protestant version of the Roman Catholic Confessional," and once again the tempest had broken around his fluffy head. But soon he was spending most of his time in his "soul clinic" with those who needed to give conscience a housecleaning. It became almost impossible to see Dr. Fosdick on ordinary business: your heartache was the key to his office.

The story is told of a Boston clergyman who came to New York to ask for an appointment. Fosdick told him he would have to state his business on the telephone.

"We are going to have a great public celebration and want you to be the orator. And we are willing to pay $500!"

"I must decline with thanks," Fosdick answered.

"But if I could have just five minutes . . ."

"I can't spare five minutes!"

Presently the phone rang again. A Negro clergyman was on the line: "Dr. Fosdick, I think I am at the end of my rope. My troubles are so heavy that I don't want to go on living. Maybe you can show me why I should."

Fosdick canceled all morning appointments and gave this unhappy man two hours. The Negro's wife had shot herself a few days before.

That afternoon, the first caller sat in a day coach headed for Boston. Beside him—fabulous but actual coincidence—sat the Negro clergyman. The two fell to talking.

"I am disappointed," said the Bostonian. "I came to confer with a famous man and he wouldn't even

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*See *The Human Side of a Genius,* Coronet, Nov. 1947 see me, although I offered him a large fee. Terrible how success can swell a man's head."

The Negro parson smiled. "I came to see a famous man too! I had to get right with God or else jump in the river. Well, here I am heading for home, thanks to two hours with my friend. Success hasn't swelled *his* head."

No count was ever kept of the many bewildered people Fosdick consoled with loving kindness. He would agree with his consultants—and then disagree. "Of course, I understand perfectly how you feel. You are right about it, too. But on the other hand, have you ever looked at it this way—?"

Today his idea is so widely practiced that seminaries offer courses to prepare their students for personal consultation.

IN LATER YEARS, many of Fosdick's dreams were coming true, yet when all his battles seemed to have been won, he startled his listeners again, preaching one of his most effective sermons: "The Church Must Go Beyond Modernism."

Was Fosdick renouncing all that he had fought for? Not at all, he says. Still a liberal, he was also still learning; in the sunset of life, the fighting rebel who had refused acceptance of the incredible was pointing with awe to the incomprehensible. The mystery of the universe was still a mystery!

"I believe in God," Fosdick declares. "I have had experiences myself, and have seen them in others, that materialism cannot possibly explain. Only the basic affirmations of the Christian Gospel can account for them. There lies my central confidence!"

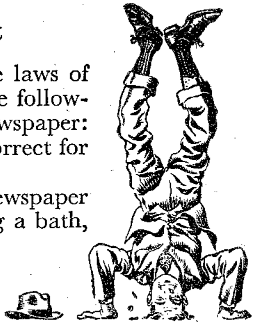
The help of God, he believes, is needed now, more than ever. "In those battles of the past," he says, "the danger was fundamentalism. Today the danger is paganism. Only a united church and the divine help of God can overcome the false religions of materialism and militaristic nationalism that seek man's allegiance.

"The atomic bomb is here to stay. The one important question is whether we human beings are here to stay, too!"

He Asked For It

NOT WISHING TO DO anything contrary to the laws of etiquette, a meticulous young man sent the following question to the editor of a Kansas newspaper: "Please tell me exactly when and where it is correct for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat."

Here is the reply he received from the newspaper editor: "When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shampooed, when standing on one's head."



How to Report a FIRE

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

IN AN EASTERN MOVIE studio a piece of white-hot carbon from a spotlight landed on a stage drapery. A puff of flame shot ceilingward, igniting more theatrical finery, and in a matter of seconds a full-fledged fire was under way.

While people scurried around, grabbing extinguishers, brooms and pails, one man decided to sound an alarm. Dashing out the front door, he almost ran into a municipal fire-alarm box at the curb, but he was too excited to see it. He raced on to the near-by river front, where a fireboat station is located. To his dismay, the ship's berth was empty.

While precious minutes were thus being wasted, the blaze swept rapidly through the studio. After someone eventually turned in an alarm, the firemen found ten bodies huddled at the foot of a stairway.

As an isolated case, this belated alarm would be deplorable enough: but the same kind of tragedy occurs with shocking regularity. Twelve died in a hotel fire because the man who discovered the blaze failed to pull an alarm box at his elbow. Twenty died in a girls' institution because the motorist who first discovered the midnight blaze drove two miles to a firehouse to report it, passing half a dozen alarm boxes en route.

When a hospital wing caught fire, an employee ran to the nearest box and turned the handle. Hearing the warning bell tinkle inside, he rushed back to the building, neglecting to pull down the hook and actually sound the alarm. The delay endangered scores of human lives.

The moral of these stories is clear: despite costly equipment, high-powered apparatus and trained personnel, the fire department's most valuable ally is the man on the street who accidentally discovers most of our fires. What he does immediately after the discovery often has a tremendous bearing on whether the final damage will be a hundred dollars or a million. For, as the firemen themselves put it: "All fires start small, so the first five minutes at a blaze are worth the next five hours."

As a citizen, then, you have an obligation which too few appreciate. That is to learn not only how to operate a fire-alarm box but—what is equally important — to school yourself so that in an emergency you will *send in an alarm before attempting anything else.*

Using a box perhaps once in a lifetime, the average individual has only a vague notion of what to do. Moreover, it is instinctive to try to battle a blaze when it is still small. For instance, at Coney Island some boys built a bonfire under the boardwalk. An ocean breeze was blowing and before long the little fire began to assume unfriendly proportions.

Several bystanders started to throw sand on it, but the breeze quickened and the bonfire tossed burning brands into the wind. The well-meaning amateurs threw more sand on the fire, until smoke drove them away.

Because precious minutes were wasted when they counted most, 12 people died needlessly in a blazing hotel; yet there isn't anything difficult about using the little red alarm box, and it's your best bet for quick action when lives are at stake.

Right over their heads on the boardwalk was an alarm box; 100 yards in either direction were two more. But nobody used them until the blaze was half an hour old. The result of the delay was a $5,000,000 conflagration!

The recital of a hundred similar cases would add nothing to this basic fact: the layman has no idea how fast fire travels or how far it can go. Hence in countless instances he breaks the first commandment of fire control: *call the firemen while they still have a chance.*

In an effort to assure an early summons, the signal corps of America's fire-fighting army has developed amazing techniques. If you live in a city of 100,000 population or more, you should visit the local Fire Alarm Telegraph Bureau. As a taxpayer, you will come away with a new conception of the value of a fire-alarm system, as well as with a surprising impression of—and respect for—behind-the-scenes efficiency.

The chances are you will find the Bureau isolated in a park as a safeguard against fires which might disrupt service. Inside, three or four men or women will probably be playing cards or checkers, oblivious to the world's concerns until a raucous alarm galvanizes them into action.

"Buzz, buzz-buzz, buzz-buzz!" rasps the instrument.

"One twenty-two," says one of the men, flipping a card from a file. He shows it to the supervisor, who is riffling through an index while another man plugs in on a switchboard.

"Let 'er go!" says the supervisor. The card is placed in a transmitter, a lever pulled down, a controller thrown over and the bells in distant firehouses sound their strident summons:

"Bong, bong-bong, bong-bong!" And one more fire alarm has been transmitted.

To the excited citizen at the little red box on the corner, the procedure is simple: he pulls a hook and the fire engines come. But the important fact is that in less time than it takes you to read about the routine, the alarm has been transmitted through the Central Telegraph Bureau and is ringing in the firehouses.

That's fast, but speed is only one of the virtues of the Bureau. To guard against costly errors, everything is duplicated not once but several times: by the buzzer for the ear; on a perforated tape for the eye; on an inked tape "to make sure." Thus, even if several alarms come in simultaneously, there need be no confusion.

All this, however, is just "the end of the beginning." Within five minutes the first battalion chief to arrive at the fire sends his driver to the nearest phone to report to the chief dispatcher.

"No work," he may say. Or "One and one," meaning a small outbreak requiring only one engine and one ladder crew. Or possibly the report will be, "All hands!" This is followed by a summary of details: type of building, size and occupancy, location or progress of the outbreak. This information the dispatcher notes for future reference in case other fires break out in that general territory, as they often do.

One night in an Eastern city, five conflagrations started independently of each other within a square mile. Another time, two third-alarm and two second-alarm blazes were going all at once within a few blocks of each other. On such occasions the dispatchers not only earn their keep—in a sense, they take over the "general staff" work of the entire fire department, issuing instructions for disposition of forces on their own initiative and giving "orders" to officers up to and including the chief himself.

For every alarm box there is a "running card," specifying which companies shall respond on the first alarm, the second, the third, and up to the fifth; and which outlying companies must move in to vacated houses to "cover up" a stripped territory. But suppose two or three first alarms occur almost simultaneously in the same district? Then the dispatcher at GHQ must decide how and from where he can get equipment to those fires quickly, without leaving any other district unprotected. Thus, he may transmit a first alarm as a third or fourth in order to rally sufficient forces.

On the other hand, there are times when multiple alarms are not transmitted at all. For example: Box 767 hits in, then Box 759, then Box 778. The dispatcher will likely transmit the first one and hold up the other two, because he knows that all three are within a block of each other. It is a safe bet that three citizens are reporting the same fire.

Such multiple alarms are common when a big blaze is visible from a distance. Fifteen box and 75 telephone alarms came in when an Army bomber hit New York's Empire State Building in 1945. The skyscraper Riverside Church in Manhattan burned for an hour unnoticed, but within five minutes after the first alarm sounded, 33 others were received by box and phone, some from points half a mile away.

IN MOST CITIES the dispatchers' code is sounded entirely in bell taps, not dots and dashes, even though there is a Morse key in every fire box for special calls and extra alarms. Although the variety of signals would baffle the layman, an amazing amount of information can be conveyed simply by bells. A classic example was the famous 9-9 or Simultaneous Alarm for New York's Lincoln Square fire, first of its kind in 20 years.

The chief at that blaze had sounded a fifth alarm, putting 30 pieces of apparatus to work, yet he felt the need of additional equipment. By now, some 16 outlying companies had moved in to cover vacant houses, leaving skeleton forces in a large territory, so it was not advisable to summon more apparatus from that section. Consequently, on the advice of the dispatcher who had his finger on the pulse, the following signal was transmitted over all city circuits:

9-9--9-8-2---3-3----326

With electric clarity, the 9-9 said, "Attention all hands!" The 982 identified the box calling for aid: Columbus Avenue and 66th Street. The rest conveyed this message: "All companies which would respond to a third alarm from Box 326 (Spring and Greenwich) will roll to Box 982."

Thus, in 54 bell taps, a signal was transmitted which would have required about 200 dots and dashes in the Morse code.

This alacrity and teamwork is impressive should you witness it on a busy night when signals are coming thick and fast—when pilot lights blink, telephones jangle, buzzers rasp and gongs clang. On one hectic election night in New York, 1,780 alarms were handled from 4:30 P.M. to midnight—as many as Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, handles in a full year.

A glimpse of such accuracy under pressure is in sharp contrast to the actions of the average citizen when he fumbles the task of turning in an alarm. Operating a box is certainly an easy matter, calling for only one or two movements, yet time and again the layman does it wrong. With instructions printed plainly on the door, there is no excuse for error. Unfortunately, the average individual *thinks* he understands the technique — and hence doesn't bother to make sure.

Boxes differ in different cities—even in different sections of the same city—so blanket instructions are impossible. With the newer boxes, you merely have to pull a hook, turn a handle or pull down a lever. Other boxes may have a glass which must be broken or an outer door which must be opened before the hook can be pulled. Here, the common error occurs in failing to complete the operation.

One reason is the fact that when you start to operate a box, a warning bell rings inside. Too many people mistake this bell for the alarm and stop right there. It is not the alarm, however; it is merely a notification to passersby that someone is at the box. To avoid this common and costly error, why not read the instructions on the box nearest to your home in the daytime? Some night, this simple precaution may save human lives.

But, you say, isn't the telephone a simpler method of turning in an alarm? Perhaps—yet too often the dispatcher gets a garbled phone call from an excited individual who fails to speak clearly or to give complete information before hanging up. For instance, in a Southern city a woman phoned to report a fire at "716

West Scales Street." The fireman repeated the address, verified it, and off the company rolled to a residential section a mile away.

When they arrived, there was no fire, so they decided the woman meant East Scales Street, 14 blocks away. But there was no fire there either, so cursing roundly they returned to quarters, only to find the phone ringing madly. An irate gentleman wanted to know *why* they didn't come to the blaze at 610 North Elm Street, which his wife had already reported?

Sure enough, the firemen found the blaze at 610 North Elm. But the lady in question had lived at 716 West Scales until recently, and in her excitement had given her old address instead of the new one.

Blunders like this are common, yet they are not the only argument against the verbal alarm. In California, a fashionable church caught fire one afternoon when a dozen people were in the building. Someone discovered the blaze and rushed to the telephone, but jangling the hook brought no results. Another phone in the parish house was tried while someone else ran across the street to a pay station. But all their frantic efforts were in vain.

Nobody thought to look for a firebox, so it wasn't until a courier ran to the nearest firehouse that the firemen learned they were wanted. By this time the blaze was sweeping the building. The final price of those wasted "first five minutes" was $100,000 in cash and a 2,000-volume library of rare books belonging to the pastor.

Why had the telephones failed? Because another fire in the neighborhood had put all the phones in that district out of commission!

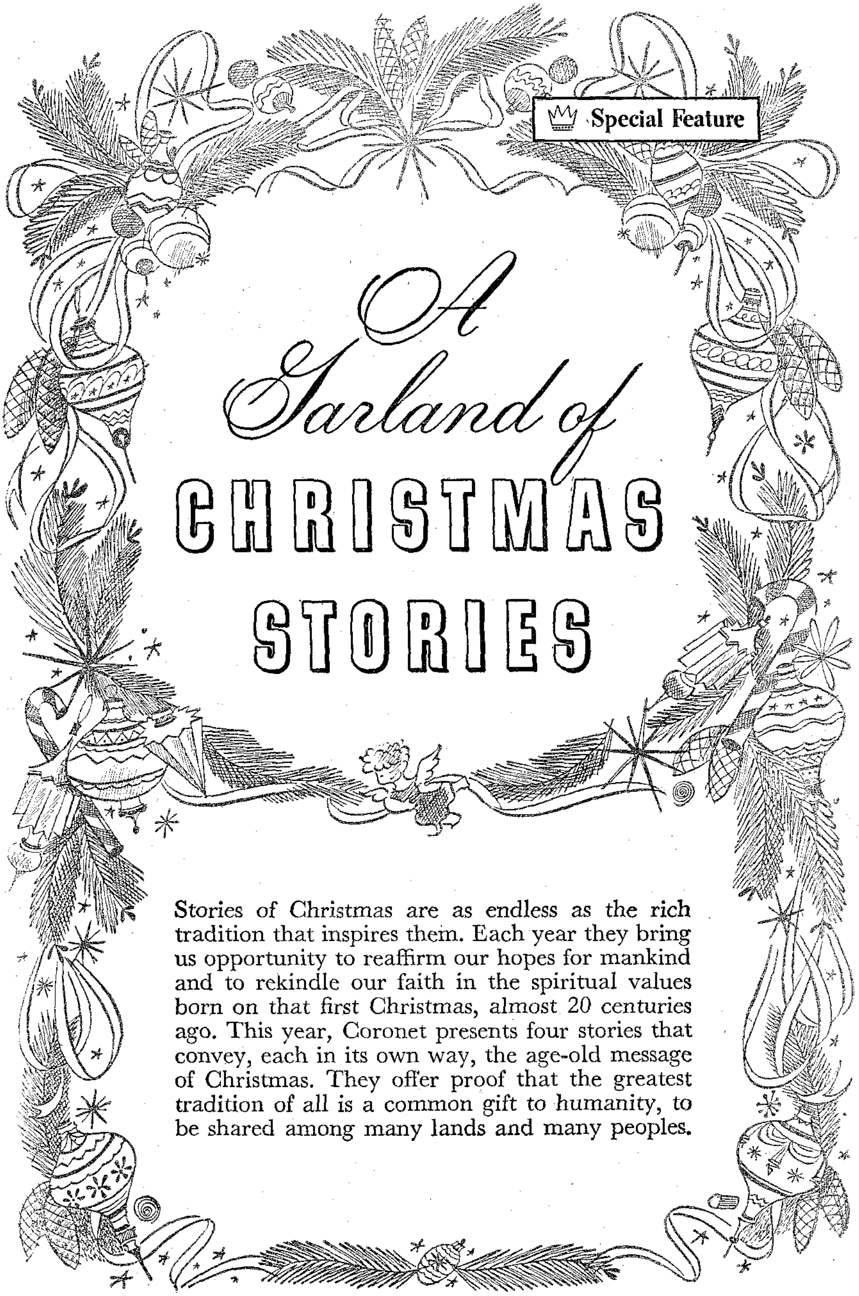
It is obvious, then, that nothing beats the little red box for reporting a fire. One evidence of how the Fire Underwriters feel about it is the fact that a city which enlarges or modernizes its alarm system invariably earns a reduction in insurance rates.

A delayed alarm may well spell the difference between a five-gallon extinguisher and 5,000,000 gallons of water, plus all the destruction that goes with it. The surest way to eliminate that delay is to have in every community an adequate alarm system—and in every citizen the know-how to use that system quickly and properly.

Philosophy Footnotes

A man would do nothing, if he waited until he could do it so well that no one would find fault with what he has done.
—Cardinal Newman

Only those who have the patience to do simple things perfectly will acquire the skill to do difficult things easily.
—Henry F. Henrichs



Special Feature

A Garland of CHRISTMAS STORIES

Stories of Christmas are as endless as the rich tradition that inspires them. Each year they bring us opportunity to reaffirm our hopes for mankind and to rekindle our faith in the spiritual values born on that first Christmas, almost 20 centuries ago. This year, Coronet presents four stories that convey, each in its own way, the age-old message of Christmas. They offer proof that the greatest tradition of all is a common gift to humanity, to be shared among many lands and many peoples.

A Gift of Life or Death

My Most Difficult Decision

by **FREDERIC LOOMIS, M. D.**

AS CHRISTMAS DRAWS near each year, I turn back into memory and relive one of the most unforgettable experiences of my medical career—an experience in which I held in my hands the greatest gift that a human can enjoy. But before I relate what happened, I must touch lightly on a subject which often intrudes itself upon a medical man's thinking.

However they may feel about it in individual instances, doctors rightly resist the persistent effort to make them judges of life and death. Our load of responsibility is enough without that. If the added burden of deciding whether or not life should be *preserved* were placed upon us, it would be too much. The entire morale of medicine would be threatened or destroyed.

So far as I am concerned, my duty, as I see it, is to fight for a patient's life with every resource, remembering always that "a man's never licked till he's licked." Yet there comes a time when fate seems to take command . . . and that is the theme of my story.

One day there came to my office a fragile young woman, expecting her first baby. Her history was not good from an emotional standpoint, though she came from a fine family. I built her up and found her increasingly wholesome and interesting as time went on, partly because of the effort she was making to be calm and patient and to keep her nervous reactions under control.

One month before her baby was due, a routine examination showed that it was in a "breech" position. As a rule, the baby's head is in the lower part of the uterus for months before delivery. But in this instance, the position was reversed. Although only about one baby in 25 is born in the breech position, the death rate is high because of the difficulty in delivering the after-coming head, and the imperative need of delivering it quickly after the body is born.

At that moment the cord becomes compressed between the baby's hard little head and the mother's bony pelvis. When no oxygen reaches the baby's bloodstream, it dies in a few minutes.

The hardest thing for the doctor to do in a breech delivery is to keep his hands away from the baby until the natural forces of expulsion have thoroughly dilated the firm structures which delay its progress. I waited as patiently as I could, sending frequent messages to the family in the corridor outside.

At last the time had come, and I gently drew down one little foot. I grasped the other, but for some reason it would not come down. I pulled gently again, and this time the baby's body moved down just enough for me to see that it was a little girl—and then, to my consternation, I saw that the other foot would never be beside the first one!

The entire thigh from hip to knee was missing and that one foot could never reach below the opposite knee. And a baby girl was to suffer this—a curious defect that I had never seen before, nor have I since!

There followed the hardest struggle I have ever had with myself. I knew what dreadful effect it would have upon the unstable nervous system of the mother. I felt sure the family would almost impoverish itself in taking the child to every orthopedist whose achievements might offer a ray of hope. Most of all, I saw this little girl sitting sadly by herself while other girls laughed and danced and ran and played—and then I suddenly realized there was something that would save every pang but one, and that something was in my power.

One breech baby in ten dies because it is not delivered rapidly enough, and now—if only I did not hurry! No one would ever know. The mother, after the first shock of grief, would probably be glad she had lost a child so sadly handicapped.

"Don't bring this suffering upon them," the small voice within me said. "This baby has never taken a breath—don't let her ever take one . . . you probably can't get it out in time anyway . . . don't hurry . . . Suppose your conscience does hurt. Maybe it will hurt worse if you do get it out in time . . ."

A pang of sorrow for the baby's future swept through me, and my decision was made. I glanced at the clock. Three of the allotted seven or eight minutes had gone. Every eye in the room was upon me, but the nurses were totally unaware of what I was feeling. They had seen me deliver dozens of breech babies successfully—yes, and they had seen me fail, too. Now they were going to see me fail again.

For the first time in my medical life I was deliberately discarding what I had been taught was right for something that I felt sure was better.

Two or three minutes more would be enough. Then the little pink foot on the good side pressed against my slowly moving hand. There was a sudden movement of the baby's body, a feeling of strength and life and vigor.

It was too much. I couldn't do it. I delivered the baby with her pitiful little leg. I told the family the truth —and the next day, with a catch in my voice, I told the mother.

Every foreboding came true. The mother was in a hospital for months. I saw her once or twice and she looked like a wraith. I heard of them indirectly from time to time. They had been to specialists in various cities. Finally I lost track of them altogether. And as the years went on, I blamed myself bitterly for not having had the strength to yield to my temptation.

THROUGH MANY YEARS, there has developed in our hospital a pretty custom of staging a Christmas party each year for the employees, nurses and doctors. There is always a beautiful tree on the stage of our little auditorium: girls spend weeks in preparation. It is almost like going to an impressive church service, as each year we dedicate ourselves anew to the year that is ahead.

This past year, every staff doctor who could possibly be there was in his seat. The first rows were reserved for nurses and in a moment the procession entered, each girl in uniform, each crowned by her nurse's cap, her badge of office. Around their shoulders were their blue Red Cross capes. We rose as one man to do them honor, then the organ began one of the oldest of our carols.

Slowly down the middle aisle came 20 other girls singing softly—our own nurses, in full uniform, each holding high a lighted candle, while through the auditorium floated the familiar strains of *Silent Night*. Then a great floodlight was turned on slowly, covering the tree with increasing splendor—brighter and brighter until every ornament was almost a flame.

On the opposite side of the stage a curtain was drawn and we saw three lovely young musicians, in shimmering white evening gowns. They played softly in unison with the organ—a harp, a cello and a violin. I am quite sure I was not the only old sissy there whose eyes were filled with tears.

I was especially fascinated by the young harpist. Her slender fingers flickered across the strings, and as the nurses sang, the girl's face, made beautiful by a mass of auburn hair, was upturned as if the world that moment were a wonderful and holy place.

When the program was over, there came running down the aisle a woman whom I did not know.

"Oh, you saw her," she cried. "You must have recognized your baby. That was my daughter who played the harp. Don't you remember the little girl who was born to me with only one good leg 17 years ago? We tried everything else first, but now she has a whole artificial leg on that side—but you would never know it, would you? She can walk, swim, can almost dance.

"But best of all, through all those

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years when she couldn't do those things, she learned to use her hands so wonderfully. She is going to be one of the world's great harpists. She enters the university this year. Now she is so happy."

As we spoke the young girl had approached, her eyes glowing.

"This is your first doctor," her mother said. I could see her swept back, as I was, through all the years of heartache to the day when I told her what she had to face. "He brought you to me."

Impulsively I took the child in my arms. Across her shoulder I saw the creeping clock of the delivery room 17 years before. I lived again those awful moments when her life was in my hands.

"You never will know, my dear," I said, "just what tonight has meant to me. Go back to your harp for a moment, please—and play *Silent Night* for me alone. I have a load on my shoulders that only you can take away."

Her mother sat beside me as her daughter played. Perhaps she knew what was in my mind. And as the last strains of *Silent Night, Holy Night* faded again, I think I found the answer, and the comfort, I had waited for so long.

* * *

A GARLAND OF CHRISTMAS STORIES: TWO

Conqueror's Christmas

by GORDON WHITE

IT WAS OUR FIRST Christmas in Japan. A few units of our regiment were stationed in a former resort town 150 miles north of Tokyo, billeted in a bleak factory warehouse.

The men had become restless and resentful. Each man wanted only to get home—and home had never looked so far away. The prospects were faint for a "merry" holiday. And yet, on the Sunday before Christmas, we had an experience that was deeply moving.

In the "heathen" village which we occupied stood a small Christian church whose congregation was entirely Japanese—farmers, shopkeepers and artisans who had suffered for their beliefs under the Mikado. This was their first Christmas of freedom after the dark days of war, and they wanted to share it. So they invited the American garrison to attend.

The service was held at night, long after our regular services in the regimental headquarters area. We were not ordered or urged to attend: the choice was left entirely to us. Some of us, I suppose, went out of curiosity, some out of boredom, but most of us went because . . . well, simply because it was Christmas.

Aside from the fact that we had been instructed to wear Class A uniforms, there was nothing "official" about the formation. And although officers piled into the trucks with enlisted men in a hodgepodge of rank, we took care that our conduct would impress the natives as befitted conquerors.

Yet we were not treated as conquerors. When the trucks dropped us off in the narrow, crooked street, we were greeted with Japanese smiles and happy nods. We were their guests, and what little they had to share they wanted to share wholeheartedly.

The church was a small wooden building, old and weather-beaten. Maybe with age it had attained a certain dignity, but it looked very much as though a gust of wind would send it flying.

At the entrance we were taken in hand by an aged and wizened gentleman, displaying a gold-toothed grin and wearing the proud remnants of a shirt and tie and cutaway coat. He spoke no English but made us unmistakably welcome as he led us to our seats. Skeptically we looked around in the dim and uncertain light.

The interior was cold and drafty, the furnishings were pitifully sparse. A small pulpit stood up front, and behind it a stained-glass window showing the effects of time and abuse. Facing the pulpit were hard and uncomfortable benches onto which we squirmed awkwardly.

The religious decorations were few, but they had been bravely supplemented by the handiwork of children. Swinging on the walls were crude cutout angels and cherubims and seraphims, painstakingly colored with crayon. To us Americans, it seemed odd to find God's angels displaying definite Japanese facial characteristics.

At the left of the pulpit stood a large evergreen covered with gaily colored paper baubles and flickering candles. Though the Christmas tree was displayed solely for our benefit, no American window-dresser could have done better with the same materials.

The elderly usher passed out programs to us, made of stock forms from the supply of our regimental chaplain and bearing a reproduction of the Nativity on the cover. Inside was the order of worship; it was typed in English on the left-hand page and laboriously hand-lettered in Japanese on the right. We left no programs behind on the benches that night.

THE PEWS SOON BECAME jammed as families trooped in wearing their best regalia—clothing that looked tattered and flimsy alongside our neat, warm uniforms. At first the Japanese eyed us uncertainly—still under the influence of war propaganda. But tension soon vanished. The parents relaxed and the children ogled us with wide eyes and wider grins. Our own dignity melted somewhat, for we in turn were fascinated by the doll-like appearance of those Japanese youngsters.

In the rear of the auditorium, the choir and the overflow crowd sat on their haunches, native style, in a matted cubicle about the size of an average school cloakroom. In fact, the whole proceeding was much like the first day of school, with everyone stealing embarrassed glances at everyone else.

Then the battered hand organ began to wheeze out *O Come All Ye Faithful* and we turned to our hymn books. A legacy of the founding missionaries, they too were printed in both Japanese and English. The congregation rose and we winced in anticipation of the weird discord certain to follow.

At first we sang self-consciously, but the Japanese poured themselves out in music, and soon the two languages blended with a curious yet harmonious effect. For us, the meaning of the music was universal; the actual words didn't matter. As we resumed our seats we found ourselves smiling at the Japanese, and suddenly we became less conscious of the cold drafts and the uncomfortable benches.

As the hymn ended, the Japanese pastor made a welcoming speech. His English was not fluent, but he knew what he was trying to say, and we knew it, too. The sincerity in his face said it for him.

Because it was a special occasion, the program consisted mainly of musical selections. When the first soloist was introduced we squirmed momentarily but quickly snapped to attention. She was a young Japanese girl with the most angelic face I have ever seen. To the war-weary soldiers she looked like a saint. And she sang like a saint, too. Soft and sweet, her voice rang out with the *Ave Maria*, transforming that dingy little church into a great cathedral.

I have heard the *Ave Maria* sung many times by many famous voices. But I never really heard it—not until that night. As the last note trailed off, not one soldier dared show his face to his neighbor.

The sermon presented few problems. Our regimental chaplain delivered it in English, one paragraph at a time. Then it was translated, one paragraph at a time, by an educated Japanese engineer. The two gentlemen bowed to each other at the finish of each stint, and the whole thing went off beautifully.

Our Japanese vocabulary was strictly of the "hello-thank you" variety, but the sermon was impressive nonetheless, because of the spirit in which it was delivered.

When the sermon was over, a dozen soldiers moved to the front where they were joined by about 20 ladies in kimonos. Our special Service Officer acted as musical director for the *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah*. When those combined Japanese and American voices burst into song, it was more stirring than any military march our Division band had ever played. And it was revealing—because "Hallelujah" in Japanese sounds just the same and means just the same as in English.

We stumbled forth from that tiny

auditorium in a warm and welcome daze. There was no scoffing, no disbelief: we had participated in something unforgettable. But you won't find it mentioned in the history books of Japanese-American relations. It was too simple, too fundamental.

I might add that when the collection plate was passed, we American soldiers piled it high with currency—more money than that poor church had ever seen before. Yet we meant no show of wealth or superiority. We gave because we wanted to give; it was our contribution to a cause.

We had been through a terrible war. But in this small Japanese church, we had momentarily glimpsed a solution to man's problems that war could never give.

A GARLAND OF CHRISTMAS STORIES: THREE

My First Christmas Tree

by **HAMLIN GARLAND**

WE NEVER HAD A Christmas tree in our house in the Wisconsin coulee. Indeed, my father never saw one in a family circle until I set up a tree for my own children last year. But we celebrated Christmas in those days, always, and I cannot remember a time when we did not all hang up our stockings for "Sandy Claws" to fill.

As I look back upon those days, it seems as if the snows were always deep, the night skies crystal-clear, and the stars especially lustrous with frosty sparkles of blue and yellow fire—and probably this was so, for we lived in a Northern land where winter was usually stern and always long.

We had no chimney in our home, but the stocking-hanging was a ceremony nevertheless. My parents, and especially my mother, entered into it with the best of humor. They always put up their own stockings or permitted us to do it for them—and they always laughed when they found potatoes or ears of corn in them. I can see now that my mother's laugh had a tear in it, for she loved pretty things and seldom got any during the years that we lived in the coulee.

When I was ten years old we moved to an Iowa prairie land, and there we prospered in such wise that our stockings always held toys of some sort, and even my mother's stocking occasionally sagged with a simple piece of jewelry or a new comb or brush. But the thought of a family Christmas tree remained the luxury of millionaire city dwellers; indeed, it was not till my 15th year that our Sunday school rose to the extravagance of a tree.

The land about us was only partly cultivated, and our district schoolhouse, a bare little box, was set bleakly on the prairie. But the Burr Oak schoolhouse was not only larger but stood beneath great oaks as well and posssessed the charm of a forest background through which a stream ran silently. It was our chief social center. There a regular preacher held "Divine Service" with Sunday school as a sequence. And there it was that I saw my first Christmas tree.

I walked to that tree across four miles of moonlit snow. Snow? No, it was a floor of diamonds, a magical world, so beautiful that my heart still aches with the wonder of it.

Our home was on the prairie west of Burr Oak grove, and as it was too cold to take the horses out, my brother and I, in boots, visored caps and woolen mufflers, started forth afoot. The snow was deep and we moved side by side in the grooves made by the sleighs, whose going had smoothed the way for us.

Our breaths rose like smoke in the still air. It must have been ten below zero, but that did not trouble us, and at last we came in sight of the lights, in sound of the singing, the laughter, the bells of the feast.

It was a poor little building, yet it seemed imposing to me as I crossed the threshold and faced the people who packed it to the door.

I was an irregular attendant at Sunday school and did not expect a present; therefore I stood against the wall and gazed open-eyed at the shining pine which stood where the pulpit was wont to be.

I was made to feel the more embarrassed by a boy who accused me of having forgotten to comb my hair. This was not true, but the cap I wore always matted my hair down. Nevertheless I felt guilty—and hot. I don't suppose my hair was artistically barbered that night—Mother had used the shears—but there was no call for that youth to direct attention to my shagginess.

I don't think the tree had many candles, and I don't remember that it glittered with golden apples. But it was loaded with presents, and the girls coming and going, in bright garments, made me forget my own looks. I must have stood agape for two hours listening to the songs, noting every motion of Adoniram Burtch and Asa Walker as they prepared for the great event—the coming of Santa Claus himself.

A furious jingling of bells, a loud voice outside, the lifting of a window, the nearer clash of bells, and the dear old Saint appeared (in the person of Stephen Bartle) clothed in a red robe, a belt of sleigh bells and a long white beard.

The children cried "Oh!" The girls tittered with excitement, and the boys clapped their hands. Then "Sandy" made a little speech about being glad to see us all, but as he had many other places to visit, and as there were many presents to distribute, he'd have to ask some of the many pretty girls to help him. So he called upon Betty Burtch and Hattie Knapp—and I for one admired his taste, for they were the most popular maids of the school.

They came up blushing, but their native dignity asserted itself and the distribution of the presents began. I have a notion now that the fruit was mostly popcorn and "corny copias" of candy, but as my brother and I stood there and saw everybody getting something, we felt aggrieved and rebellious.

But suddenly, in the midst of our gloom, my brother's name was called, and a girl with a gentle smile handed him a bag of popcorn. My heart glowed with gratitude. Somebody had thought of us; and when she came to me, saying sweetly, "Here's something for you," I had no words with which to thank her.

After nearly 40 years, her smile, her outstretched hand, her sympathetic eyes are still vividly before me. She was sorry for the shock-headed boy who stood against the wall, and her pity made the little box of candy a casket of pearls. The fact that I swallowed the jewels on the road home does not take from the reality of my adoration.

At last I had to take my final glimpse of that wondrous tree, and I well remember the walk home. My brother and I traveled in wordless companionship. The moon was sinking, and the snow crust gleamed with a million fairy lamps. Watchdogs barked from lonely farmhouses, and wolves answered from the ridges. Sleighs passed us with lovers sitting two and two, and the bells had the remote music of romance to us whose boots drummed like clogs of wood upon the icy road.

Our house was dark as we entered it, but how deliciously warm it seemed after the pitiless wind! I confess we made straight for the cupboard for a mince pie, a doughnut and a bowl of milk!

As I write this there stands in my library a thick-branched, beautifully tapering fir tree covered with the gold and purple apples of Hesperides, together with crystal ice points, green and red candles, clusters of gilded grapes, wreaths of metallic frost and glittering angels swinging in ecstasy. But I doubt if my children will ever know the keen pleasure (that is almost pain) which came to me in those Christmas days when an orange was not a breakfast fruit, but a casket of incense and of spice, a message from the sunlands of the South.

Hamlin Garland was one of the first "dirt-farmer novelists" to write successfully about the West, and to sell what he had written to sophisticated publishers and readers. When he died in Hollywood in 1940, at the age of 79, he was called the "dean of American letters." His most famous books are realistic pictures of the Midwest he knew so well. Among the best remembered is the trilogy, *A Son of the Middle Border*, *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1921) and *Trailmakers of the Middle Border*, all of which recorded the efforts of his family to transform raw prairie lands into livable homesteads. This article is taken from *The Fireside Book of Christmas Stories*, published at $3.75 by Bobbs-Merrill.

The Loneliest Man in Town

by **HAL BORLAND**

A FEW MILES FROM the hilltop where I live, a crossroads community clusters around a school, a couple of filling stations and a group of stores. There I meet my neighbors, hear news and opinion, and have the quirks of human nature displayed for me. Two men especially interest me—the druggist and the butcher.

When I first walked into the drugstore, I thought how orderly were its displays, how quiet and dignified its atmosphere. The druggist, too, was quiet and dignified. Yet somehow he seemed lonely; I couldn't make him out.

Next time I went there I saw a sign on the door: "No cones." It was hung at the height where a boy or girl would face it squarely. And I noticed that the druggist's stock did not include candy bars or chewing gum or any of the small items on which children spend money.

I asked if he sold magazines. "No," he said with a frown. "If I did, I'd be overrun with kids."

After that I glanced in every time I passed his way, and never did I see more than two customers inside, and never a youngster without a parent.

I asked my neighbors about the druggist. He was a strange man, they said, with few friends. No one called him by his first name. I remarked on the absence of a soda fountain and was told that when he bought the store, he had the fountain ripped out.

"I'm running a store, not a neighborhood club," he said. "I haven't got room for loafers."

Just down the street is the butcher shop. I've never seen another like it. The butcher sells meat, eggs, cheese, fruit and vegetables. He also sells patent medicines for pets, funny masks for Hallowe'en, colored caps for schoolchildren, comic cards for Valentine's Day.

My first time there a boy dashed in and said breathlessly: "Laddy's got an awful case of mange!"

The butcher paused in his meat cutting. "I told you Laddy needed a bath and a brushing."

The boy bobbed his head. "Umhmm. But. . . ."

"Take a tube of that ointment—no, the green tube on the other counter—and use it according to directions. On Laddy, not you!"

The boy looked at the price mark. "It's 50 cents, and I've only got a quarter."

"I'll charge the rest till Saturday;

that's when you get your allowance, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Gee, thanks a lot!" And the boy dashed out.

The butcher smiled and turned to me. "Six lamb chops, you say?"

Youngsters are always running in and out of the butcher shop. Two small girls come to get an order for their mother, and the proprietor asks about their cats and gives them a packet of catnip. A youngster stops by to discuss field training for his setter pup. Two girls invite the butcher and his wife to act as chaperones at their school dance.

Last Hallowe'en afternoon, five youngsters arrived in masks and costumes. The butcher was busy with half a dozen customers. The smallest boy held up his mask—the elastic was broken.

"You can't wear it that way, can you?" the butcher asked.

As the boy nodded, the butcher went to the display of unsold masks and handed out a new one.

"How about bags?" he asked. "You need them, don't you?"

"Sure!"

The children trooped behind the counter, looked at his slim stock of paper bags and hesitated.

"Don't you need one apiece?" the butcher asked.

"Naw," said the leader. "Two will be enough. We won't get much loot!" And they went out, each shouting "Thank you!"

Then there was another evening—Christmas Eve. I had stopped to pick up my turkey. The butcher shop was a dazzle of light, with a frosty Christmas tree in the window, red and green festoons around the door, paper Santa Clauses pasted on the showcases, mistletoe hanging from the ceiling.

An old man sat on a counter, peeling a free tangerine. A young couple was eating peanuts from a box on another counter. There was laughter and gaiety. Nobody was buying—their buying had been done hours before. I didn't know many people in the group, but they all greeted me as I entered.

The butcher brought my turkey, festooned with parsley and a sprig of holly. Someone began singing *White Christmas*. The butcher joined, in a flat but sturdy baritone. So did I. Then we sang *Jingle Bells* and *Silent Night*. And when I finally left I was cheered on my way by a chorus of "Merry Christmas!"

On my way home, I stopped my car in front of the drugstore. The lights were all on, brightly. There were safety razors and expensive candy and perfume and hot-water bottles in the window. One small paper bell hung at the door. In the rear of the store the druggist stood behind his counter, staring out into the snowy night.

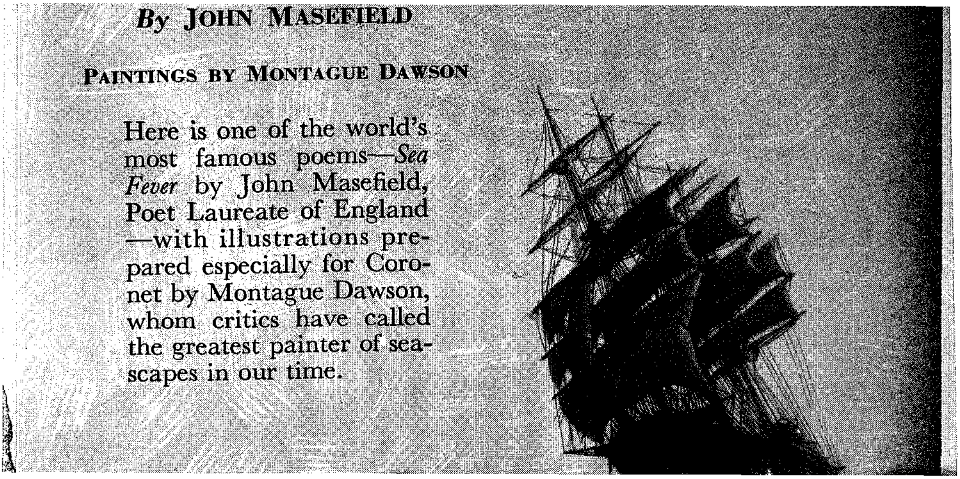
Not a customer was inside, not a soul except the lonely druggist.

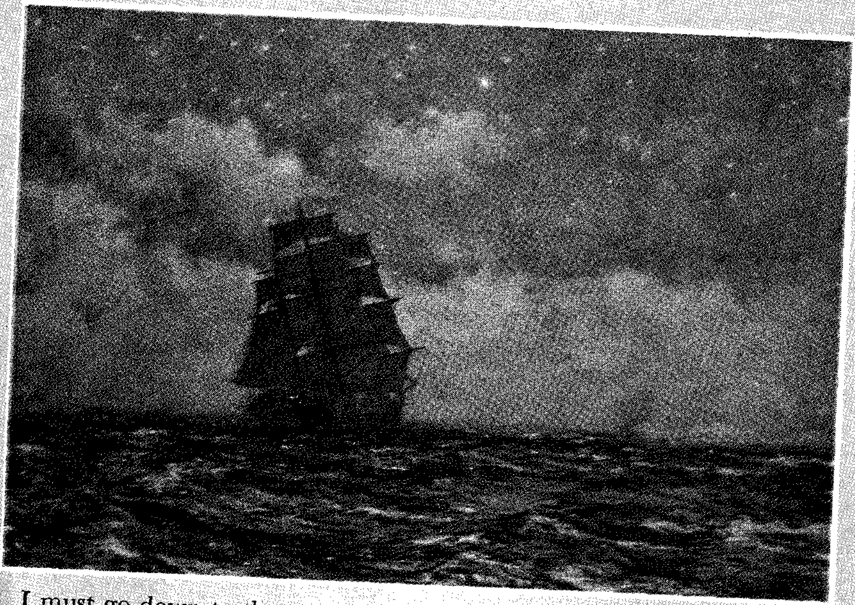
Ah, for those good old days when Uncle Sam lived within his income—and without most of ours. —Barclay Braden

By JOHN MASEFIELD

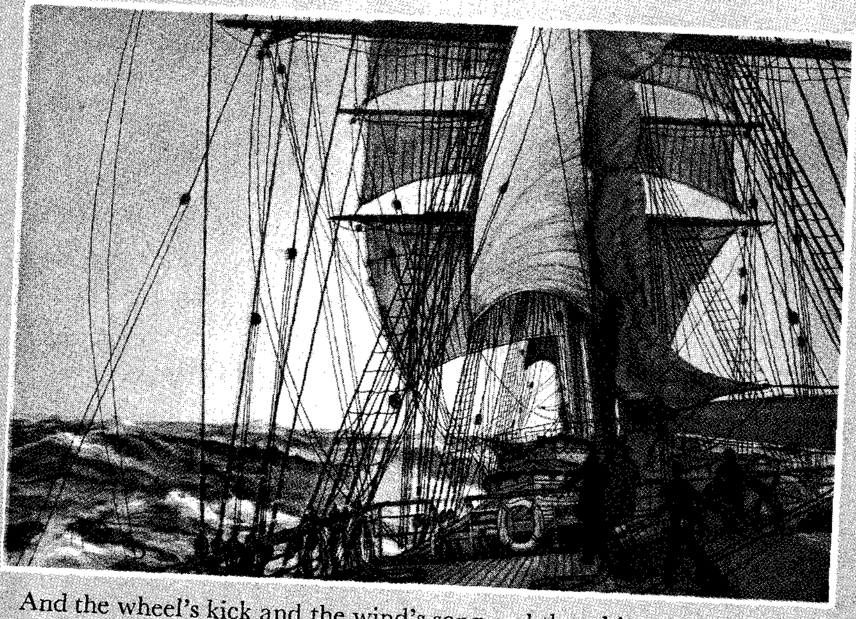
PAINTINGS BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

Here is one of the world's most famous poems—*Sea Fever* by John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England—with illustrations prepared especially for Coronet by Montague Dawson, whom critics have called the greatest painter of seascapes in our time.

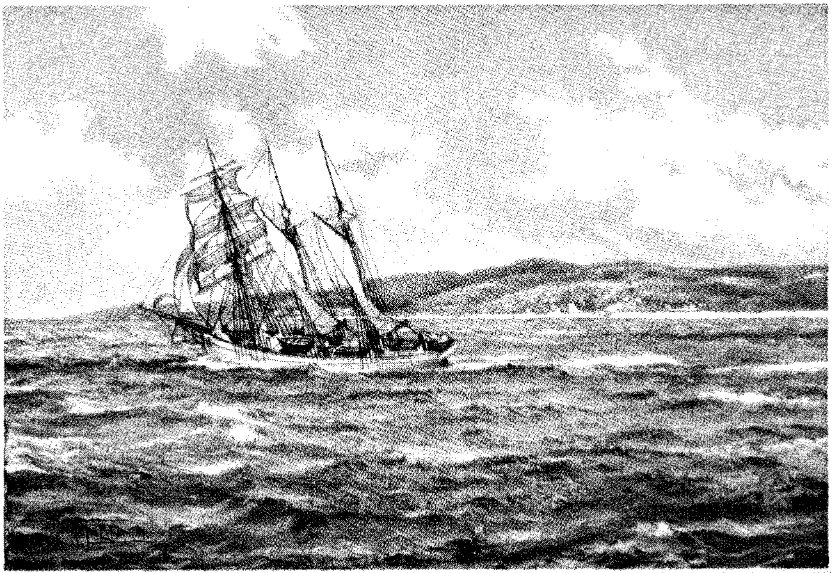




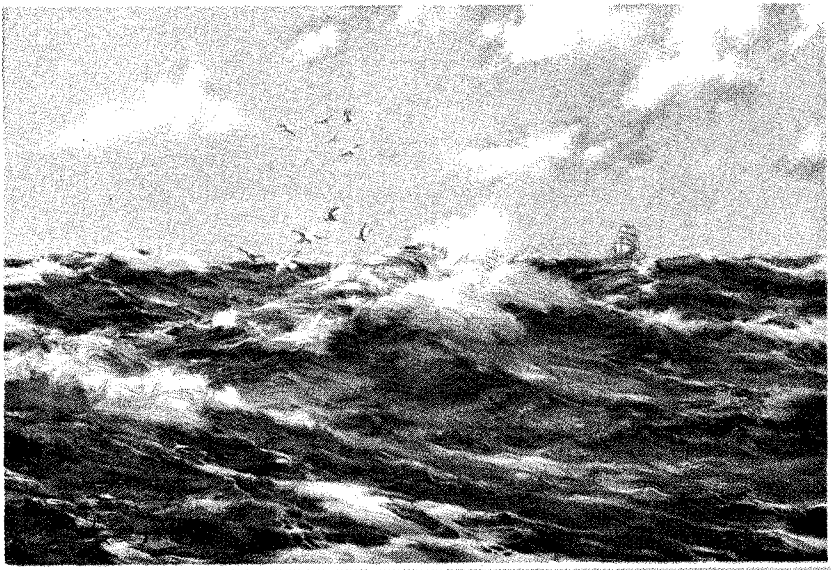
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;



And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

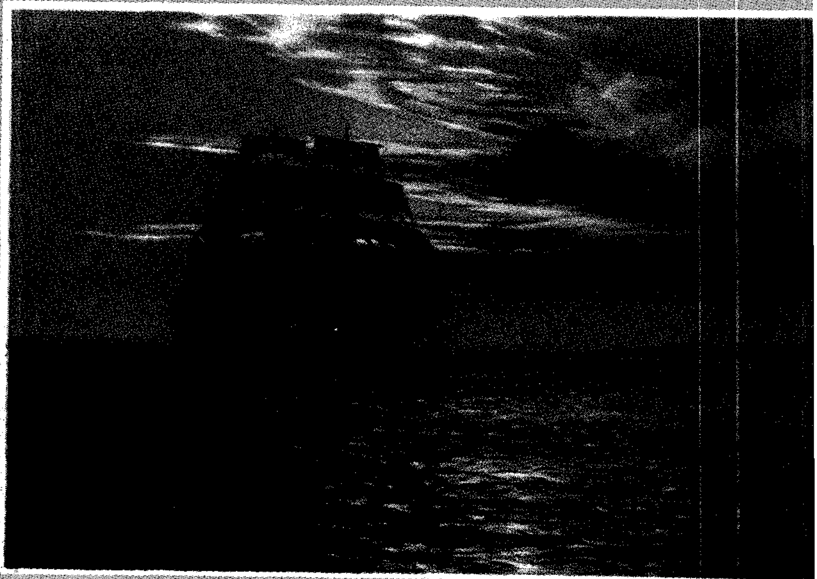


I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;



And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's
like a whetted knife;



And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN A FORTUNE?

by **LAWRENCE LADER**

Don't scoff at the absent-minded professor! Forgetfulness is costing Americans millions each year

EACH TIME one of America's absent-minded husbands forgets to bring home flowers for his wife's birthday, it costs embarrassing explanations. Each time his wife forgets the boss is coming to dinner and serves stew instead of steak, the cost in frayed tempers is equally severe. But these are triflingly inexpensive lapses of memory compared to the millions of dollars which the American people lose annually by forgetting the most routine details of everyday life.

For example, more than $250,000,000 has been abandoned by depositors who opened bank accounts and then forgot them. In one recent year in New York State alone, $21,000,000 in assets, securities and utility-service charges were lost by men and women who either forgot them or died without leaving heirs. Even race-track bettors forget to cash their winning tickets, with the result that hundreds of thousands of dollars are returned to state treasuries every year.

Such losses are caused by lapses of memory that even a child would be ashamed to make. Mailing a letter or package, for instance. Nothing could be simpler. Yet because people forget return addresses, or give the wrong mailing address, residents of New York City alone lost $40,000 in cash last year, enclosed in "dead" letters. Meanwhile, in the nation as a whole, 507,000 parcels could not be delivered because of errors made in addressing them.

The sale of these parcels, which included such valuables as Persian Lamb coats, 17-jewel wrist watches and expensive cameras, brought almost $80,000 in New York alone.

Another fortune is lost each year by patrons' carelessness in sending railway express shipments. One woman dispatched thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry in a brown paper parcel, insured for only $50.

"I thought it would be safer to hide its identity that way," she explained tearfully after the parcel was lost. But she could collect only the insured value of $50.

The "No Mark" division of the American Railway Express does everything possible to track down owners of unaddressed or misaddressed shipments. Through detective-like sleuthing, it often finds the owner of a suitcase by tracing a pair of nylons to a department store or the number of a prescription to a drugstore. But the amount of insurance money paid for lost and damaged shipments still averages about $16,000,000 a year.

No lapse of memory is more costly to the American people than forgetting bank accounts. Every day, men and women deposit money they have saved by hard work and thrift. You would assume that they could no more forget their bank accounts than they could forget their own names. Yet for the year ending March 31, 1945, New York State received $4,731,000 in abandoned accounts. Up to 1945, New Jersey had collected $800,000, while the figure for Kentucky was almost $400,000.

One New York woman, finally located by the Chase National, couldn't even remember having set foot in the bank, although the signature proved beyond doubt that the account was hers.

Many abandoned accounts belong to husbands and wives who open them unknown to each other, and then forget them completely. Others belong to sentimental individuals who open accounts in childhood and leave them untouched for the rest of their lives.

A Cleveland bank located a woman with two dormant accounts. They had been opened for her at birth by her father and grandfather, who died without remembering to tell her about them.

New York's list of abandoned accounts has included the names of Woodrow Wilson and "Buffalo Bill" Cody. A few years ago, the East River Savings Bank caught up with a missing depositor, who turned out to be president of a rival institution. Even city governments like those of Syracuse, Columbus and Toledo have opened accounts and then forgotten them.

At least 36 states have laws pertaining to abandoned property. In New York, accounts abandoned for 15 years go to the State Treasury. In North Carolina, accounts abandoned for five years go to the University of North Carolina. In Minnesota, the time limit is 20 years.

But even though the law has placed a high penalty on forgetfulness, people continue to forget. Just in itself, the total of abandoned bank accounts is almost enough to pay for the expense of running Rhode Island, Utah, Wyoming, Mississippi, Colorado and Arkansas for a whole year.

Some states can take over bonds and stocks as well as bank accounts. Recently at the Williamsburg Savings Bank in Brooklyn, $321,811 in abandoned property included $312,068 in Christmas savings and various installment payments on Liberty Bonds of World War I.

Another fortune in deposits on telephone, gas and electric service has also been lost by American wage-earners. The sums left behind by countless departing individuals snowball over a period of years into a real bonanza. By the end of 1946, for example, abandoned deposits and interest at one company in New York—Consolidated Edison—amounted to $3,350,000, all of which reverted to the state.

Traveling Americans likewise lose a fortune through forgetfulness. Each month, the Lost and Found Department of the Pullman Company in New York receives an average of 500 articles left in cars, ranging from a $20,000 jewel case to a set of false teeth. Men and women walk off trains leaving behind luggage, fur coats, rings and money. Most items are traced to the owners, but hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost each year because people fail to place identification marks on their property, even inside suitcases.

Other people are continually forgetting to collect what is owed them, as in the case of insurance. Recently a Chicago woman lost her purse containing $200 in the street. Assuming that her insurance only covered losses at home, she failed to file a claim. When it was too late, she discovered a clause in her policy covering the purse.

Or take the case of a beneficiary of Old Age and Survivors Insurance. Even though the Social Security Administration continually announces that on the death of an insured worker the beneficiaries must make immediate application, thousands of them forget every year. As a result, the Administration estimates that in some parts of the country, one person out of every six who file for OASI has already lost benefits because the claim was not recorded in time.

Income-tax rebates are also often forgotten. In 1945, the Collector of Internal Revenue in Washington was unable to issue 425,000 checks because men and women had failed to give new addresses when they moved. In the country as a whole, some $15,000,000 is going begging because of these lapses of memory.

But the strangest instances of forgetfulness occur at the race tracks. Bettors throw away or tear up winning tickets and lose hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Take the case of a bettor who puts his money on No. 5. When No. 8 romps in, he throws away his ticket in disgust. But a few moments later No. 8 is disqualified and No. 5 is declared the winner.

Or take the case of a bettor who wagers on No. 3. By accident, the mutuel-ticket seller gives him No. 2. When No. 2 runs away with the race, the bettor tosses his ticket away, still thinking that his money was riding on No. 3.

These freak lapses of memory occur so often that at the end of a recent racing season, the New York State Treasury collected almost $200,000 in uncashed tickets. The State of Florida got $156,000. So well known is this particular brand of absent-mindedness that a special group of race-track addicts, called "Stoopers," practically make a living by going from track to track, stooping over each time they see a ticket and checking whether it is a winning ticket someone has thrown away.

WITH A WHOLE LIFETIME to remember, the one thing that no man or woman should forget is to make a will. Yet figures indicate that six out of ten people commit precisely this error, thus costing their heirs thousands of dollars.

In a famous New York case, Mrs. Abbie Mills, mother-in-law of Fernando Wood, mayor of the city in the 1850s, forgot to mention in her will a piece of property worth $10,000. Her heirs spent years in winning title to it, but by that time accumulated taxes had made the property worthless.

In another New York case, a storekeeper worked all his life building up an estate of $30,000, intended for his wife. But when he died without making a will, the court gave his wife only $10,000, while his son, who did not need the money and was never intended to get it, received the remainder.

This is the kind of settlement that frequently happens when a man forgets to make a will. If there are a wife and two children, the court, under the laws of many states, awards a third to each, even though the husband desired that his widow inherit all. Until the children are 21, the money can be disbursed only by court order. Even then, the wife must prove that it is to be used for their support and education.

Don't blame the courts. They have no other alternative. The only person to blame is the man who, with a whole lifetime to think about it, dies without remembering to make a will.

The total lost through America's forgetfulness runs into hundreds of millions. The lucky winners range from the state, which collects under abandoned-property laws, to the finder of a wallet on a train, who may keep it if the owner is not located within 90 days. But the loser is always the same—one of those thousands of men and women who never remember that it costs money to forget.

Foibles of the Famous

THE COAL BURNED in Queen Victoria's private car was whitewashed to make it fit for her use. When she and her husband Prince Albert visited Coburg, Germany, in 1845, the streets of that city were perfumed with eau de cologne.

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When Dowager Queen Mary of England goes dining she sends two bottles of rare wine to her hostess. If any is left over, she takes it home.

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Mrs. John W. Mackay once wanted to buy and tear down the Arc de Triomphe because it interfered with her view of the Champs Elysée. —JOHN HENRY CUTLER

HOW WE SMASHED THE PENDERGAST MACHINE

Corrupt politics is the most sinister menace confronting American democracy. The sordid story of Tom Pendergast and his vicious rule in Kansas City is not at all unique: it is being re-enacted today in cities throughout the U.S., where the Boss and his crooked agents are stifling the forces of good government. But what can you, the average citizen, do about it? Chiefly, one thing: in every election, vote for men, not parties; for individuals, not a straight ticket. Regardless of party affiliations, elect the candidates whose past records promise honest and efficient service to you, the American citizen.

—The Editors

by ELMER L. IREY *and*
WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

In my job as Chief of the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department, I perforce acquired an undue familiarity with the financial machinations of many of the big-time political bosses of the last quarter-century. Because some of these men were bright enough to pay their taxes, I cannot discuss them without violating laws I spent much of my life upholding. But Tom Pendergast failed to pay taxes, so I am free to discuss him as a shining example of the Ward Boss in action.

If a reader chooses to think that the Pendergast machine in Kansas City is typical of all political machines, I congratulate him on his excellent judgment. If he chooses to see the Pendergast machine as peculiar to any one party, he does so at his own risk. Machine politics and their attendant larceny know no party line.

Thomas J. Pendergast was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1872 and 20 years later was living in Kansas City, a college education in his head and the siren songs of half the nation's big-league baseball scouts in his ears. It was sweet music to young Tom but it was drowned in the Tipperary accents of his father.

"I'll have no son of mine playing professional baseball," the elder Pendergast purred firmly. "It isn't respectable."

Respectability won out, and

young Tom went to work in one of the saloons owned by his brother, Jimmy, who also owned a fledgling political organization. In time, Jimmy got his brother a job as a policeman in Kansas City's immortal and immoral First Ward, where the young man quickly learned that the way of the transgressor can be very soft indeed.

Jimmy died in 1911, and Tom laid aside his night stick to take over the political organization his brother had constructed so soundly. This college-bred athlete and cop brought to the organization a genius for political larceny unsurpassed in our time.

A legend has grown up around Tom Pendergast, depicting him as the big-hearted politician who knew not what his left hand was doing and took it only because it was there for the taking. In other words, just an unknowing, generous man who wouldn't hurt a fly. I don't know what he did to flies, but I do know he took it, and because he took it, and demanded it in ever-growing amounts, men died with bullets in their brains, others jumped or were pushed off bridges. Tom Pendergast left behind him an impressive collection of widows, orphans and broken men, and he didn't seem to care very much whether they were friends or foes.

Tom had to have the money because he had to bet $20,000 a day on the races; and because he had to have it, you could buy all the morphine or Heroin you could lift in Kansas City; and the man who wanted to keep his job as a police captain had better keep his prostitute file up to the minute so Tom's machine would be certain no girl practiced her ancient art without paying tribute.

Pendergast may easily have been the most abject slave the Sport of Kings ever owned. He would work diligently at his office at 1908 Main Street until noon, when he would roar, "Where the hell is he?"

"He" was Pendergast's tout, who always sat outside the Boss' office, armed with racing papers and dope sheets. He was the greatest tout ever, and he lived up to the tradition of his clan by rarely picking a winner. Yet the Old Man's faith never wavered. "He" reached the height of touting in 1935, when he successfully advised his client into losing $600,000 in one 30-day meeting at a New York track.

It irked Pendergast that his own state (and certainly it was his property) had a law against racing. Tom owned a few horses, so he saw to it that a track was opened in Platte County, Missouri, about an hour's drive from Kansas City.

Several heroic civic groups sought to have the track closed on the grounds that it was illegal. Circuit Judge Guy B. Park patiently listened as lawyers read the State Constitution, but he never strained himself to side with Pendergast's adversaries. Pendergast's gratitude was demonstrated whenever Park had to go before the people on Election Day.

In 1932, the Missouri Democrats nominated Francis M. Wilson for governor. Wilson died a month before election so the leaders hastily reassembled in Jefferson City to choose another candidate. Somebody introduced the name of Judge Park and the State Committee laughed en masse.

"Whoever heard of Park?" they asked in derision.

Pendergast spoke up. "I think Park is a fine man." Park was promptly nominated, and soon was Governor of Missouri.

Pendergast made judges, representatives, senators and governors. In fact, had he lived three more months he would have seen a faithful and devoted follower, Harry S. Truman, in the White House. Truman was a creature of Boss Pendergast's; and he has never denied it. Yet nobody has ever suggested that the President profited one cent from his affiliations with Pendergast.

Another Pendergast disciple, Lloyd Stark, was elected Governor of Missouri with Tom's support. It was Stark who asked us to put Pendergast in jail. Truman, at that time a Senator, used every pressure that his office legally permitted to keep Tom free.

There is something impressive about Truman's devotion to Pendergast. As President he granted pardons to members of the Pendergast machine who had lost their right to vote by reason of having served time. He had hardly set the Bible aside in 1945 when he fired Maurice M. Milligan, U. S. District Attorney for the Western District of Missouri. Milligan had prosecuted Pendergast's men for vote fraud and had led the attack on the Old Man himself for tax evasion.

IN 1936, THE PENDERGAST machine gave the world a lesson in the twisting of democratic processes when 425,000 Kansas City citizens registered for the national elections of that year. That was a 63 per cent registration, phenomenally high. A newspaper disclosed, among other scandals, that by a most extraordinary coincidence 40 different registrants had all been born on the same day in the same town, and had all come to Kansas City at the same time. But nothing was done by the authorities.

On Election Day, Tom's own First Ward cast 20,687 votes, despite the handicap of having only 19,923 population, including children. While the First Ward turned in the most spectacular job, all Kansas City succumbed quietly to the bloody beatings that were in store for any who dared question the voting rules set up by Charles Carollo, Pendergast's Italian-born strong-arm practitioner.

In December, 1936, Milligan found a grand jury with enough courage to start a secret investigation of the brazen vote frauds. Milligan got help from the FBI, which among other things proved that of 240,000 ballots examined, 18,000 had been altered, and that election judges and clerks had cast hundreds of ballots for absentees.

A police captain charged with intimidating voters of both sexes said, in righteous wrath, "I wouldn't of hurt none of them women, but I consider it a patriotic duty to see that votes are cast the way the ward leader wants 'em cast. After all, I'm employed by the city."

Pendergast raised $100,000 for the defense of the 278 election judges, precinct captains and clerks indicted by Milligan. Judges were threatened, jury lists were decimated by "illness." Despite this, 78 men were sent to jail and more than $60,000 collected in fines.

Pendergast and his aides were

unruffled by this affair. But the people of Missouri had been shown that you could testify against Pendergast and still retain your health and job. Among them was Stark, Missouri's new governor, who in 1937 tossed Robert Emmet O'Malley out as State Superintendent of Insurance.

O'Malley, Tom's dearest friend, was a broth of a boy who feared no man and couldn't stand to see anybody persecuted, except possibly the citizens of Missouri. In 1922, the then State Superintendent of Insurance had ordered a 10 per cent reduction in fire insurance. The companies fought the order all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court, which in 1928 ruled that the Missouri official was within his rights. The companies promptly raised their rates 16 2/3 per cent.

There was more litigation, this time in Missouri only, and while the rate-rise was being argued, the court ordered that the extra moneys collected should be impounded. A special commissioner, Paul I. Barnett, was appointed to make an investigation. He reported that the rates should be boosted, but he didn't say how much, so in May, 1935, a neat bundle of cash, $9,020,279.01, lay in escrow. The insurance agencies eyed it covetously, and so did Robert Emmet O'Malley.

In view of the success that an O'Malley predecessor had enjoyed before the Supreme Court, it was naïvely assumed that O'Malley, the friend of the oppressed, would fight Barnett's decision to the highest court. But on May 18, the wail of the shorn sucker could be heard throughout Missouri, for on that historic date Governor Park, the horseman's friend, signed a compromise with the insurance people.

This compromise called for immediate release to the companies of 50 per cent of the money in escrow; 30 per cent was to pay the legal expense of the State of Missouri and the insurance companies, and anything left over was to be given to the corporations. The citizens were awarded refunds of 20 per cent of what they had paid.

In other words, more than $4,500,000 was given to the companies, plus a promise of more, and $1,800,000 was the amount the premium-paying citizens would get. More than $2,700,000 was to pay expenses, and the balance was more gravy for the corporations.

There were crude bellowings of "pay-off" from the press but an admiring populace just shrugged it off with, "What will Pendergast think of next?" Roy McKittrick, the State's Attorney General, refused to rule that the compromise was legal. Later in the day, however, McKittrick was astonished to learn that Park had signed the document. He had phoned Pendergast and evidently Boss Tom's legal opinion differed from McKittrick's.

The wailing of the shorn was so loud that in 1937 the State Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the deal. It doused all concerned with buckets of whitewash, and that was that.

One Charles R. Street ran the fire-insurance industry in the West, working out of Chicago. He had a fistful of impressive titles, which were mere double-talk. Missouri had been knee-deep in high-priced insurance mouthpieces during the rate litigation, but it had been

Street who steered the 157 companies to the wonderful bonanza.

When the partner of the insurance companies' chief counsel died, we ran a routine check on his estate and discovered that on May 9, 1935, (nine days before the agreement), his law firm had received $100,500 in checks from various insurance firms and had immediately disbursed them. They insisted this money was not firm income, and had been forwarded to Street.

Agent Fred Peabody talked with Street, who admitted they were right. But he said he had passed the money on to somebody else. He wouldn't, however, say to whom.

We were taking obvious nonsense from Street, but we continued to take it because we knew he was too smart to take the rap for anybody. He intrigued us with such notes as this:

"Leaving for South Dakota. On return next week will take a run to Mo. and see what they have to say. Don't think can do anything, at least before *Queen Mary* comes in."

The *Queen Mary* was plowing her way to New York on her maiden voyage. Among the distinguished passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Pendergast. So we were patient with Street, although on March 7, 1937, we felt it necessary to issue a summons. On March 8, Street showed up and announced he had filed an amended 1935 return on that same day, and had included as income $100,500 on which he had paid additional taxes of $47,093, plus interest.

We could still indict Street for fraud because he had not filed his amended return until we started an investigation, but we gave thought to the accepted story that the "pay-off" had been half a million dollars. So we thought we'd wait until Street filed for 1936. It was considered highly unlikely that he would pay taxes on about $400,000. We were right. His report made no mention of such a sum.

We were preparing to look at Street's books, but in January 1938, he outwitted us once again. He died. Tom Pendergast's race-track luck was bad, but otherwise he was running in the best of fortune.

SHORTLY AFTER DEATH sealed the lips of the one witness we hoped would bring Pendergast before a grand jury, Milligan and Stark went to Washington to ask Treasury help. They got it, and Intelligence agents began combing the records of Street, of the trustees of the moneys that were being distributed to the insurance companies, and of the companies themselves.

They found that the companies had turned back to Street five per cent of each share of the money distributed after the compromise. This amounted to $447,000, a figure intriguingly close to the rumored pay-off.

But we couldn't do much about it, for the insurance people just shook their heads. When Street asked for money, he got it and no questions asked. At a conference, Street had told them, "I need $350,000. Let's call it expense money for the Missouri compromise. But don't ask me what I'm going to do with it."

The trusting tycoons started sending Street the money. He had disbursed $330,000 in cash before the full sum had been forwarded;

evidently somebody had asked for the money, pronto. In cash.

Cash is almost impossible to trace, as all Treasury agents know. We therefore found ourselves with the knowledge that Street had given somebody $100,500, which he had admitted and paid taxes on, and that he had also given somebody or somebodies $330,000 in untraceable cash. We were in a bad spot.

We were deeply interested in two checks Street had written to the credit of the City National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago. Both had been made payable to the bank, but the bank records didn't tell what had been done with the total of $30,000. Pendergast's luck ran out when a bank clerk working with one of our agents was called away for a minute.

Agent Hartmann flipped through a book containing carbons of telegrams sent by the bank. One wire, addressed to the First National Bank in St. Louis, advised that the Chicago bank was crediting it with $10,000 to be paid to A. L. McCormack, Pierce Building, St. Louis. Street was named as the man from whom the $10,000 was received.

This sent the agent looking for another telegram, covering $20,000. None was found, but correspondence yielded a letter covering a $20,000 transaction paid in currency to "A. L. McCormack, Pierce Building, your city."

Alphonsus Logouri McCormack was a St. Louis insurance executive. On July 26, 1938, we had discovered he had received $30,000 from Street in 1936. On the 27th, we dropped in on McCormack, only to be told he was away on vacation. When he returned a few days later, he blandly said he had filed an amended return covering the $30,000. He had run back to St. Louis to make the return on July 27, probably coming down from Chicago on the same train with our agents. Somebody had tipped Alphonsus off, but fast.

McCormack was a tough nut. He told us that he had received the $30,000 from Street because in his position as president of the Missouri Association of Insurance Agents he was able to dissuade insurance salesmen from embarrassing the companies by filing suit for commissions before the matter was settled by the Missouri governor in the companies' favor.

Street had given him the money as a gift, McCormack said, and Street had paid the taxes. Therefore, unless we stopped pestering him, he (McCormack) was going to file suit for the return of taxes he had just paid on the $30,000.

We found McCormack, by strange coincidence, had spent in brokerage accounts, bank deposits and the purchase of a home, a total of $84,987.37 during 1935 and 1936, the years Street was throwing the insurance money in the general direction of Missouri. McCormack tartly told us the cash represented his life's savings. We then had the painful task of showing McCormack the results of an investigation we had run on him since he made his first nickel, 16 years before.

We were willing to admit for the sake of argument that neither he nor his family had eaten a bite of food in 16 years, nor bought a stitch of clothing, nor paid a dime of rent. Admitting all this, it would have been possible for McCormack to have had in his safe-deposit vault $53,253.84 at the close of business on December 31, 1934.

Yet in 1935 he had spent $27,487.37 in cash, and in 1935, $67,000, also cash. How come? McCormack shrugged. Evidently he was ready to take the income-tax rap he so richly deserved.

But we weren't after McCormack, we were after Boss Tom; and our investigations of McCormack had disclosed some fascinating things about his traveling habits, leading to Pendergast. McCormack went to Chicago a lot. On January 22, 1935, he had checked into the Palmer House and called Grand 1131 in Kansas City, which was Pendergast's office. Whatever he told Tom was fascinating enough so that, on the very next day, McCormack had only to call the Congress Hotel a few blocks away to reach Pendergast.

On March 28, McCormack and Pendergast were again in Chicago together, phoning each other from separate hotels. And on April 1, McCormack was in Chicago alone, departing for Kansas City at one minute after noon on "The Chief." It was on April 1 that Street had gotten $33,000 in cash from a Chicago bank!

Oddly, McCormack had been to his safe-deposit box on April 2. On April 14, McCormack had visited Kansas City and registered at the Muehlebach Hotel, whose register also disclosed the presence of Street the same day.

U. S. Attorney Milligan had started a grand jury investigation about the money distributed in the insurance settlement. McCormack testified, and despite the absurdity of his story, he stuck to it. He had gotten all his cash as the result of 16 years of saving.

Under questioning by Agent Hartmann, he swore he had lost all of one of the checks ($10,000) on the races at Fairmount track in Collinsville, Illinois. The agent listened happily.

"This is your signature, isn't it?" Hartmann asked, showing McCormack the paper he had signed when he got the $10,000.

"It is."

"And you got the money on the date above your signature—October 24, 1936?"

"I did."

"And you lost all the money at Fairmount?"

"I've already told you I did."

"Fine. But how do you explain losing $10,000 at Fairmount two weeks before you got it? The track closed October 10."

"I want a lawyer!"

MILLIGAN HAD A FEW WORDS with McCormack before the lawyer showed up. If McCormack didn't appear before the grand jury and tell all he knew about Street and Pendergast, he would be indicted for perjury, to say nothing of his tax fraud. Milligan then told the insurance agencies that McCormack was making noises like a gentleman who was about to do a little singing. Did the insurance boys want to join the chorus?

There was a meeting among the insurance peddlers, McCormack and McCormack's legal aid. On March 17, McCormack did his solo for the benefit of the jury, and it was a sad day for Robert O'Malley and Thomas Pendergast. This is the solo McCormack sang:

On January 13, 1935, O'Malley came to St. Louis to talk with McCormack. "Will the insurance companies pay to have this thing settled?" asked O'Malley. McCormack thought they would.

"Then I'm sure it can be settled with Mr. Pendergast's help," said Tom's dearest friend and Missouri's Superintendent of Insurance. McCormack ran up to Chicago with the good news for Street while O'Malley brought the tidings back to Pendergast in Kansas City.

On January 22, McCormack was back in Chicago talking to Street. Then he called Pendergast, and Tom grabbed the night train. Next day he sat down with Street in McCormack's hotel room. McCormack listened to his masters conducting business.

Street led with a dainty left. "Things have been tough for us insurance men in the Missouri courts," he said.

"I'm sure I can help," Pendergast replied.

"How much will it cost?" asked Street.

"Make an offer," countered Pendergast.

"$200,000," said Street.

"Don't be silly!" Pendergast was indignant.

"Half a million," said Street.

"Okay," said Pendergast. "I'll call my secretary in Kansas City."

Street and McCormack listened tensely as Pendergast put through his call. When he got his secretary he said: "Bet $10,000 on King Saxon. To win. Good-bye."

Two months later, nothing had been done to put through the legislation that Pendergast had sold to Street. But Street knew his man. "Tell Pendergast we'll give him $750,000," the insurance man told McCormack. Oddly enough, Pendergast was in Chicago at the time, and the Boss accepted the new bid.

May 9 found McCormack in Chicago again, where he received $50,000 in cash from Street. He flew back to Kansas City and handed the money over to Tom. Five days later the compromise agreement was drawn up and in another four days was signed by Park.

Street sent another $50,000 to Pendergast, who kept $5,000 and told McCormack to split the other $45,000 with O'Malley. On April 1, McCormack handed Pendergast $330,000 at his home. The Boss peeled off $80,999 and told McCormack to split it with O'Malley. The remaining quarter-million Pendergast kept until the bookmakers took it away from him.

Six months later, O'Malley told McCormack that Pendergast was broke and needed $10,000 to pay hospital bills. McCormack took this hint to Street in Chicago. Street was short of cash at the moment, which was a great break for us. Not having the cash on hand necessitated telegraphing $10,000 to McCormack a few days later. It was this telegram which eventually led us to McCormack. It was this same $10,000 that McCormack claimed to have lost at a race track that had been closed two weeks.

IN WASHINGTON I WATCHED the Pendergast machine unload every ounce of political pressure it could. Harry Truman, junior Senator from Missouri, was flying back and forth between Kansas City and Washington. I have no doubt that Franklin D. Roosevelt was kept informed of the situation, although he gave no indication of it. His Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who was my boss, seemed pleased with our investigation; and I know Morgenthau well enough to be certain that he was never pleased with anything that displeased F. D. R.

After we had gathered the evidence, it was the responsibility of U. S. Attorney General Frank Murphy (now a Supreme Court Justice) to see that the case was prosecuted. But Murphy's actions left me somewhat cold.

As soon as McCormack had spilled the beans, Murphy prepared to indict Pendergast and O'Malley. This came as something of a shock to me, because we were developing a lot more on Tom Pendergast than just the half-million bribery charge. Commissioner of Internal Revenue Guy T. Helvering and I went to see Murphy.

"Mr. Attorney General," I blurted, "please don't indict Pendergast for a while. We are almost ready to prove he swindled the government out of thousands of dollars. He has an old pensioner drawing $18,000 a year and a bookkeeper who gets $100,000. They are dummies set up to evade taxes. If you indict Pendergast only for the insurance bribe, he'll be getting away with murder."

The Attorney General listened with his eyes turned heavenward. When I had finished he dropped them and gazed at me bleakly. "I will not be a party to the obstruction of justice," he said.

"That's fine, sir," I answered. "We'll get the rest of that evidence in a couple of weeks. I think Pendergast—"

He cut me off. "I will not be a party to the obstruction of justice," he repeated. "We will indict Pendergast now."

"I don't think you understand," I said, still hoping to convince him that the indictment should be delayed. "We can prove that in 1935 Pendergast used $567,600.86 more in cash than he reported receiving. In 1936 he used $613,682.14 more than he reported. He defrauded the government of much more than we are charging him with in the present indictment."

"Mr. Irey, I will not be a party to the obstruction of justice," he repeated again.

So Murphy wasn't a party, although we did manage to get into the indictment the charge that Tom had used tax dummies. Pendergast was charged with fraud totaling $265,465.15 for 1935 and 1936. He pleaded guilty and got a year and three months.

My inability to persuade Murphy to "obstruct justice" cost Uncle Sam at least a half-million dollars in taxes and penalties. As for O'Malley, he got a year and a day in Leavenworth when he pleaded guilty.

BETWEEN THE TIME Pendergast and O'Malley were arraigned and the time they chose to admit their guilt, a mysterious death occurred. Edward L. Schneider, Pendergast's straw-man bookkeeper, had paid taxes on dividends and salaries which he had turned over to Boss Tom. Schneider was a reluctant witness, but finally he promised to produce his records for us next day, May 1.

On May 1, his car was found on Fairfax Bridge in Kansas City with two suicide notes and all the records. The notes were dated April 27, five days before Schneider's disappearance. His body was not found until May 5.

The last man to see Schneider alive was Otto Higgins, Director of Police, who had called and made an appointment as Schneider was leaving his home for our office. Higgins refused to talk when questioned, but later said he had called Schneider because he had read of the bookkeeper's trouble and wanted to do anything he could to help him.

When Pendergast and O'Malley fell, it was not the end of the warfare on the Pendergast machine. Charles Carollo, Tom's muscle man, got eight years; Higgins got two; Matthew S. Murray, Director of Public Works, got the same; and City Manager Henry F. McElroy died as he was about to be indicted for failure to report more than $250,000 in income.

Smaller political figures and contributing contractors were also sent to jail, and just to make the cleanup complete, agents of the Bureau of Narcotics were sent in to rob Kansas City of the dubious distinction of being the nation's greatest outlet for dope.

When we bade adieu to Kansas City in 1940, things were pretty clean there. I understand from recent newspaper reports, however, that they are slipping back into the old routine.

Next month, Elmer L. Irey will tell the amazing inside story of how his men broke up the notorious Huey Long gang, which had been looting Louisiana, and recovered more than $6,000,000 for the Treasury Department.

Animals Don't Hear Alike

BECAUSE HUMAN HEARING stops short of the highest ranges, there are some sounds in the everyday animal world which are beyond us. On the other hand, we can hear things that animals and birds cannot.

If you doubt this, just strike the bottom key on a piano; the sound will be audible to you, but not to your dog or cat. But dogs can hear sounds an octave above our top limit, and rats two octaves higher. Birds have an even higher level of hearing; the lowest sound audible to a canary is the highest C which a soprano can reach with her voice. So if you are inclined to talk to your pet canary, you're just wasting your time; the bird can't even hear you.

While we can hear no sounds six octaves above middle C, bats produce and hear sounds in the eighth and ninth octaves above that point. It is quite possible that some animals communicate in tones that we can hear no better than the canary can hear our conversation.

—ANON

ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATING

by **DUNCAN HINES**

In this new feature—the first of a series—Duncan Hines takes Coronet readers to some of the outstanding restaurants listed in his famous book *Adventures in Good Eating.* —THE EDITORS

DUNCAN HINES

OUT IN THE middle of the Arizona desert, where the temperature sometimes soars to 120 degrees, there is a bit of North Pole fairyland that makes tourists think they are seeing a mirage. Actually they are looking at Christmas Tree Inn, a few miles northwest of Kingman, where Mrs. Santa Claus has set up headquarters. The Inn, with a candy-striped roof and crooked chimney, is straight out of a story book.

Mrs. Santa Claus, a plump and jolly woman who is, in private life, Mrs. Ninon Douglas, celebrates Christmas the year 'round by serving weary travelers refreshing breakfasts and lunches, and incidentally taking orders for Christmas presents from small-fry who promise to be good and eat all their food.

At Christmas Tree Inn this is no task at all, for the menu features such specialties as Eskimo fruit cocktail, Poinsettia tomato or reindeer soup, chicken à la Snow White, Mary's Little Lamb Chops, evergreen salad, Kris Kringle rum pie and stardust cake.

After the meal, visitors can stroll around Santa Claus Acres and inspect the toy-town guest houses that Mrs. Santa has built, such as Cinderella's Doll House and the House of the Three Little Pigs.

* * *

NESTLED IN AN OLIVE grove at the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains, 30 miles east of Los Angeles, is a unique theater-restaurant where dinner guests enjoy delicious Mexican food, see a Mexican folk-drama and attend an after-theater party reminiscent of fiesta time in Old Mexico—all in one crowded evening. For here, at the Padua Hills Theater, a group of 30 versatile young Mexicans have transplanted the hospitality and friendly gaiety of their native country.

The south-of-the-border atmosphere wasn't planned—it just happened. In 1930, the citizens of Claremont, California, acquired a 2,000-acre tract and built a community center complete with restaurant and an adjoining theater, designed for the Claremont Community Players.

When the dining room was

opened, young Mexicans were hired as waitresses, bus boys and kitchen helpers. From the first, they were fascinated by the performances in the near-by theater, and soon began giving informal programs of Mexican songs and folk dances in the dining room between courses. Since 1935, the Mexican Players have been presenting a theater schedule of six performances a week.

But they still continue their duties in the dining room. When you arrive at Padua Hills Theater, you are greeted by a smiling señorita in Mexican costume. She serves your meal, taking a few moments off to sing or perhaps perform a Mexican dance. Later you may see her on the stage, and after the theater you will meet her again—as hostess at the fiesta where exotic Mexican refreshments are served and where the guests play carnival games typical of Mexican holidays.

* * *

New Orleans is justly famous for the fine food purveyed by its restaurants. But some of the best dishes are served in homes of old New Orleans families where Creole recipes have been handed down from past generations. In fact, there is one restaurant in New Orleans which *is* a home. You may invite yourself to dinner merely by phoning for reservations.

When you arrive at the Corinne Dunbar Tea Room you are received in the drawing room of a typical old New Orleans residence by your host, Mr. Dunbar—a Southern gentleman of the old school. Soon a butler enters and announces that dinner is served. You are ushered into a beautiful dining room where you may enjoy such Creole dishes as jambalaya, crawfish bisque, bouillabaisse and Corinne Dunbar's famous oysters au carnival, prepared by cooks who have been with her family for 30 years or more.

* * *

New York City's oldest restaurant is Ye Olde Chop House, in the heart of the financial district at 118 Cedar Street. But no one can tell you exactly how old it is. Even kindly, gray-haired Harry Kramer, who bought the establishment in 1902, can give you only a rough estimate.

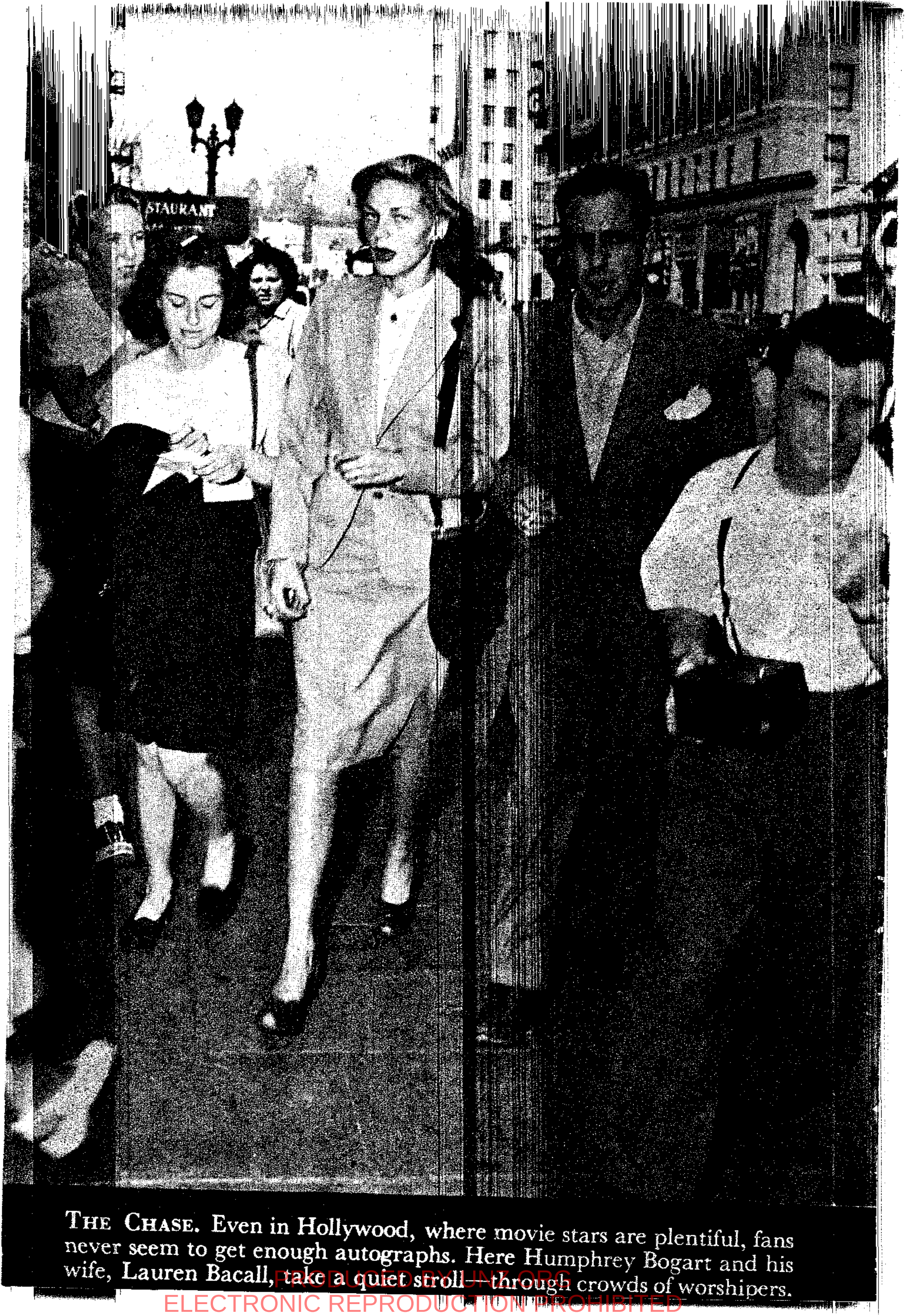
"It's about 150 years old," he says, adding that Tom Paine, whose writings helped to spark the American Revolution, was a customer when he lived around the corner.

In tracing the history of this landmark, Kramer has become an authority on Manhattan lore. His fascination with the past is reflected in his restaurant, where the walls are decorated with old photographs, curios, odds and ends—all relics of bygone days.

During the years he has been serving food to the giants of Wall Street, Kramer has become an unofficial authority on the financial world. He can usually sense any break in the stock market—the brokers are too busy to come in for lunch. But Harry Kramer takes neither life nor stock-market fluctuations too seriously. He knows that, come boom or bust, his customers will always be eager to share his good food.

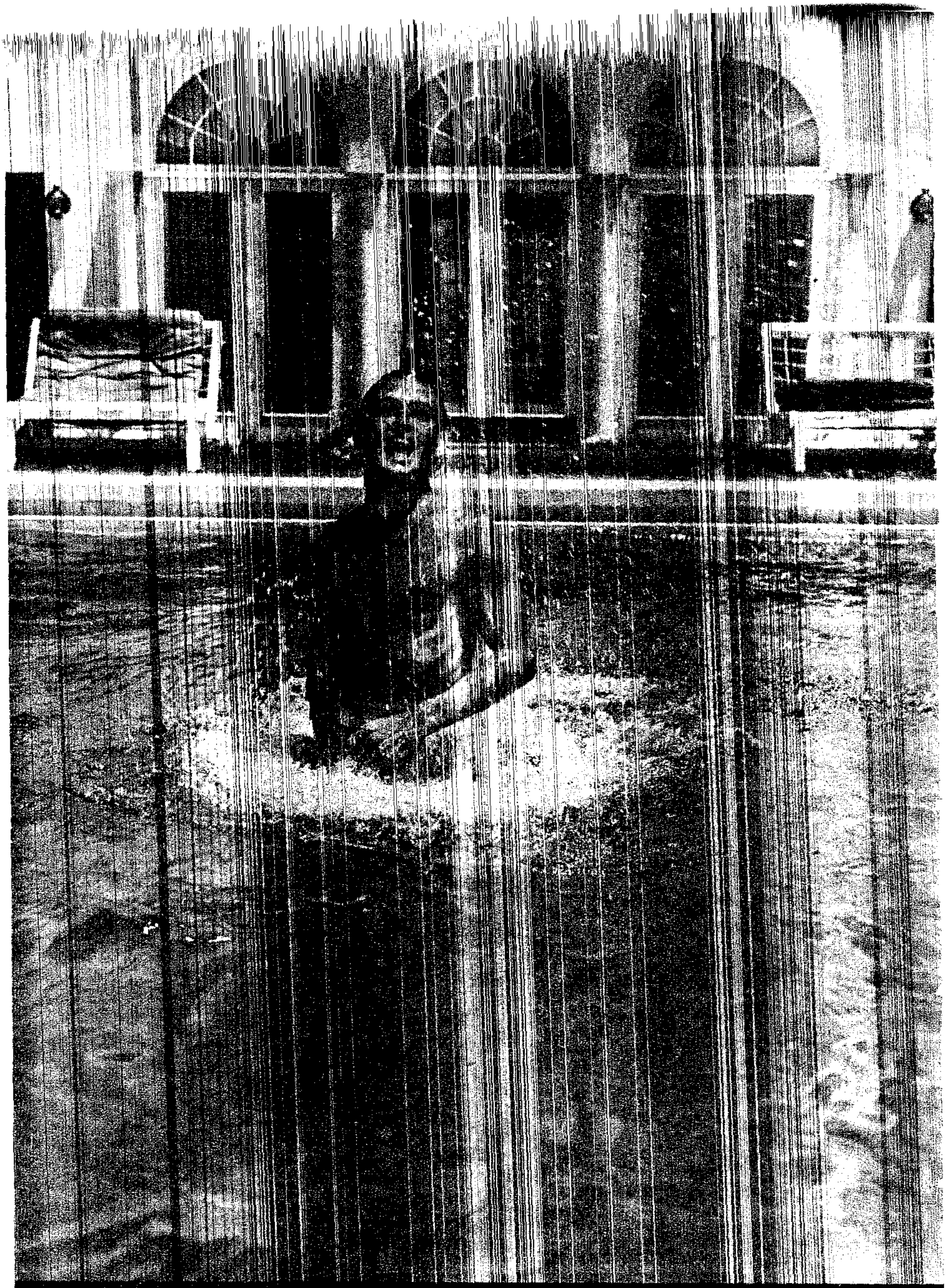
Hollywood FACE to FACE

FOR MOST OF US, one of life's most thrilling experiences would be to meet a Hollywood movie star face to face. The chances of that happening to even a few of us are very small. But every year thousands of pictures are made revealing the intimate, down-to-earth lives of the stars. Now, on these pages, Coronet presents some of the best of those pictures. Starting with Van Johnson who has been captured by autograph hunters above, here is an exciting, informal look at some of the most widely publicized people on earth.

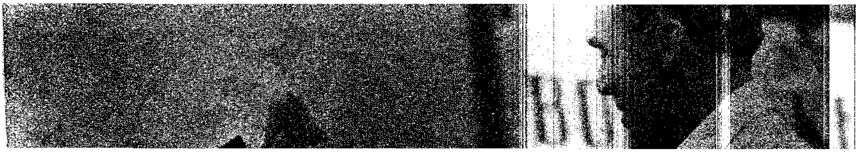


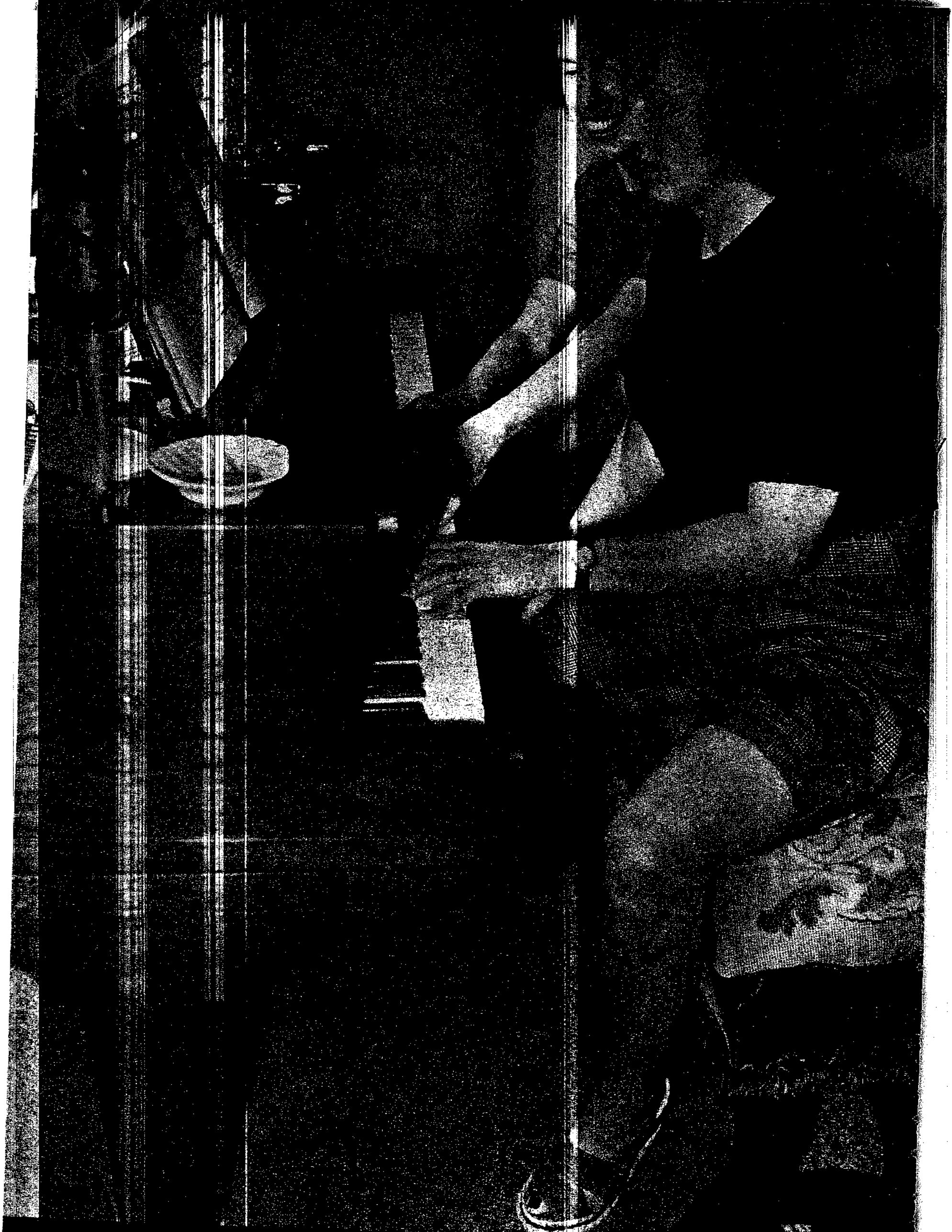
The Chase. Even in Hollywood, where movie stars are plentiful, fans never seem to get enough autographs. Here Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, take a quiet stroll—through crowds of worshipers.

THE PRIZE. Autographs are the climax of our dreams about the stars. This lady caught Walter Pidgeon as he stepped off a plane. Like most stars, he took the time to write his precious signature in her book.

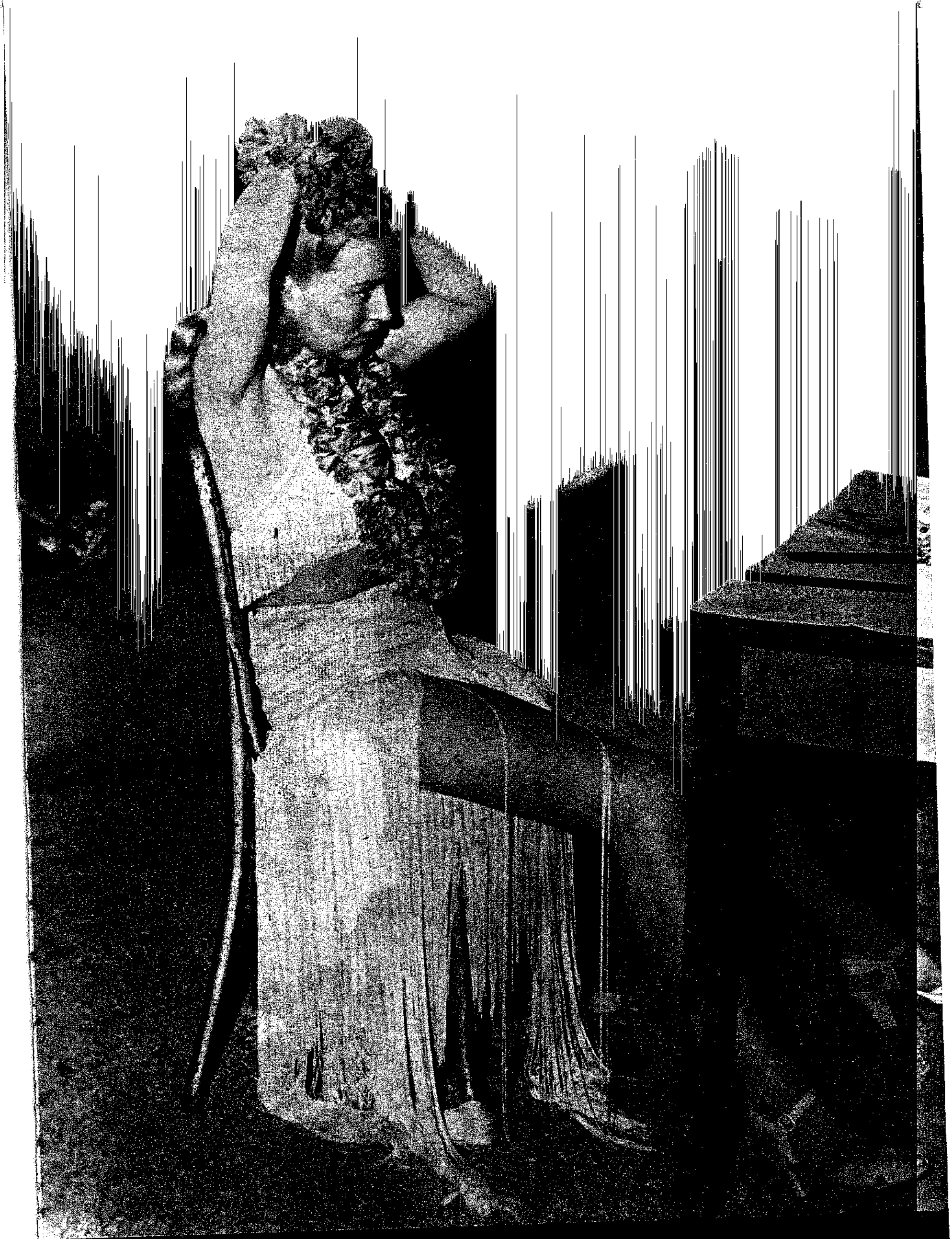


EXPERT. This is Alan Ladd completing a dive in a Palm Springs pool. He loves the water. In 1932, he swam for the Hollywood Athletic Club in amateur meets, and became diving champion of the West Coast.

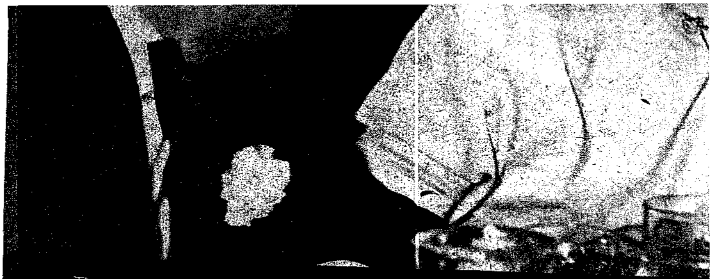




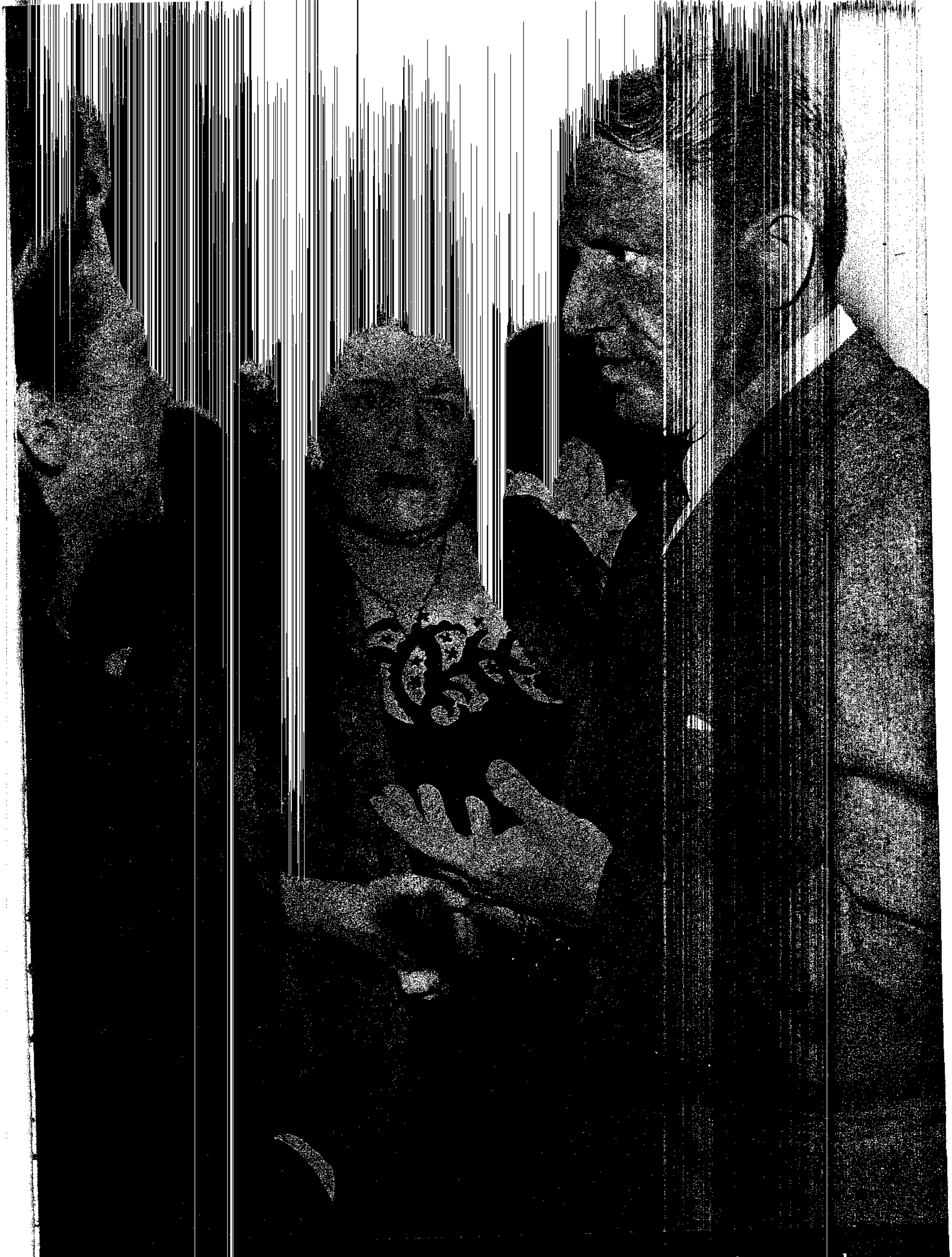
Relaxed. At home, most stars enjoy the same informal, sleeves-rolled-up ease as the rest of us. Their everyday wardrobes are simple and casual. Here Bette Davis and a friend catch up on some piano practice.



Time Out. Betty Grable takes advantage of a spare moment on the set to fix her own hair. Despite make-up experts and elegant dressing rooms, stars often prefer to "do for themselves" at the nearest mirror.



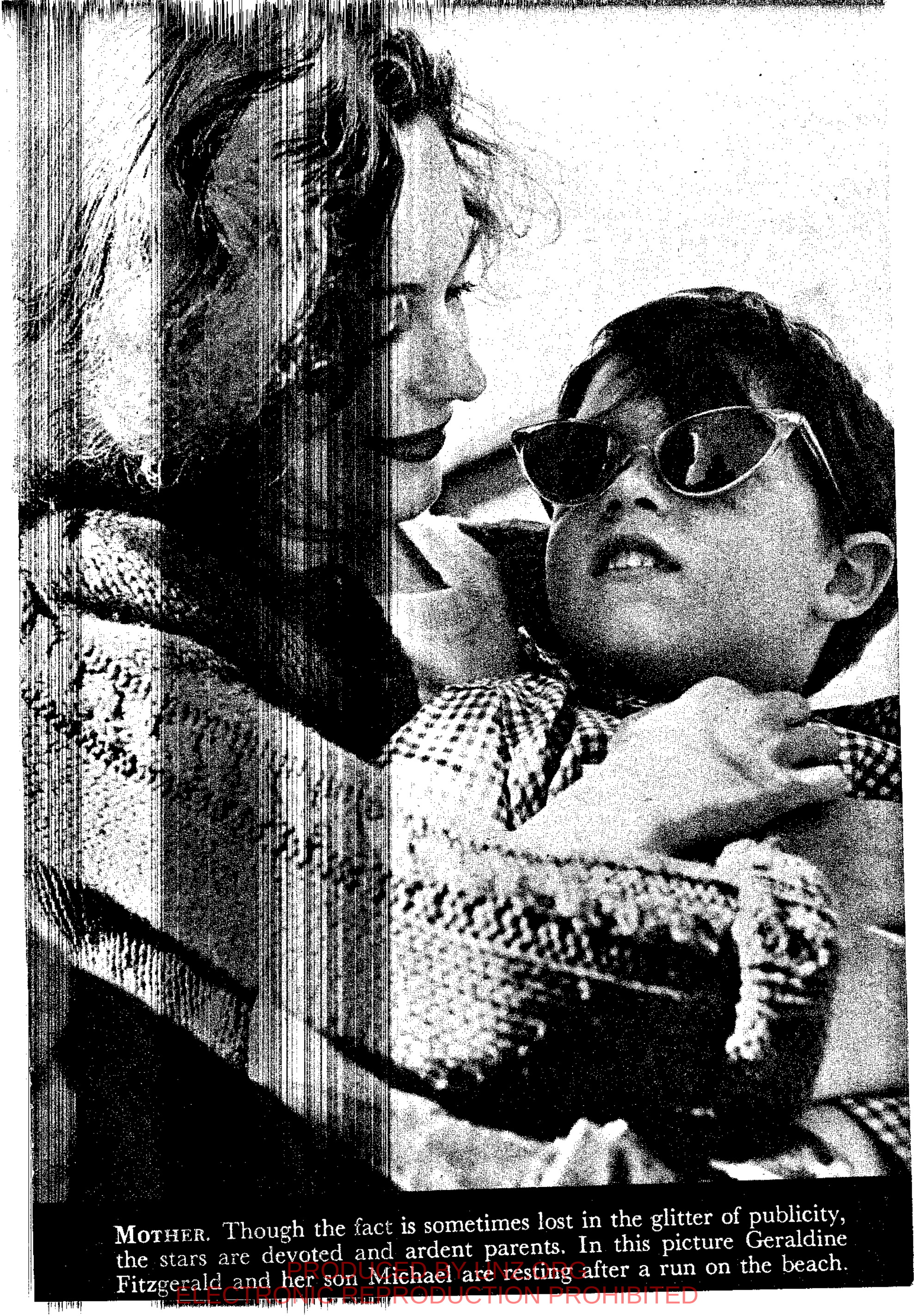
PARTY. A cameraman took this picture of Katharine Hep
companion at a party for motion picture photographers i
Off the screen, Miss Hepburn makes no attempt to hid



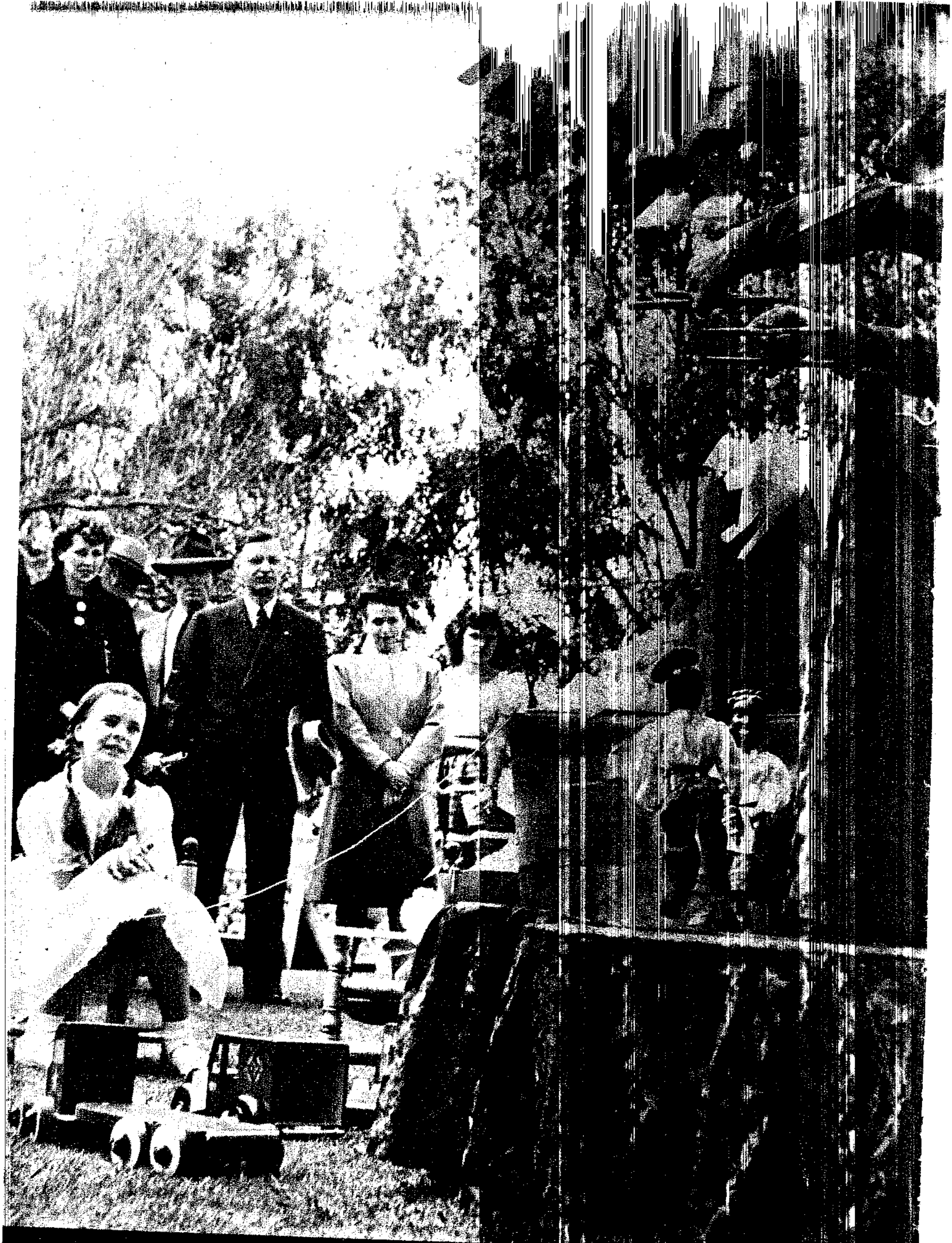
HOSTESS. Almost as important in Hollywood life as the stars themselves is Louella Parsons (*center*), world-famous motion picture columnist. Here she is entertaining Spencer Tracy at a party in her home.

MERCHANT. Like any suburbanite in the U. S., Bing Crosby did his share of the work at a recent charity bazaar. As a salesman of religious articles, he collected a tidy sum to send to the children of Europe.

ATHLETE. Even off the screen or radio, Bob Hope keeps up a steady barrage of wit. But when it comes to playing golf, he turns serious, and every point counts. Bing Crosby is one of his favorite golf partners.

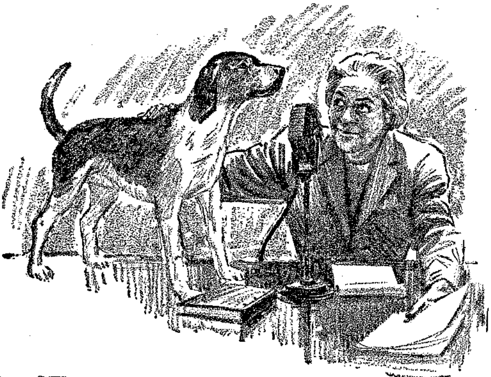


Mother. Though the fact is sometimes lost in the glitter of publicity, the stars are devoted and ardent parents. In this picture Geraldine Fitzgerald and her son Michael are resting after a run on the beach.



Enchanted. On the screen, Margaret O'Brien—probably the most famous 10-year-old in the nation—holds millions of people spellbound. But here she is just another little girl fascinated by marionettes.

Her unique, nonprofit organization has restored 500,000 lost or stolen pets to their owners!



DAISY MILLER—

Dog Detective

by NORMAN CARLISLE

"ALL ROADS BLOCKED!" was the warning as a wild November blizzard blanketed the Eastern states many years ago. In a New York radio station a little group of exhausted singers and actors ground out hour after hour of entertainment. All the other scheduled entertainers had been snowed in and were unable to reach the studio.

Radio was different in those days. There were no networks; every station was on its own. During a welcome interlude provided by phonograph records, the staff talked things over with Daisy Miller, program director.

"What we need is a talk," somebody suggested brightly. "Too much singing. Daisy, why don't you go on the air?"

Daisy Miller, whose vigor belied her Southern drawl, laughed. "Good heavens, what would I talk about?"

"Dogs," a musician suggested.

Her brown eyes brightened. Dogs, she agreed, were one thing she could talk about. A few minutes later she was on the air, reeling off impromptu facts: about dogs that had been her pets during a girlhood in Mississippi, about how to pick a good dog and how to take care of him.

The next morning Mrs. Miller found her desk piled high with mail. Listeners had written lengthy letters asking all sorts of questions about dogs.

Still, that might have ended the matter, because Daisy Miller had her hands full as program director. But during the day a frantic Brooklyn mother telephoned. Her little crippled boy had lost his dog. He had refused to eat until the pet was found. Could Daisy Miller please describe the dog on her broadcast?

Daisy Miller could—and did. Immediately phone calls began to pour in. Scores of stray mongrels like the one described had been found. And one of them proved to be the right dog.

That was the beginning of a radio program that stayed on the air 13 years, launching Daisy Miller on her amazing career as a dog detective, a career that has returned more than 500,000 pets to their owners.

EARLY IN HER WORK, Mrs. Miller learned that many dogs were not lost but stolen. This aroused her fighting fury, so she gave up her job as program director to start a unique organization. "What we need is a union for dogs!" Mrs. Miller asserted. And thus the Animal Protective Union was born.

You can't join the APU, but your dog can. The APU's first job is to provide tags which indicate, besides the fact that the dog belongs to the union, his home address and — most important — his telephone number. As soon as an animal is reported missing, the entire resources of the organization are called into play.

Anyone knowing the APU's astonishing record in retrieving dogs might picture a huge organization, but actually its offices are in Daisy Miller's modest apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. The staff is composed entirely of volunteer workers, and in addition to running a nation-wide lost-and-found service for member-owners, the Union offers an advisory service.

A prospective dog owner can get sound advice about the right dog for his needs—one that will fit his pocketbook, temperament and way of life. And despite the APU's far-flung activities, it is a nonprofit organization, supported by modest membership fees and contributions from dog lovers.

Often Mrs. Miller "finds" a dog before it has been reported missing. One of her "undercover agents"—a dog lover who keeps an eye on pet shops—noticed a particular animal one day. Because the price asked was suspiciously low, he reported to Daisy Miller. She had no record of the dog, but felt confident that the owner would eventually hear about APU and call.

When the call came, the distracted owner was astonished to hear Mrs. Miller say: "You'll find the dog at ———'s Pet Shop."

But pet-shop "spotters" are not Mrs. Miller's only co-workers. When a dog is reported lost, she gets out a map from her enormous collection, picks the spot where the animal was last seen, then blocks out an area in which she thinks the dog will be found. She knows that lost pets do not usually wander far unless they have been stolen.

Next she lists dog exhibitors, gas stations, truck lines, taxi stands and various delivery services maintained in that area. To them go small posters bearing a description and picture of the dog.

While such posters often bring results, Daisy Miller's real shock-troops are people who have a special interest in dogs. She tries to establish an endless chain of trained watchers, comprising honest pet-shop owners, veterinarians, breeders, kennel operators and, of course, APU owners. That is the real secret of Mrs. Miller's success. She gets the right volunteers to work with her. APU does not have a single paid employee; yet, if necessary, Mrs. Miller can call on something like 500,000 people.

Daisy Miller, who has played a major role in breaking up dog-naping gangs, says that the professional thief prefers to operate in suburban districts. Here he finds the largest number of valuable dogs and runs the least risk of detection. Mrs. Miller also knows the many tricks of his nefarious trade.

In Fort Worth, Texas, a truck carrying a dog-pound sign cruised the streets, picking up dogs. But when indignant adults and weeping children went to the pound to reclaim their pets, the animals were not there. The thieves had resorted to a favorite trick of operating a fake truck.

Another trick is the stray-dog racket, uncovered in some cities. Here the dog-naper turns in large numbers of animals at the pound, claiming they are strays and collecting the head bounty. Since the bounty is paid for destruction of the dog, this racket has brought tragedy into the homes of many pet owners.

Usually the dog thief works alone, but sometimes he employs an accomplice. Daisy Miller recalls one case in which a young New York crook acquired the services of a Bowery tramp. Together they made dog-naping raids on New Jersey towns, coming back to Manhattan each day with six to ten valuable dogs which they sold to a "fence." The tramp was finally arrested with a dog under his arm, but the young crook got away in the car, probably to continue his racket with another accomplice.

Another Miller case involved the theft of hundreds of dogs in an Eastern city. Mrs. Miller reasoned that the thief was a local man, and that he must have more than one accomplice. Her guess was correct, because a dozen dogs were found in the basement of a local pool hall. The proprietor had been paying boys 50 cents apiece to bring in the dogs, claiming he thought they were strays.

When haled into court, the charge against him was "maintaining a nuisance," which brought only a light fine. Daisy Miller thinks the charge should have been larceny contributing to the delinquency of juveniles.

Another dog-stealing racket actually uses the law itself to give the thief legal title. A man appears at the pound, telling a sad story of how he found the poor homeless pet. He leaves the dog and departs. Soon another man appears, seeking a "pet for his boy." Instantly he is attracted to the dog turned in half an hour before, and fills out the application. After a wait of three to five days, he gets the dog, along with a document proclaiming him the legal owner. Nobody has claimed the dog during the waiting period—because the animal was stolen in another city.

When a woman called Daisy Miller to seek advice about buying a dog advertised for sale, Mrs. Miller asked if she had seen the animal. No, she replied, for the owner had said the dog was in the country. It would be delivered to her house "on approval." This in itself hardly seemed suspicious, but Daisy Miller was able to link the story with a previous and unpleasant occurrence. When the dog arrived, Mrs. Miller was in the buyer's house, and her questioning of the delivery man broke up a racket that had been operated for years by a clever woman.

The woman hired men to visit near-by suburbs and spot likely dogs. On the basis of such descriptions, she ran newspaper ads. When she landed a prospect for a particular dog, the animal was "stolen to order" and delivered directly to the would-be purchaser. Thus the real dog-naper never had the stolen animal in her possession.

People frequently ask Daisy Miller about the right type of dog to buy. One common question is: "What kind of dog is best around children—male or female?"

Mrs. Miller answers that the female is a better playmate. As to which breed is best for children, her advice is to get a large dog for a small child. Then the youngster can't pick up the dog or maul it.

Mrs. Miller warns that a pedigreed pup will cost at least $35. If the price is lower, you would do well to suspect the pedigree. And when buying a pedigreed dog, get the papers on the spot. If the seller stalls, a threat to call the American Kennel Club usually gets results.

Mrs. Miller has formulated a set of rules to protect your pet from thieves. First, keep a noticeable tag on the dog's collar that gives your address and telephone number (preferably an APU tag). This will greatly increase the probability that even if the dog is stolen, the thief will call you. Second, don't let your dog roam: he will be just as happy in his own yard. Third, take a snapshot of your dog—a good picture may help in identifying him should he disappear.

Daisy Miller does not get any financial returns from her unique business. Instead, her satisfaction comes from being able to write "O.K. Dog home" across a card in her lost-dog files. And an even greater recompense comes in the form of heartfelt gratitude from thousands of dog owners, who without her help and advice could not get the fullest enjoyment from their faithful pets.

Sign Language

Sign in auto junk yard: "Rust in Peace."

—Goodwin Terwilliger

* * *

In an Alabama cemetery: "Make This Your Permanent Home."

* * *

On a Waynesville, N. C., fruit stand: "You buy everything you handle, pinch or squeeze."

—Harold Helfer

JACK BENNY, GUEST EDITOR

Game Book Section

Fun in Bloom

A favorite radio comedian turns "straight man" as this month's guest editor: Jack Benny switches from gagging the funny answers to asking the questions for Coronet's December Game Book. Now in his 16th year as your top-ranking Sunday night smilester, NBC's famous "violinist" calls the tune for your family fun.

OLD-TIMERS

Hunting Big Games is my favorite sport—so this should be as much fun as helping vice-presidents cut Fred Allen off the air. Remember my old Maxwell? Before I bought it, I looked over the other automobiles pretty carefully — I didn't want to invest in a car that hadn't stood the test of time. Here are clues to the cars that "also ran" in my used-car derby. If you can identify more than five of these old-timers, you'll be doing well—and giving away your age! (See page 103 for correct answers.)

1. It shines on and on—particularly during harvest time.
2. It flows—to the Dead Sea.
3. Change the second letter and it becomes a follower of Joseph Smith and the Latter-Day Saints. Change the third letter and it becomes the Biblical personification of material riches.
4. What skaters do. (Motorless airplanes do it, too!)
5. He was Queen Elizabeth's favorite, but she had him executed nonetheless.
6. He's a contemporary philosopher, author and teacher, best known for his *Life of Greece* and *Story of Civilization.*
7. A man's first name, coupled with an ocean liner.
8. A measure of cut wood.
9. He discovered God on a life raft.
10. A New York river is named after him.
11. The sergeant says the first part in counting cadence; the second part means movable.
12. He explored what is now our Middlewest, for France.

Jumble Puzzle

If you write the five 7-letter words defined below into the horizontal squares, their first letters, reading vertically, will spell the name of a famous radio comedian. Their last letters, also reading down, will spell the name of a—well, a would-be comedian. Definitions are not necessarily in proper order.

To tell or recite

A safecracker

Relating to moral actions

A large garden variety of plant

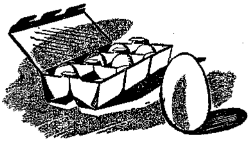
Not favoring one side or the other

(Solution on page 103.)

STRIKE FIVE!

What is a five-letter word meaning "to strike a hard blow"? From the letters in that word, you can make four other words—each beginning with a different one of the five letters. The first will begin with the second letter of the synonym for "strike"; the second will begin with the third letter; the third will begin with the fourth letter and the fourth additional word will begin with the last letter of the five-letter key word. What are the words? (See page 103.)

The Egg and I



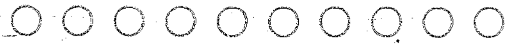
Columbus discovered America, but *I've* discovered a way to stand a raw egg on end without breaking its shell as Columbus is supposed to have done. It's *not* easy, but you'll find the directions on page 103. (Here's a clue and a high-cost-of-living consolation for you: the egg will still be good for scrambling when you've succeeded.)

Pay Dirt

In spite of any snide propaganda you may have heard, Rochester gets paid, and paid well, every Saturday night. All he has to do to nurse his wages out of my wallet is stump me with a quiz question. Naturally, since it cost me real money to learn their answers, I remember the questions that have stumped me in the past. Could you have answered these jackpot questions of Rochester's? If so, come around next Saturday night and coach *me!* (See page 103 for correct answers.)

1. An IBIS, an IBEX and an IBID were fleeing a hunter. Which crawled, which ran and which flew?
2. How can two fathers and two sons divide fifteen one-dollar bills evenly among them?
3. What girl's name of six letters reads the same backward as it does forward?
4. What word does *not* rhyme with *convict* but *does* end in ICT?
5. What young animal is called a "pup," though its father is a bull and its mother is a cow?
6. An American hunter in the Rockies had only one bullet in his gun, when suddenly he was confronted by a cougar, panther, puma and mountain lion. How did he save himself?
7. Which of the following operas was *not* written by Wagner?

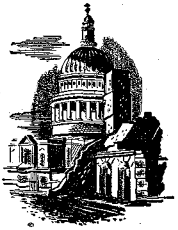
   Rienzi *Flying Dutchman*
   William Tell *Parsifal*
8. What is the only city in this hemisphere where the noon sun is directly overhead on the first day of summer?
9. There are lots of words with double l's and double n's, but can you think of one with a double w in it? (Rochester told me two.)



My Favorite Ice-Breaker

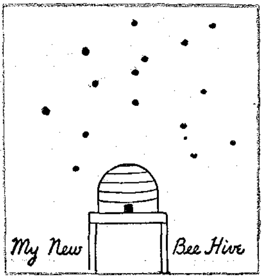
Line ten pennies in a row on a table-top. Can you stack them in two's without in any move passing over more or less than two cents? If you can't, see page 103.

Do You Speak English?



In a little French town, I saw a sign "English spoken; American understood." I thought it was a joke until I got to London and tried to understand "perfect English" as it was *never* spoken in Waukegan! Here's a story a Londoner told me: there are 22 expressions that are different in our two languages. If you can translate 15 of them into American, you're jolly well "hep," old top! (Translation on page 103.)

There was something the matter with our lorry the other day. After working over her for about a fortnight I lifted her bonnet and found that her accumulator was out of order. This necessitated my buying a new spanner at the ironmongery. It cost me two bob. Just at this point my braces broke, which embarrassed me because my vest kept showing. I suggested to my wife that we visit the nearest bazaar where she could purchase some bags. She said that was a fine idea because she also needed some nibs, two wireless valves, a radiator and a good torch, while I ought to get myself a new boater. After shopping we asked a navvy to direct us to the nearest snack-bar where we could get some good bubble and squeak and warm scones. On the way home my wife expressed a desire to go to the cinema, but I said I preferred to sit in the stalls of a good variety as there were too many queue-ups at the cinemas.



The Beehive

Early in May 1945, a suspicious-looking man was arrested in London with the picture of a beehive in his pocket. He said he was sending it to his nephew in Utica, New York, who was interested in bees. After examining the picture, alert detectives of Scotland Yard found a hidden message which, if it had reached its real destination in Germany, might have brought death to millions of Allied soldiers. Can you decipher the message? (If not, see page 103.)

ANSWERS

Old-Timers

1. Moon 2. Jordan 3. Marmon (Mormon; Mammon) 4. Glide 5. Essex 6. Durant (Will) 7. Stanley Steamer 8. Cord 9. Rickenbacker 10. Hudson 11. Hupmobile 12. La Salle.

Jumble Puzzle

B	E	G	O	N	I	A
E	T	H	I	C	A	L
N	E	U	T	R	A	L
N	A	R	R	A	T	E
Y	E	G	G	M	A	N

Strike Five!

SMITE: MITES, ITEMS, TIMES, EMITS

Pay Dirt

1. IBIS is a bird, IBEX is a goat and IBID is a lizard.
2. There are three men—a grandfather, father and son—so each gets five one-dollar bills.
3. HANNAH.
4. Indict (rhymes with incite.)
5. A seal.
6. He shot the animal; those are different names for the same beast, in America.
7. *William Tell*, by Rossini.
8. Havana, Cuba.
9. Powwow; glowworm.

Ice-Breaker

Here's one way—number the pennies from left to right: 1 to 10. Now place 4 on 1; 7 on 3; 5 on 9; 2 on 6, and 8 on 10!

The Egg and I

Shake the egg well to break the yolk. Let this yolk settle to the larger end of the egg; then, very carefully balance the egg (large end down) on a tablecloth. Since the yolk is heavier than the white of the egg, there will be a slightly greater weight at the bottom, making the balancing feat possible.

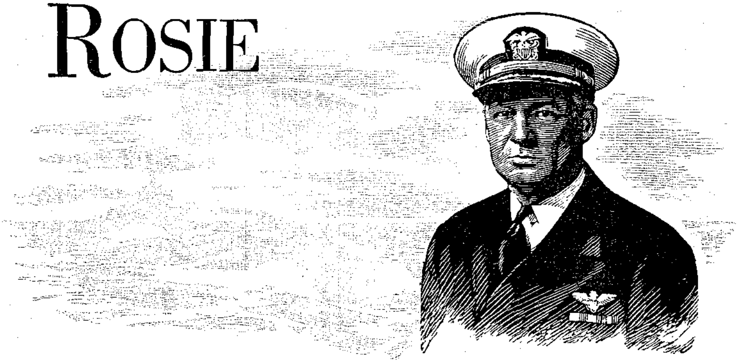
Do You Speak English?

A lorry is a truck. A fortnight is two weeks. Bonnet is the hood. Accumulator is the battery. Spanner is a wrench. Ironmongery is a hardware store. A bob is 20 cents. Braces are suspenders. A vest is an undershirt. A bazaar is a general store. Bags are slacks. Nibs are pen points. Wireless valves are radio tubes. Radiator is an electric heater. Torch is a flashlight. Boater is a hat. A navvy is an unskilled laborer. A snack-bar is a lunch counter. Bubble and squeak is cold meat fried in potatoes and greens. Scones are soft bread biscuits. Stalls are orchestra seats in a theater. Variety is vaudeville. Queue-ups are lines.

Beehive

If you divide the diagram into 26 equal columns, calling each column a letter of the alphabet starting with "A" on the left and ending with "Z" on the right, you will find that the bees fall into these columns. Now take a ruler and go down from the top slowly, noting in which column each bee appears. The message will come out: "Invasion June Sixth."

ROSIE



—the One-Purpose Guy

by **C. LESTER WALKER**

It took 20 years and a global war for Charles Emery Rosendahl to win his stubborn one-man crusade for lighter-than-air aviation

ONE OF THE SURPRISE discoveries of the late war was the ability of the lighter-than-air blimps to cope with the German submarine. The planes and surface craft which tried to protect American merchant shipping fought a valiant if losing fight; but with the cooperation of the long-scorned Navy gas bags, the three services drove the undersea killers from our shipping lanes.

This was no overnight miracle, but came about largely because of one naval officer and his stubborn 20-year battle for a three-word idea. The man is Charles Emery Rosendahl, a tall, square-built, Swedish-sired Texan; and his idea is the starkly simple phrase: "America needs airships."

"Rosie," a retired vice-admiral today, is at the pinnacle of his career. As a friend recently put it: "Rosendahl *is* lighter-than-air aviation; lighter-than-air *is* Rosendahl." Throughout his Navy years, he was spokesman for the blimp and the big dirigible, a role which made him, in turn, crusader, innovator and propagandist.

Thanks to his never-flagging campaign, the airship idea was kept alive in American minds, official and otherwise, until the airship's hour struck during the war. Then, with a kind of perverse virtuosity, this vindicated prophet demonstrated that a good air officer could be a good ship officer too. As commander of the flagship in the Task Force which broke the back of Japanese efforts to reinforce

Guadalcanal, Rosendahl won the Navy Cross.

Since Rosie has been involved, directly or indirectly, in every big airship development or disaster of the past two decades, he has emerged today as a kind of symbol. In fact, he has earned a "title" which no other American enjoys. People in lighter-than-air circles often refer to him as "Mr. Airship."

Rosendahl's entrance into the aeronautical world had, however, a most undramatic and unsymbolic beginning. In 1923 he was teaching electrical engineering and physics at the Naval Academy when volunteers were asked for a new service: lighter-than-air. All Rosendahl knew about the subject was that the U. S. was building its first big rigid dirigible, the *Shenandoah*, and was buying another from Britain.

"But when I heard of our plans to make wider use of helium as a safety factor," Rosie recalls, "and when I realized that America could one day lead the world in lighter-than-air because of our natural helium monopoly, I volunteered and was ordered to Lakehurst."

The Naval Air Station at Lakehurst was then a dust-bedeviled clearing in the New Jersey pine barrens. At the time, much was happening in the airship world, but not all of it was exactly encouraging. The big rigids—which unlike the blimps hold their shape even without gas inside—were having trouble.

During Rosendahl's training period, the *Dixmude*, a French rigid, vanished over the Mediterranean and all 53 persons aboard were lost. Just previously, an Italian dirigible, the *Roma*, operated by the U.S. Army, had been wrecked. Six months before, a British craft, the *R-38*, which had been sold to the U. S. Navy, collapsed during trials with a loss of 44 men. While these failures were baffling airship minds, Rosendahl, now barely 30 was named navigator for the first American-made dirigible, the *Shenandoah*, thus putting his faith in airships to its first severe and spectacular test.

Early one morning over Ohio, the *Shenandoah* hit a squall. The big ship suddenly shot 4,000 feet aloft, then down 2,500 feet, then up again. Rosendahl was inspecting the keel when suddenly, with a shriek of tearing metal, the section of the craft he was about to enter tore away in front of him. Three-quarters of the ship went plummeting to the earth 2,000 feet below.

Rosendahl was now in the torn-off nose of the dirigible, sailing through space. Clutching a support, he yelled into the darkness. Voices yelled back. He ordered all hands to make ready to "free balloon" the broken nose and attempt to land it. An hour later, after being carried by the wind for some 15 miles, he ordered that the helium be valved and water ballast dropped. Then the trail ropes were lowered and he brought the nose, with six men in it, safely to earth.

THE EXPERIMENT MIGHT have dampened the enthusiasm of any other young officer for lighter-than-air, but not Rosendahl's. A reporter who talked with him said to a friend;

"I remarked, 'Well, guess this washes up dirigibles.' Rosendahl nearly took my head off! 'This accident is only an incident,' he said. The man's a *fanatic* on airships!"

Six months later the fanatic went

aboard another new dirigible, the German-built *Los Angeles*, as executive officer. One August day, as the craft was moored to her Lakehurst mast, the wind suddenly shifted. The big dirigible's tail rose nearly 90 degrees into the air, while below, on the ground, helplessness reigned. Then the 650-foot ship swiveled around and settled slowly to the horizontal.

No injuries and, miraculously, no serious damage resulted; but the spectacular incident brought the lighter-than-air critics out in full cry. Another great failing! Outdoor mooring was impossible! Big and expensive hangars would be necessary wherever big dirigibles were to land!

"I know of no airship problem that hasn't a practical solution," Rosendahl answered, and continued to make mooring and ground-handling his special study.

Seven months later, the *Los Angeles* again put Rosendahl's faith to the test. Landing at Lakehurst late one night in a treacherous wind, the ground crew lost control of her. Rosendahl, sensing disaster unless she got into the air again, cried: "Let go!" But four of the ground crew failed to hear the order and were borne aloft 500 feet, hanging onto hand rails.

The four were hauled aboard safely; and later, 300 handlers "walked" the *Los Angeles* into her hangar unharmed. But again the anti-dirigible pack raised a cry: "Handling big airships will always be impossible. A ground crew of 300? Nonsense!"

Rosendahl's answer was to call in the engineers. "The British mooring mast we use is 150 feet," he said. "I want one no more than 60, so the tail of the ship will almost touch the ground. With a weighted pneumatic wheel at the stern, she will ride around in the wind without lifting."

Wearisome months of trial and error followed; but when new techniques and equipment were perfected, the *Los Angeles* had greatly extended her ability to be landed, moored, docked and undocked in a wide range of weather conditions.

"The whole development," a colleague declared, "was Rosie's. He put it over—by that damned Swedish stubbornness of his!"

In 1929, Germany's *Graf Zeppelin* was ready to try the first round-the-world cruise. Rosie, already the Navy's top lighter-than-air man, was sent on the trip, and returned to preach even louder: "America has 5,000 miles of coast, as well as faraway islands to patrol. More than any other country in the world, America needs airships."

Then within five years followed three of the worst airship failures in history. The British *R-101* crashed, killing 48, and England abandoned airship production. Next, while Rosendahl was on sea duty, the Navy's biggest rigid, the *Akron*, went down off the Jersey coast, carrying 73 men with her. Then, after Rosendahl had become commanding officer at Lakehurst, the *Macon* slipped into the Pacific off Southern California. Of 83 aboard, 81 were saved, but the $2,500,000 airship went to the bottom.

Everyone could see that the airship was now washed up in America —except Rosendahl! In subsequent months, before every board and committee which asked his opinion, he explained the technical causes for the disasters and defended the practicality of airships. But Congress was unconvinced, and public support for further experimentation headed toward zero. The years of apathy, the middle 1930s, set in.

To Rosendahl, however, this was merely the signal for a new kind of fight. While the airship program stood still, he applied himself to the arts of publicity. On the theory that the pen is mightier than the brush-off, he wrote articles for newspapers, technical journals, magazines; he wrote full-length books. All had one theme: "America needs airships."

But the Navy's airship program kept dropping toward oblivion. Rosendahl—still talking, arguing, promoting—was to see personnel cut to a few hundred men, and the last of the big rigids, the *Los Angeles*, decommissioned for economy. By 1934 only a few blimps were left.

Then another blow struck. In May, 1937, while Rosie was in command at Lakehurst, the 800-foot, hydrogen-filled *Hindenburg* caught fire and crashed in flames. Thirty-five were lost.

Rosendahl was still undismayed. Later he wrote: "Destruction of the *Hindenburg* did nothing more than interrupt progress. We must develop an airship program."

IN 1940 ROSENDAHL went to Washington to work on a new program—and then came Pearl Harbor. As Nazi submarine packs began working our Atlantic coast, destroyers rushed out to meet them. In January, 21 Allied ships went down. In March, 50. In May, 102.

Off the coast, planes worked with destroyers, patroling, spotting, bombing frantically. In June, 111 ships. By August, the total was 411. By the end of the year, 454. We were losing the war.

Rosendahl was in the Bureau of Aeronautics now, building lighter-than-air bases from Nova Scotia to Brazil to the Mediterranean. He was also building airships—blimps. But almost from scratch. When 1942 came, we had had only four.

Soon, however, Atlantic coast sinkings told a different story. For 1943, they totaled only 65. In 1944, they dropped to eight. The blimp had come in numbers; and allied with surface craft and patrol bombers, formed an unbeatable team.

"In those days," a colleague recalls, "Rosie used to chuckle: 'Thank God, they didn't drop lighter-than-air entirely.' "

Before the blimp triumph reached its peak, the same "they"—meaning Navy Department machinery—ordered Rosie to sea. Some say that Rosendahl asked for a chance to take a direct crack at the Japs. He was given the cruiser *Minneapolis*, flagship of the Task Force which won the crucial battle of Tassafaronga. His sea tour done, he was soon returned to the spot where he was most needed, Lakehurst, and there he stayed until the war ended.

Today, Rosie lives at Toms River, New Jersey, on a spit of land called Flag Point, where he and his wife Jean (another Texan) spend their spare time fixing up their rambling home. Rosie, however, is not at home much these days. Retired recently from the Navy at 54, he has hung out his shingle in New York as an aeronautics consultant for lighter-than-air. In other words, the man is at it again.

"To build and operate rigids better than the *Hindenburg*," Rosendahl argues, "is both practicable and necessary. And they are something that only America can have, since we alone have an abundance of helium."

The Admiral is therefore going up and down the country, selling the idea. "I want a $60,000,000 program over a period of years, for at least six commercial ships. The C.A.B. says 'No' to ocean ship lines that seek to enter heavier-than-air. So I want to get the Maritime Act of 1936 modified to furnish subsidies to airships as well as surface ships. Once in operation, these airships will be the average man's travel dream—the greatest comfort at the lowest fare."

When Rosie talks of the military uses of airships, his program is truly revolutionary. If America some day suffers another sneak attack like Pearl Harbor, it will come, many think, from over the North Pole. Hence the problem is how to patrol the Arctic from Labrador to Alaska. Surface ships cannot handle the task: frozen seas. Planes are out: ground maintenance facilities too difficult. But rigid airships, each with its own hook-on planes and with radar equipment for detecting hostile invaders, could do the job, says Rosendahl.

A friend was recently asked what he thought about the chances for Rosie's new program. "Well," he replied, "Rosie has always gotten what he went after because he is a one-purpose guy."

If you question Rosendahl himself about his project, he is likely to answer with familiar words:

"America needs airships. I can't divulge details or set a date, but I can suggest that you watch for the big rigid to return."

Juvenile Jive

"DADDY," SAID AN eight-year-old student of a progressive school, "Ronald said a very naughty word to the teacher today."

"Is that so?" asked the curious parent. "What did he say?"

"Oh, we aren't encouraged to use such language," she answered, "but if you want to say all the bad words you know, I'll tell you when you come to it."

—CARL H. WINSTON

THE NICE OLD LADY smiled at the little girl who had been left in charge of the cake shop.

"Don't you sometimes feel tempted to eat one of the cream puffs, my dear?" she said.

The little girl was quite shocked. "Of course not," she replied. "That would be stealing. I only lick them."

—*Transit News*

Those MILLION DOLLAR Trade Names

by DAVID ANDERSON

You see and hear them every day, you use them whenever you go shopping, but it's a safe bet you don't know how they started!

THE DIRIGIBLE NORGE had just flown over the North Pole. It was 1926 and Howard E. Blood, general manager of the Detroit Gear and Machine Company, was hunting for a bright new name for what was then called the "Vericold" refrigerator.

E. E. McCullen of St. Louis suggested "Norge." It was Norwegian for North and carried the idea of cold and chill, a natural combination for an icebox.

In fact, the name so pleased the Borg-Warner Corporation, which later took over Detroit Gear and Machine, that not only does Borg retain the famous name for its refrigerator line to this day but has even brushed aside the original connotation of coolness and is using it for stoves and heaters.

But not all well-advertised brands borrow their trade-marks from the news of the day. Some firms dig into the history books. Many coin names out of manufactured words, trying always for an easy-to-say, easy-to-remember title. Others label their products after a founder or a pioneer in the field. Still others pick trade-marks straight out of literature or from scientific developments of the day, and thus cash in on words that have a familiar ring to the buying public.

Although they spend millions of dollars in advertising their precious brands, some firms actually have forgotten how they happened to think of the names in the first place. For example, the makers of Cream of Wheat cereal, for years a household word in America, no longer can trace the exact origin of the label. This trade-mark, like so many others, is artificially coined. It is easy to say and easy to remember, and it smacks of good advertising psychology.

In the case of Norge's competitor, Frigidaire, it is plain to see that the manufacturer merely hooked together the words "frigid" and "air." But when the Nash-Kelvinator people coined their brand name, Kelvinator, they dipped into the annals of science, coming up with the name of the British scientist, Lord Kelvin (1824-1907), who is credited with the discovery that a liquid changed to a gas will draw heat from its surroundings. This law is a basis for the entire electrical refrigeration industry.

The name of Ivory Soap came out of the Bible, a fact few of its users have ever suspected. The product had been on the market a year under the name White Soap. Then, in 1879, Harley Procter, son of William Procter, a founder of Procter & Gamble, got his inspiration when he heard a minister read the 45th Psalm:

"All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."

Cleopatra—and a history-minded copywriter—combined to make Palmolive nationally known. The soap and its name were born in the early 1900s, but it wasn't until 1910 that the trade-mark became famous. That was the year the copywriter discovered that the ancient Egyptian glamour girl washed herself in olive and palm oils for the sake of her lovely complexion. This biographical nugget was to appear in thousands of the company's ads, giving Palmolive its reputation as a beauty soap.

Old Dutch Cleanser took its title from Holland, world symbol for cleanliness. The manufacturer dramatized this symbol by illustrating his package with a picture of a stick-wielding Dutch housewife on an eternal chase of dirt.

Ceres, the Roman goddess of grain, and the State of Minnesota have been blended to make the trade-mark, Ceresota Flour. Another flour, Gold Medal, got its name in 1880 when the manufacturer entered it in an international millers' exposition at Cincinnati. His product won first prize, a gold medal, which is still used as the flour's title and seal.

The Lambert Pharmacal Company took the name Listerine Antiseptic as well as the theory behind the formula from the medical contributions of Sir Joseph Lister, who has been called the father of antiseptic surgery. The trade-mark was first registered in the United States in 1881 when Lister was still alive. Company records show that Lister had no connection with the product, but it is presumed he permitted the firm to use his name.

Jell-O dates back to 1897. Pearl B. Wait, a building contractor in LeRoy, New York, went into the gelatine business and the naming of the product was possibly influenced by Grain-O, a coffee substitute which at the time was popular.

One company that knows the whole history of its trade-mark is the manufacturer of Sanka Coffee. The son of a German coffee merchant discovered a process for extracting 97 per cent of the caffeine. The company set up branches in Europe, and finally brought the product to America under the name Kaffee Hag.

Wrigley's Secret

NOT SO MANY YEARS ago, the American Chicle Company dominated the chewing-gum field: William K. Wrigley, Jr., had been able to get only two per cent of the business. Then Chicle reduced its advertising program in order to maintain dividends, and Wrigley saw his chance. Borrowing freely, he used the money for advertising, and immediately began rising to the top. Chicle made a valiant comeback attempt when it realized what had happened, but it never regained the supremacy which Wrigley had captured—through consistent advertising of his product.

During World War I, the corporation was sold by the U.S. Alien Property Custodian. After the war the German owner recovered the right to manufacture the coffee, but was not permitted to use the Kaffee Hag name outside Germany. So for the U.S. he substituted the title Sanka, a play on the words "sans" (without) and "caffeine."

IN 1913 THE R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Company had already decided on Camel as the name for its new cigarette. The easy-to-say word was unique but simple. That year the circus came to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and all employees were given a holiday to see the show, in which a camel named "Old Joe" starred.

One employee thought it would be a good idea to photograph "Old Joe" for the Camel package, so "Old Joe's" trainer led him to a hillside where he was to pose for the camera, an operation that seemed to fascinate the camel.

With every move of the photographer, "Old Joe" turned his head, until it seemed impossible to get a profile shot, as ordered. Exasperated, the trainer slapped the camel's face. "Old Joe," highly offended, threw back his head, shut his eyes and raised his tail indignantly. The photographer snapped his picture. And that's the way "Old Joe" appears today on the Camel package.

The trade-mark Lucky Strike, in use since 1883, has no known history. It was the label on smoking tobacco made by a predecessor to the American Tobacco Company. Around 1912, American Tobacco took over the trade-mark for the cigarette, which was first sold under that name in 1916.

Behind the name of Spud cigarettes is a success story of a youth who, unlike the Alger heroes, did smoke tobacco. He was Lloyd "Spud" Hughes of Mingo Junction, Ohio, who worked in his father's restaurant and rolled his own. During a minor illness, his physician prescribed menthol and Hughes mixed a little of it in his tobacco. He liked the taste and sold some of his hand-made cigarettes around town.

When they became known by his

nickname, "Spud," he gave up his job and started manufacturing mentholated cigarettes. He finally sold the business—name, patents and all—to the Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company. In 1944, Philip Morris & Company, Ltd., Inc., purchased the principal assets of the Axton-Fisher firm, including Spuds.

Philip Morris' own brand name is taken from that of an English tobacconist who in 1847 made cigarettes in his shop for Oxford University customers. Later he branched out to another college town where he sold the cigarettes under the title, "Philip Morris, Cambridge." The cigarettes caught on and the appendages, "Oxford" and "Cambridge," were dropped. Today Philip Morris is 100 per cent American-owned.

WHEN THE ILLINOIS MEAT Company labeled its tinned corned-beef hash "Broadcast," it was banking on radio's becoming popular some day. The firm began using the name back in the crystal-set era. One day, the company believed, there would be widespread commercial advertising on the air and "broadcast" would become a household word. As things turned out, the company was quite right.

The godfathers of America's automobiles followed, generally, only two methods of nomenclature. Some, feeling a kinship with other American pioneers, reached for American history texts (Lincoln, Cadillac, Pontiac, DeSoto, La Salle); others used the surnames of early automobile builders (Ford, Studebaker, Olds, Chrysler, Chevrolet, Buick).

Oldsmobile, a contrived title which originated in 1897, was based on the name of Ransom E. Olds, pioneer auto man, and the word "mobile." Buick got its name from David Buick, who founded his company in 1903.

The Chevrolet trade-mark was something W. C. Durant remembered from an early trip to France. It was the surname of Louis Chevrolet, a racing-car driver who in 1911 went to work for the company that made cars bearing his name.

The trade-mark of a wagon was hitched to a car in the case of Studebaker. In 1852 the Studebaker brothers, with a capital of $68, opened a blacksmith and wagon-building shop in South Bend, Indiana. By 1880 their wagons were known all over the world. Determined to keep abreast of the times, the company in 1902 made its first self-propelled wagon, an electric runabout.

The early auto builder, Henry Leland, called his Cadillac car after Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, French nobleman who founded Detroit. Later, when the Cadillac Company built a companion car, it named it La Salle after another famous French explorer, René Robert de La Salle.

Like the city in Michigan where it is made, the Pontiac car took its title and insignia from the great war-chief who succeeded in uniting Indian tribes against the British.

One of the few auto firms to stray from the field of strictly American lore in choosing a trade-mark is Ford, which brought out the Mercury in 1938. The title, taken from the ancient messenger god, suggests fleetness, not only to America but to foreign markets also.

In the naming of radios, there was no two-alternative pattern such as set by the auto industry. Some firms relied on the names of manufacturers, such as Scott, Capehart and Hallicrafters (this last combines part of the name of W. J. Halligan, president of the company, with the word "craft"). Other companies coined names such as Erla, Zenith and Philco.

The trade-mark "Victor," according to the story told by the Radio Corporation of America, was once the name of a bicycle which the founder of the talking machine company borrowed for use on his own products.

One example of the coined trade-mark is Philco, which is a contraction of Philadelphia Storage Battery Company. Before 1919, the firm had been using the trade-mark Diamond Grid, but switched to Philco when it was discovered that a Japanese firm also was pasting the label, Diamond Grid, on its Japanese-made batteries. Before long Philco, like its predecessor trade-mark, became known around the world.

From this welter of trade-marks, many of them as familiar to the natives of Pago Pago as they are to American shoppers, advertising students can draw one important conclusion: the success of a brand does not hinge merely on the history of a name, nor upon the name itself, nor on the ease with which it can be pronounced and remembered. What is really essential to the success of a trade-mark is the quality of the merchandise it represents, how well the brand is advertised, and how often.

Wanted—Good Secretaries

When Coronet Instructional Films recently released a series of three business-education pictures, they were designed chiefly for classroom use. Entitled *The Secretary's Day*, *The Secretary Takes Dictation* and *The Secretary Transcribes*, the films illustrate the duties of the capable and efficient secretary in a modern business office.

The series met with immediate success in colleges and high schools throughout the country. Then personnel managers and training directors in offices heard about the films, and promptly incorporated them into their employee-training programs. Now they are enthusiastic about the results achieved in increased office efficiency and harmony.

The three 16 mm. sound films, each one reel (about 11 minutes) in length, are available at $45 in black-and-white or $75 in color ($90 after January 1). Your order or inquiry will be welcomed. Address it to: Department CP-12, Coronet Instructional Films, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

by **Reed Millard**

They Sell COURAGE TO LIVE

The Save-A-Life League has changed the minds of thousands of unhappy people bent on suicide by giving them new hope for the future

"BUT WE CAN'T JUST let him go," said the worried nurse. "He'll certainly try it again. Isn't there something we can do?"

The frown on the face of the hospital doctor showed that he shared her concern. The hospital was crowded, and the youth who had been admitted two days before, suffering from the effects of gas taken in a suicide attempt, would have to be released.

"Physically he's all right," the doctor said, "so I have no choice but to discharge him. But his mental condition—well, perhaps we'd better call the National Save-A-Life League."

A little later the despondent youth was sitting at a desk in a Manhattan office. Across from him was a counselor for the Save-A-Life League—a big, comfortable-looking man with a disarming smile.

"I know you feel pretty badly," the man said, "but how about telling me your story?"

At first the shamefaced youngster shook his head, then suddenly found himself pouring out his woes to this friendly stranger.

His mother had died when he was a child, and he had grown up in a small Western town where his father was a storekeeper. Instead of going to work in the store, as his father had wished, the boy had come to New York to find a job. But his hunt was vain and his money dribbled away. Broke and depressed, he was sure his father would not take him back even if he swallowed his pride and returned home.

The big man nodded sympathetically. "Let's send a telegram to your father," he suggested. "You stay here and wait for an answer."

At noon, a wire came. "Need son badly. Please send him home."

The boy burst into joyful tears and the big man grinned happily. He rushed out with the young man, obtained a bus ticket for him, and saw him off on his homeward journey. Thus did the Save-A-Life League add another success to its astonishing record.

In the 40 years of its existence, this unique organization, dedicated to saving the lives of people who want to commit suicide, claims to have given counsel to 40,000 people. More amazing, of all the men and women who have come to the League for help, less than a dozen have subsequently carried out their desperate intention!

The League came into being as the result of a shocking experience that befell an earnest young minister, Harry M. Warren, who held church services in Manhattan hotel lobbies on Sundays. At one hotel, he learned that a young woman guest had called repeatedly for a minister. When the hotel clerk was unable to locate one promptly, the girl drank poison.

She was still living when the Rev. Mr. Warren went to see her, but a few hours later she died. Warren walked out of the hotel in a daze, her words burned into his mind. "If only I could have talked to you sooner," she had said.

Next Sunday, Warren announced that if anyone in the congregation had entertained thoughts of suicide, he would be glad to confer privately and try to settle the cause of mental depression. The offer was repeated in the newspapers and Warren was astonished at the number of people who came to see him. Clearly something needed to be done. So he left his church work and started the National Save-A-Life League, a nonprofit organization financed by contributions.

THERE IS NO MYSTERY about the League's methods. Warren's idea was simply to provide an adviser with whom would-be suicides could discuss their troubles. This is still the main function of the League, although if more tangible assistance is required the League stands ready to give it. In addition to counseling distressed people, the organization looks after the children of suicides and attempted suicides, and each year sends them to summer camps.

The present heads of the League are Harry M. Warren, Jr., son of the founder, and Lona B. Bonnell, who has been with the organization since 1930. Warren is a large, easygoing man who puts excited visitors at ease with the calm statement, "Now let's look at the facts," spoken in the same tone used by a businessman discussing a sales order.

Warren was graduated from the Wharton School of Finance and, in fact, intended to become a businessman. But the fascination of his father's work was too much for him, and he started with the League in 1925, taking over as director after his father's death in 1940.

Lona Bonnell came to the League with a background of social and religious work. People detect a deep sympathy in her blue eyes, and somehow find themselves confiding in her with complete freedom. As they discuss their problems, they are certain to see the card she keeps on her desk. In her handwriting, it says: "Anybody can die. It takes courage to live."

Many people who come to the League have heard of it through newspaper stories. Others are sent by doctors, lawyers, ministers and social workers. Hotels, too, know about the League and call when they suspect that a guest contemplates suicide. There are even cases in which people have crossed the continent to seek counsel.

One woman from the West intended to take her life, but decided to talk to the League first. On the train trip she had time to think things over, and decided against her desperate plan. Yet she came to see the League anyway, because she wanted them to know that the trip had saved her life.

PEOPLE OFTEN TOY WITH the idea of ending their lives for a long time. A woman who discovered her husband was having an affair with another woman bought a gun but lacked the courage to shoot herself. Then she obtained some poison, which she kept hidden in the house for months.

One day she ran across a newspaper story about the Save-A-Life League and decided to visit its offices. But she told the counselor she was going ahead with her plans anyway. She had even written the suicide note.

"May I see it?" the counselor suggested.

Here was the whole story of her troubles, and by using the note the counselor was able to show the woman that she had been expecting too much of her husband. The counselor suggested that she do something about improving her appearance, and made her promise to delay her plans another month, during which she was to try seriously to win back her husband's attention. The strategy worked, and another life was saved.

A Midwest schoolteacher decided that her only escape from dismal spinsterhood was suicide. To avoid disgracing relatives, she ostensibly left on a vacation trip to New York, selecting a train that would bring her to a Jersey City terminal late at night. Having removed all identification marks from her clothing, she checked her baggage at the station and boarded a ferry for New York. Her plan was to jump overboard in midstream.

As she moved toward the rail, she noted that a uniformed guard was watching. She went back inside the ferry and picked up a newspaper to shield her face from the still-watchful guard. By one of those strange coincidences that often bring people to the Save-A-Life League, the word *suicide* caught her eye. She read the story, which mentioned the League.

Next day she appeared at the office, still determined to go through with her desperate plan but willing to talk it over. The counselor convinced her of the importance of her teaching job and played on her obvious concern for her family. As a result she went back home, resumed her work and became an outstanding teacher.

This strategy of making a person feel that he can serve a useful purpose in life was also used on a civil engineer who had been forced to retire because of ill health. In time he came to feel that he was a burden on the daughter with whom he lived. So he decided to drown himself in Long Island Sound.

One afternoon while his daughter was away, he started for the beach. But soon he discovered he was being followed—by the family dog. The thought of a silent witness upset him, so he went back home, intending to try again next day. But that evening he read a newspaper story about the Save-A-Life League and came in to talk to a counselor.

The counselor suggested that he

seek a new activity in life. For instance, why not help his daughter by remodeling the house? This simple idea was enough to ease the engineer's mental burden. And a final happy ending came when a businessman neighbor saw the results of the engineer's work and gave him a building contract.

It isn't always the would-be suicide himself who comes to see the League. Often a worried friend or relative asks for assistance. One day a well-dressed woman called to talk about her husband, who was so melancholy because of business reverses that she feared he would kill himself.

When she finished her story, the counselor asked a surprising question: "How is your health?"

"Perfect," she answered.

"Then it might be a good idea if you started to worry about your health," the counselor said. "Your husband needs a change of environment, but I doubt if he would agree to move for any ordinary reason. Yet if he thought you had to go to the country for your health, he might consent."

The plan was tried, and as soon as the husband began to worry about his wife, his business troubles seemed secondary. The change of environment had the effect the counselor predicted. And although the man subsequently lost his business, he was able to make a successful readjustment in a new job.

The fear of incurable illness drives many people to contemplate suicide. One housewife wrote to the League, explaining that she was faced with the prospect of becoming a hopeless invalid. Not only would she be a burden to her husband, but she could no longer care for her small child. What other course was open but suicide?

The counselor asked her to come in for a talk. "Why not go to another doctor?" he suggested. "I know a first-rate specialist."

After the woman had departed for the doctor's office, the counselor called the specialist and asked him to make the most optimistic report compatible with the facts. Thus prepared, the doctor was able to assure the woman that by continuing treatments prescribed by her own physician she would likely avoid invalidism. The prediction proved correct, and the woman expressed gratitude to the League for saving her life.

Counselors say this case is typical. "People should always get the facts," they admonish. "Things are seldom as bad as they seem."

Religion is the League's most effective single line of approach, and its counselors find that a vast majority of people, even those who profess no particular faith, respond to a religious appeal. Yet the League itself has no church connections, working with people of every race and creed. And its work is strictly confidential. In cases where the religious appeal fails, counselors resort to cold logic, at times painting a picture of the dreadful consequences to the would-be suicide's friends and family.

In cases where verbal counsel will not solve the problem, tangible assistance may be required. In the instance of financial trouble, such an elementary need as a square meal provided by the League may be the turning point. In other cases, the League provides medical care and legal advice, or sends the visitor to a social agency.

Counselors are ready to answer calls at any time and, while most people come to the League's offices on Fifth Avenue, staff members often have to rush to a dingy tenement, an office, a hospital or even a luxurious Park Avenue apartment. Whatever the situation the counselor finds at the scene, he will know just what to do after a quick sizing up.

The first effort is to get the person to postpone suicide. Then the counselor invites him to the office next day. This simple device gives the person something to think about, and helps to take his mind off desperate intentions.

Would-be suicides represent all types of personalities, and the League claims that there is no "suicide type." Under extreme pressure, any kind of person may consider a desperate step. Probably that is why it is relatively simple to dissuade a person from ending his life. Nobody really wants to die. And as proof, the League cites the case of a man brought in by police.

A call from a friend had sent a policeman hurrying to the man's apartment. When the officer burst into the room, he found the tenant holding a gun to his temple. The cop shouted an order. Automatically, the would-be suicide dropped the pistol.

Oddly enough, the policeman had cried: "Stop—or I'll shoot!"

Advantageous Disadvantage

MY FRIEND AND I, while doing a little social-service work in Philadelphia, once spent several nights in a church-owned hospice on Race Street, just off the Parkway.

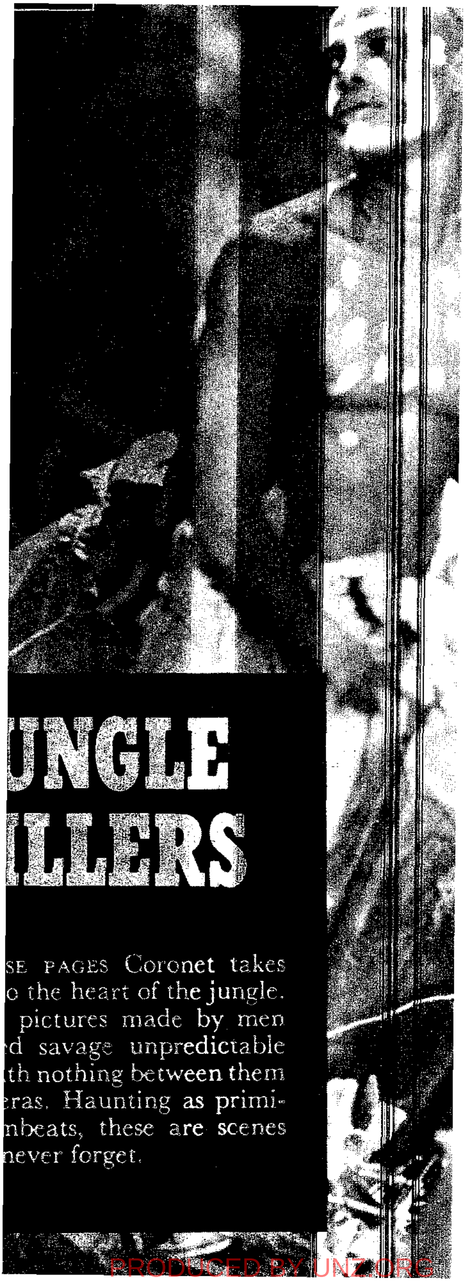
One evening as we sat in the lounge, a one-armed fellow came in, went directly to the piano across the room, and shortly was filling the place with fine music. After several selections my friend and I walked over to the pianist. I said, "I wish I could have heard you when you had your other arm."

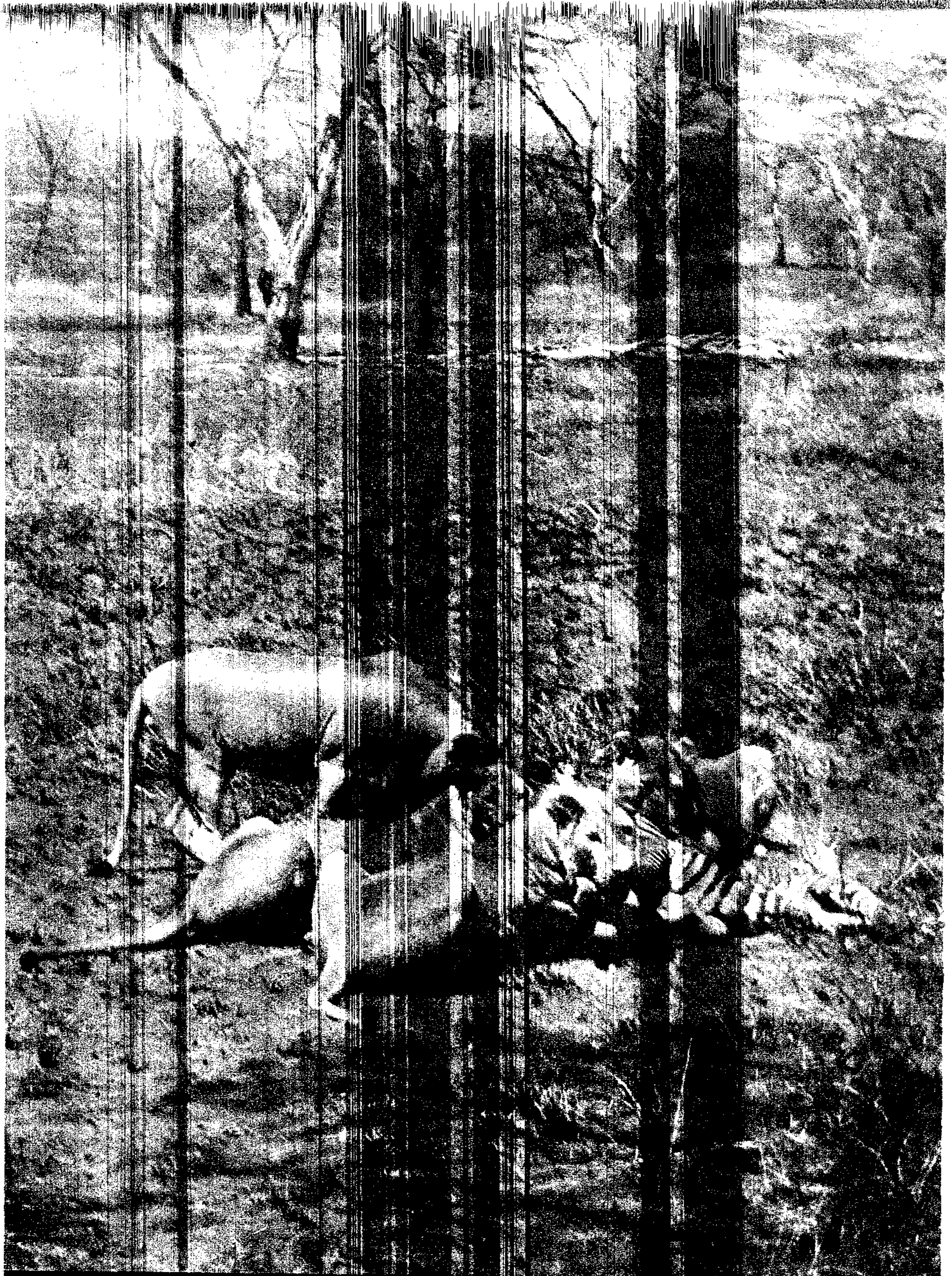
The young man looked up and softened his music as he replied, "I never had two arms. I was born like this"—he partly raised the armless shirtsleeve. "But I have tried to use the one I do have."

He raised the tempo slightly and continued to play. We drifted back across the room to our chairs, sat down again, and listened.

Some hours later, as I lay awake upon my pillow, his music kept playing its way into my heart. I wiggled the fingers on both my hands and felt ashamed that I had two good arms and ten fingers and could not play a note. Finally I dropped off to sleep, but not until it was indelibly impressed upon my inner mind that a one-armed fellow had learned to play beautifully while many of us, with no disability like his, have failed to use our talents.

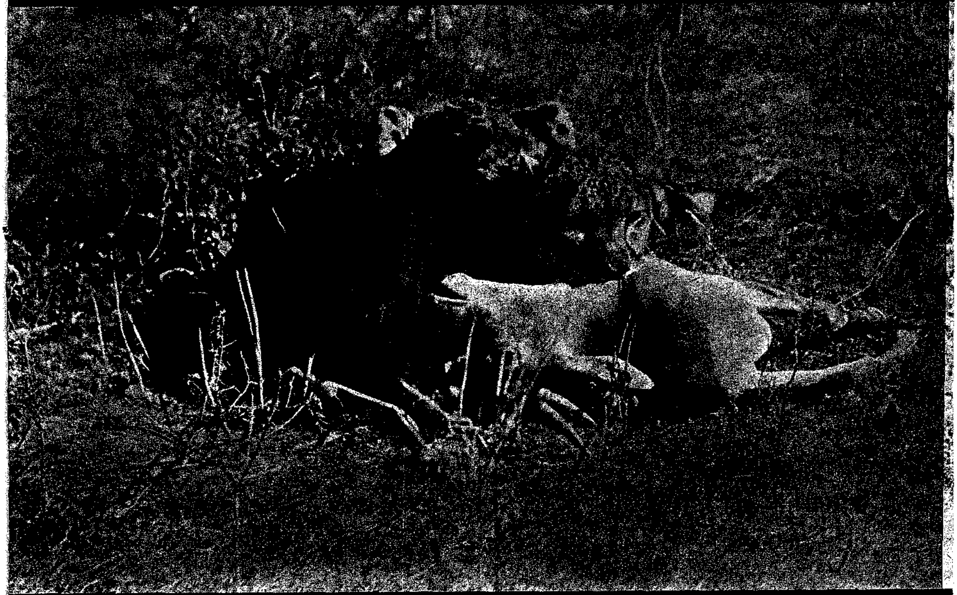
—ROSCOE BROWN FISHER IN *The Lutheran*





Interrupted. Most lions do not attack men. They prefer zebra meat. But all lions become enraged if they are annoyed while eating. The man who took this picture in Africa was flirting with sudden death.

King. In fact as well as fable, lions are lords of the jungle and the most powerful of all African killers. As hunters lying in ambush or stalking their prey, they are swift and sure. Very few victims escape.



Spotted Death. The African cheetah is not very large, but it is one of the fastest animals on foot. It can outrun and kill the fleetest antelope (*above*). In parts of India, cheetahs are often trained to hunt like dogs.

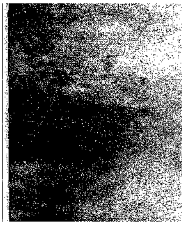
Mother. A female elephant protecting its calf (*above*) is one of the most dangerous of wild animals. Death missed the photographer of this angry giant by a few feet as she swung on him in a murderous rage.

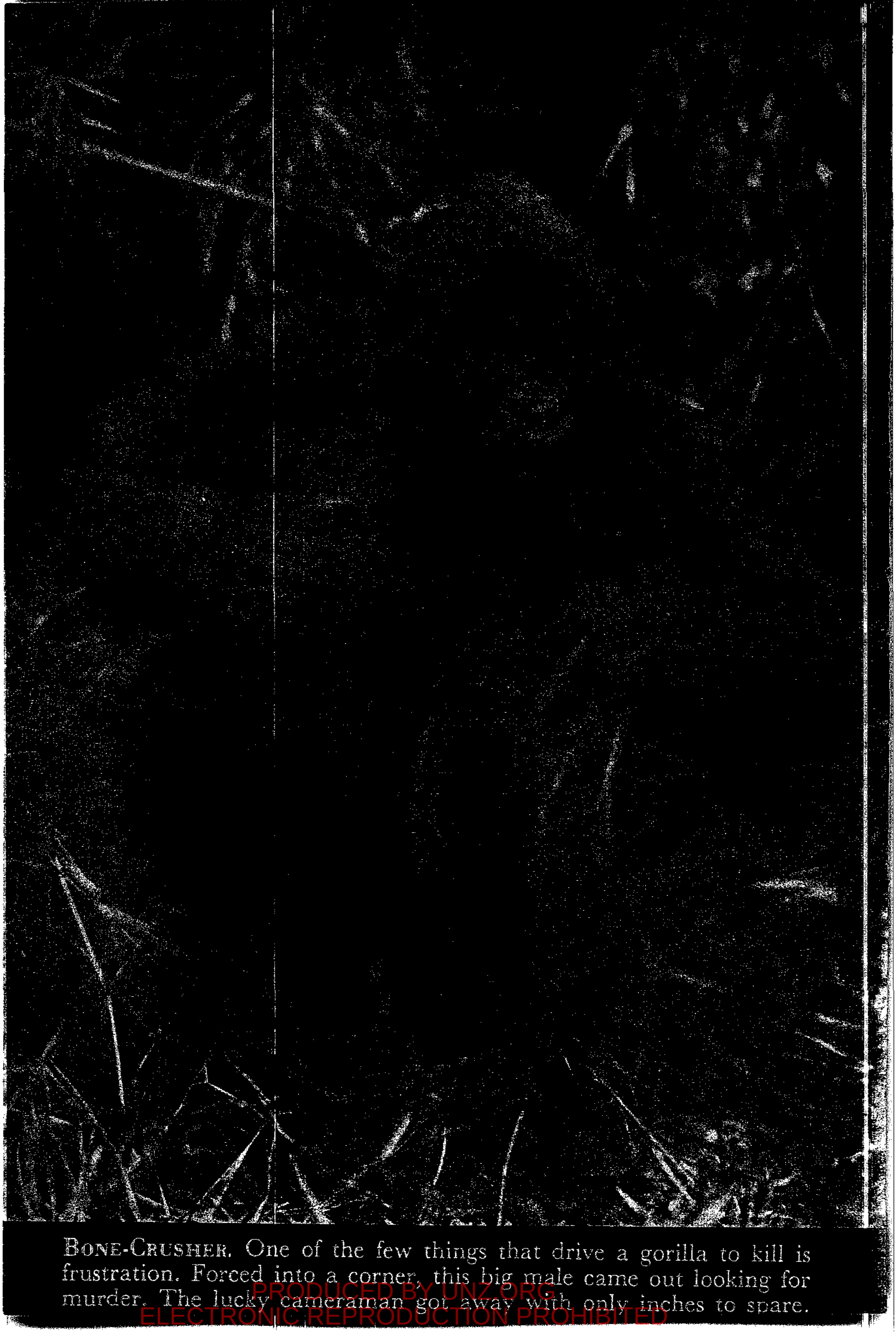
Resistance. Both pictures on this page were made during an African expedition to capture elephants alive. Already partially roped, this tusked bull is trying to slam the man in front of it with its trunk.

Charge. Even armed with guns the hunters are no match for this mad elephant. Ears erect and trunk thrashing, it is closing in for the kill. Most jungle animals wisely respect the colossal wrath of elephants.

CORPSE-EATER. The striped hyena kills virtually nothing for itself but feeds on the rotting remains of some killer's feast. This one took its own picture when it touched a thread (*center*) strung across its path.

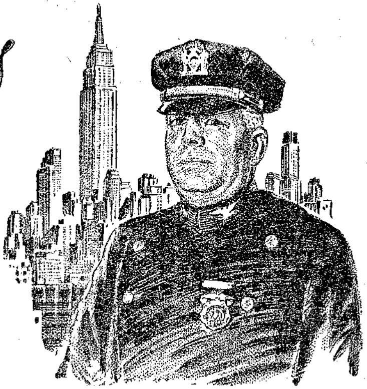
TREED. The Bengal tiger of India (*above*) is even larger and more ferocious than a lion. This huge brute was just about to leap at the photographer when someone shot at it and it fell into a waiting net.





Bone-Crusher. One of the few things that drive a gorilla to kill is frustration. Forced into a corner, this big male came out looking for murder. The lucky cameraman got away with only inches to spare.

Saviors in BLUE



by HENRY LEE

There's more to police work than catching criminals; here is how one city goes into action when sudden disaster strikes

IN THE SHADOWLESS glare of the operating theater, the surgeon was performing a delicate brain operation. There was a crisp, antiseptic efficiency as nurses and internes handed him tiny knives and drills. Finally the climax neared.

In the mysterious source of all our thoughts and impulses, he had to locate one tiny nerve fiber and snip it. Surely and brilliantly he worked toward the goal. Then, suddenly, disaster occurred. The lights went out.

Disciplined routine was shattered. A tray of instruments clattered to the floor. Internes fumbled beneath their gowns for matches. One nurse found a flashlight. Another groped her way to a corridor and called the police. The surgeon, by instinct, averted a hemorrhage, but he could do little else. In the gloom, doctors and nurses waited helplessly.

A big green truck lumbered up to the hospital. Half a dozen policemen jumped off and ran inside the building, carrying an electric cable. The truck motor roared. From a portable generator, lifesaving current poured into the hospital in a transfusion of electrical energy. As the lights blazed again, the surgeon successfully completed the delicate operation.

The blackout had lasted less than five minutes. Another ten minutes, and the patient would have died. Just as surely as the surgeon, the Police Emergency Squad had saved that man's life.

Most police work is a grim story of crime and punishment. But unlike other policemen, New York's

Emergency Service Division is only mildly concerned with crime. For Inspector Frederick J. McKenna, a scholarly, bespectacled cop, and his 662 emergency men, their unique job has the bittersweet metropolitan tang of joy and pathos that O. Henry so relished.

In one dingy apartment, they work to resuscitate a tired failure who has turned on the gas. On the floor below, another squad gives oxygen to a young mother as a new life bawls its way into the world. Every day of the year, they are absorbed with the fundamentals of life, death, love and pain.

Sometimes the predicaments they solve are ludicrous or embarrassing. A fickle young lady finds that she can't pull an engagement ring off her finger. So the Emergency Squad comes to her rescue with a tiny buzz saw modeled after a surgeon's bone cutter. Or a plump lady gets stuck in her undersized bathtub and has to be eased out with a quart of lubricating oil.

More often, it is quick tragedy in the metallic snares of a big city—in the subways or on the taxi-cluttered street. Courage and know-how save adults, children, cats, dogs and monkeys in precious, irreplaceable minutes. Always, surcease from pain or death itself is at stake in a peculiarly democratic concern for the well-being of every living thing, however unimportant or undeserving.

By land, sea and air, the 20 emergency squads and their auxiliaries protect 8,000,000 New Yorkers from folly and disaster. Overhead, their planes report low fliers to the authorities, averting flaming death from the clouds. Through hundreds of miles of waterfront, their 11 launches dart restlessly. On the ground, the $20,000 trucks are spaced so they can reach any spot from the Bronx to Staten Island in a matter of moments. In Manhattan, for example, they are within three minutes' run of *every* apartment house, office building, school and factory.

In its 17 years, the Division has listed the truly staggering total of more than 160,000 calls. To these grateful people, the emergency men are the nearest thing on earth to Superman. Like him, they fly, climb, swim, dig, grapple and, if necessary, fight their way to succor the trapped and injured.

For each crisis, comic or appalling, the squads arrive prepared, carrying 200 trouble gadgets which include: seven saws, two sledge hammers, eleven kinds of axes, a house-wrecker's assortment of crowbars and chisels, a horse belt, animal lasso stick, water pump, first-aid kit, skull guards, camera, six picks and shovels, a body bag, wading boots, tear-gas bombs, portable phone set, pole-climbing equipment, gas masks and floodlights.

But it is the spirit within that is their most precious tool. They just won't give up. More times than they can remember, the squads have arrived to find a mother—too stunned to cry—standing over a limp child felled by gas or electricity. Then the resuscitation teams go to work, fighting till their muscles ache, working as though it were their own child on the ground.

To the watching mother who sees the first feeble stir, it is the dead come back to life. At last come tears of joy and relief, and the emergency men know that they are, at that moment, as close as God permits to the miracle of bestowing life.

"If there's the faintest sign of life," the emergency men insist, "we'll bring them 'round."

One time, they rolled to a beach where a ten-year-old boy had apparently drowned. The ambulance surgeon listened vainly for a pulse. "Poor kid, he's gone," he said.

The emergency sergeant was respectful. "If you don't mind, doc, we'll try anyhow."

The squad kept up artificial respiration for an hour, but there was no sign of life in the limp little body. It grew dark, and the crowd dwindled. Floodlights lit the scene while the squad pumped on and on.

An hour and a half, and no response. Another half hour, then 15 minutes more. "Again!" the sweating sergeant implored. The exhausted crew went back to it. This time, there was a pulse. Then life flooded back. The boy lived.

Sometimes, the squads find themselves involved in slapstick with monkeys. Once, dozens of the animals escaped from a Manhattan pet store, and a squad was dispatched on what turned out to be a week-long safari. For days they chased the little pests through subways, office buildings, churchyards and grocery stores.

In Brooklyn, a colony of rhesus monkeys used for serum tests almost suffocated during a fire. The emergency men, using inhalators, saved them for science, and immediately regretted it. As each monkey revived, he bit the nearest emergency man, then made for a tree or fire escape. The squad spent the rest of the afternoon chasing them down.

When a $4,000 circus gorilla broke loose in a cellar, even the emergency men didn't care to come close with animal lasso sticks. So they tossed bananas to him. The gorilla threw them back. Finally the squad borrowed a fire hose and flushed him to the floor. Then half a dozen bluecoats piled on the ape, and there was a brisk wrestling match before they had him roped.

THE EMERGENCY SERVICE tells the seasons by its calls. In summer, there are submersion cases and auto accidents. Fall brings toppled trees and loose signs and bricks that drop from buildings and church steeples. With winter come monoxide asphyxiations, water leaks, cave-ins caused by snow.

This is understandable enough, but the division is perpetually surprised that most mishaps came between 4 and 7 P.M. Even in sophisticated New York, this is a time of peace and family love. "Also, the Children's Hours," an old sergeant explains glumly.

Not long ago, one small boy, tinkering with the penny machine for drinking cups in a movie house, managed to get most of his hand up the slot. There was a click, and he was uninjured but neatly trapped. It took axes, chisels and crowbars to pry him loose.

Occupational hazards are omnipresent. Bakers become entangled in dough-mixing machines, and when the squad arrives, only their feet are showing. And coal shovelers stomp a pile to start coal flowing down chutes into trucks below. Every so often, a shoveler disappears within the pile. By now, the emergency squads know the exact place in the chute to cut with a torch, and even carry a special torch-tip for this type of rescue.

Sometimes, the squads stumble on a grotesque scene that might have been lifted from a movie. Once they got a call to East 86th Street for "a gas case." In a store, they found 18 persons unconscious, victims of cyanide gas.

The squad had a triple emergency, and they met it within minutes. First, in masks and rubber clothing, they hauled the 18 victims from the death chamber. Then they dissipated the cyanide and traced it to its source next door, where a fumigator had been at work. All 18 were revived—and the fumigator got some pointed instructions about his job.

The squads are equipped with several kinds of gas masks, including an unusual two-man device with 200 feet of hose, which they use to roam through manholes, excavations, ships' holds and refrigeration cars.

When the squads put on their masks, there is dangerous work ahead. A gas leak sounds prosaic, but by the time the Emergency Service is called, a whole cellar may be filled with illuminating gas. In many cases, a spark will set off a shattering explosion.

Not long ago, two veteran emergency men perished when a gas blast demolished a home in Queens. Overhead, their lieutenant, fighting through wreckage to reach the trapped pair, collapsed and died of a heart attack. The men knew it would be touch-and-go—they had been summoned three hours late—but it was a simple case of duty. They paid at the rate of a life an hour for someone else's delay.

These rescuing angels in blue are prepared for any eventuality. Their launches carry Lyle guns, to shoot life lines to youngsters marooned on ice floes. Their crash boat, stationed at La Guardia Field, could lift any plane to the surface of Flushing Bay. For subway mishaps, a jack with 15-ton capacity can tilt a train sideways to extricate a victim.

Every so often, a sleepwalker, construction worker or neurotic finds himself clinging to inches of concrete, hundreds of feet above the pavement. Even for this, the squads are prepared with courage and gadgets. They hedge in the victim from above, below and on each side. They talk soothingly. Each move is gently reassuring.

From the floor below, a 20x25-foot net suddenly bellies out. From above, one of the squad slides down a rope, snapping and unsnapping his life belt to brake the descent. If the victim jumps, the 152-pound net smothers him snugly and, a second later, the cop on the rope slides into the net beside him. Then both are pulled to safety.

On soaring George Washington Bridge, an 18-year-old boy recently marooned himself in the girders, more than 375 feet above the Hudson. Nets, ladders, ropes were useless. The emergency men had to go up after him, hand-over-hand.

It was midnight, and the floodlights could barely pick him out. Wind whistled through the cables, shadows danced treacherously. When they finally reached the boy, they almost had to knock him out to release his grip on the girder.

Then, holding him with one hand, bracing themselves with the other, they slowly descended in single file.

Emergency men receive the regular patrolman's pay of $3,500. There is no special benefit except a homemade insurance plan. If a member dies, the others chip in $1 apiece for the widow. In the past 12 years, there have been 37 deaths.

A surprisingly large number of men seek to enroll in the Emergency Division, but getting in is much like winning an appointment to West Point. First, an applicant must have been a good cop for at least two years. If he has rudimentary qualifications, he is encouraged during off-hours to visit one of the truck houses and learn a little chemistry, medicine, lifesaving.

After a volunteer has studied a few months, he gets a written test; but even if he passes, he must wait for a vacancy, and only death or old age removes men from the division. Finally, he joins up on probation, which may last one to five years. Ultimately, as a full-fledged emergency man, he must buckle down to real, hard study.

In scope and thoroughness, the organization is unique. But as a result of its brilliant record, other cities have built up fledgling divisions, and Inspector McKenna regularly gets inquiries from South America, Australia and China.

Few cities could afford to keep 662 highly-trained men for emergency rescues. But the Division's experience, know-how—and above all, its courage and morale—are available to any community where men are brave enough to risk their lives in saving others.

INSPIRATION ON THE WALL

In all ages, in all lands, people have found peace and inspiration in the words of poets and writers, sages and prophets. "Mottoes," these words are sometimes called, and to be guided by them is to live a richer, fuller life.

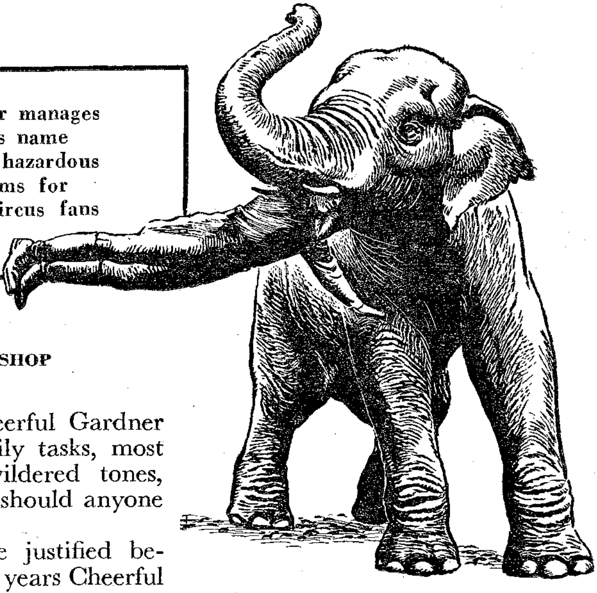
From among the many inspiring and unforgettable mottoes which have appeared in Coronet, the editors have selected five of the best-known. These five mottoes, beautifully illustrated in gorgeous colors by Arthur Szyk, famous master of the medieval art of illumination, have been matted and made suitable for framing.

Framed and hung on your wall, these mottoes help make a house a home. Or by sending them as greeting cards you'll be conveying your message of cheer in a unique and inspiring way.

The five matted, Szyk-illustrated mottoes are contained in a colored folder, nostalgically reminiscent of the needlepoint samplers you used to see at grandmother's house. You may order as many of these folders as you wish by sending 50 cents in check or money order for each of them to Coronet Readers' Service, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

He Has a Way With Elephants

Cheerful Gardner manages
to live up to his name
in spite of the hazardous
tricks he performs for
the cheers of circus fans



by JIM BISHOP

AFTER SEEING Cheerful Gardner perform his daily tasks, most people ask in bewildered tones, "Why in the world should anyone call him Cheerful?"

Their queries are justified because for the past 19 years Cheerful has made his living by inserting his face into an elephant's mouth an average of twice a day. The animal has then clamped his jaws around Cheerful's head, lifted him into the air and proceeded to carry him several hundred feet.

As the pachyderm pads along, Cheerful is not content merely to dangle vertically, but swings his body from side to side in a giant 180-degree arc.

This daily procedure has won ovations from circus audiences all over the nation, and has also earned Cheerful two fine cauliflower ears, the title of the "Human Pendulum" and recognition as one of the world's foremost elephant trainers.

Cheerful's name sounds like something straight out of fiction, but a glance at the Venice, California, phone book vouches for its authenticity. Besides the name, Cheerful's personal appearance could easily qualify him as one of the more sober comic-strip characters. Separating his crumpled ears is a serious, mask-like face. Living with elephants for some 40 years has given Cheerful's skin the same gray, ageless look as the big animals.

But once in the sawdust ring, he is no longer a drab and colorless little man. He emerges from his workaday costume of brown suits, black bow ties and old felt hats to become a gaudy Oriental potentate in dazzling raiment—a fit master for the huge beasts that obey his every command.

The only animals Cheerful has ever known are elephants. The only jobs he has ever had, or wanted to have, are tending and training them, a career which started a few years after his birth in 1884 in Stellingham, Germany. Near his home were the famous Hagenbeck Zoological Gardens, and young Cheerful spent most of his spare time there, eagerly eyeing the elephants.

His rapt attention eventually interested Karl Hagenbeck, the great animal collector and dealer, and through Hagenbeck, Cheerful met Reuben Castang, one of the most noted elephant trainers in history.

Inspired by Castang, Gardner quickly began to amass a wide knowledge of elephants and their habits. The knowledge became so valuable that, in 1902, Cheerful was dispatched to India to procure some pachyderms. He returned with a vessel-load of animals just in time to come to the United States with the Hagenbeck circus.

CHEERFUL GOT HIS first taste of circus big-time when he entertained at the St. Louis Fair. Then he toured with the Hagenbeck outfit until the show went on the rocks in Mexico in 1906.

For the next 40 years his history was the history of the circus in America. Cheerful's name appeared on the posters of Hagenbeck-Wallace, Jones Brothers & Wilson, Al G. Barnes, Sells-Floto, Barnum & Bailey, the Polack Brothers and every other famous show. His success stemmed from the fact that his simple training methods were based on kindness, affection, generosity and, when the occasion demanded, sternness.

Most of Cheerful's animals know about two dozen tricks, and he has developed many of the most famous elephant acts performed under the Big Top today. An outstanding one is the tightrope walk in which his pachyderms pirouette on an elevated six-inch beam. Another applause-getter is his vertebrae-jerking "Human Pendulum."

Cheerful can teach an elephant a trick in three months. In a year he can train any animal to behave under all conditions. When new elephants are received, they are given individual, different-sounding names. Then they are taught to trust their master. This Cheerful accomplishes by constantly talking to them, never leaving them alone, and by being kind and affectionate to them at all times.

"Tailing up" is next on the agenda. This trick, where each elephant grasps the tail of the animal in front with his trunk, offers a method of controlling the beasts in any emergency.

After "tailing up," Cheerful teaches his charges to do head stands, sit up, walk on two or three legs, waltz, walk under one another and perform other crowd-pleasing tricks. The final step in elephant education is to acclimate them to audiences and to outside distractions. Once in the ring, the animals work almost entirely in response to Cheerful's voice. They understand

Elephants Are Strange Pets

An elephant's skin measures from one-eighth of an inch to two inches in thickness. It takes a year to tan an elephant skin. Yet an ordinary fly can draw blood.

The average life span of an elephant is 50 years, and its average weight three tons.

Elephants suffer from pneumonia, colds, consumption, tumors, flat feet and corns. When they become ill, their trainers take care of them exactly as if they were humans. If they have a cough, a steel instrument holds their mouths open while the trainers put giant pills down the animals' throats.

Elephants cannot stand cold. In chilly climates they wear special blankets that cover their ears, trunks and tails.

Elephants have to be taught to like peanuts after they come to civilized countries. They eat no peanuts in their native jungles.

about 100 words and carry out several dozen commands.

Some 18 years ago, when Cheerful's show was playing in Peru, Indiana, he met a pretty young blonde. After the show left Peru, a flow of correspondence returned almost daily, followed after a year by the writer in person.

When the circus pulled out for the second time, Peru had one less young blonde and the show had a new addition. During the following years, Mr. and Mrs. Cheerful Gardner had one of the few husband-and-wife elephant acts. Mrs. Cheerful retired from the sawdust a few years ago, and during the war spent some time in the WAC while Cheerful carried on alone. She still handles her husband's business affairs, and drives his car because he has never learned to drive. He says it is too dangerous.

Cheerful used every bit of his knowledge of pachyderm psychology when he started to develop his famous "Human Pendulum" trick 19 years ago. First he picked an elephant more than seven and a half feet tall, as this was the minimum-size animal which could be used in the act. Then he taught the big quadruped to carry small sandbags in its mouth.

When the elephant had learned to carry these without damage, Cheerful tied a sandbag on each end of a board and coached the animal into conveying this device around. This gave the elephant the same sensation as carrying a swinging body, and developed a rhythm which was vital to the eventual success of the act. Then came the big test. Cheerful propped the elephant's mouth open and put his head in. At his touch command, the great jaws closed on each side of his face. Cheerful's feet left the ground, and the trick was a success!

The elephant carried him 15 feet the first day, more the following day. This distance was gradually increased until Cheerful is now toted more than 600 feet, swinging his body in the huge half-circle all the way.

Fortunately for Cheerful's countenance, elephants have teeth only in the back of their mouths. Providence left just enough space in a pachyderm's oral cavity to allow a human head to fit between the teeth and thus allow Cheerful to do his trick without being decapitated.

JUNGLE HEREDITY is never far below the surface of an elephant's subconscious. Even if reared in civilization, an animal will soon revert to savagery if restrictions are removed. Proof of this was the fantastic 3,000-mile air trip that Cheerful had to make in 1934.

That year, 18 elephants bolted into the wilderness from the Sells-Floto show at Cranbrook, British Columbia. This mass migration caused local authorities to issue three frantic pleas. The first was to all residents of the surrounding territory, asking them to stay indoors. The second warned Canadian Pacific Railway engineers to beware of elephants on the tracks. The third reached Cheerful Gardner in Wichita, Kansas, beseeching him to head north at once.

He had never been near a plane, but he hired an amateur pilot with a battered biplane and made a hazardous hop to Cranbrook. There Cheerful hired a dozen Indian braves to help him track the scattered elephants. In less than 30 days they had tracked down and captured all 18 elephants and had suffered only one casualty, an Indian who had ridden his horse too close to one of the escapee's tusks.

Cheerful's adventures in the Canadian wilds are equaled by his experiences in Hollywood, for between travels he has managed to appear in some 20 films with his charges. Hollywood is the only place where 5-foot-5, 145-pound Cheerful could double for the 6-foot-3, 195-pound Tarzan of the films, Johnny Weissmuller. He has taken the place of the jungle hero in most of the Tarzan pictures, riding the lead elephant in a stampeding herd, or swimming with them across a rubber-crocodile-infested jungle stream.

The importance of Cheerful's movie work is shown by the fact that the only recorded case of an elephant being transported by plane was made some years ago when an animal was flown from New York to Hollywood for an MGM picture. Perhaps the day may come when transporting elephants by plane is common practice. But not so with flying Cheerful Gardner. His one aerial odyssey to Canada back in 1934 cured him of all off-the-ground peregrinations.

Since then he has kept his feet firmly planted in the sawdust under the Big Tops. And that is where hundreds of thousands of Americans will see him every year.

Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits. —THOMAS A. EDISON by HAL BURTON

I Have Died Ten Times

The men and women he saw walk to their death at Sing Sing still march through the troubled dreams of a newspaperman

INSIDE THE LITTLE room with its glaring white walls, a dozen men sat stiffly on hard narrow benches. A door swung wide and a clergyman entered, his lips moving in whispered prayer. Behind him walked a plump woman in a shapeless denim dress. With exaggerated primness she seated herself in a massive chair that dominated the room. A primitive ceremony was about to begin, dating back to the days of human sacrifice on a heathen altar.

A faint, crackling noise now filled the death chamber at Sing Sing. Every witness seemed to hold his breath. As the prison doctor applied a stethoscope to the limp, sagging figure in the electric chair, each man sighed in a single exhalation of pent-up air. In the time it has taken you to read this, the woman was dead, and something had died inside all of us who watched.

In my 16 years as a New York newspaperman, 10 men and women have walked to death before my eyes in that same bleak room at Sing Sing. They still march through my dreams. Most frequently, my memory leads me back to the first two victims I saw die—a man and a woman, total strangers to each other, who shared in one night the relentless and final experience of death at the hands of a State and its 13,000,000 citizens who sanction this method of punishment.

Perhaps the woman who died that night in 1935 was of no great importance in the scheme of things. Yet as the keepers adjusted the mask over her eyes and the current crackled faintly, she seemed to me to embody the reproachful question that must be asked in every one of the 42 states where the Biblical doctrine of an eye for an eye is accepted as modern criminal law. That question is: can capital punishment be justified?

If Eva Coo, the woman I saw die, could be brought back from the grave to give an answer, I think she would tell us that capital punishment is the cruelest form of torture—a killer that works on the mind, soul and spirit hundreds of times a day before the death sentence is finally carried out.

The crime that sent her to the

chair was the murder of her handy man for $12,000 in insurance. Yet she began to die long months before, at the moment the jury pronounced her guilty. In another courtroom many miles away, the same death of the soul was taking place within Leonard Scarnici, swaggering little killer who finally followed her to the chair.

From the day of the verdict, the same machinery of torture caught up both of them. There was an appeal to a higher court. There was death by the minute as the big clock ticked outside the cells in Sing Sing's death house. There was, at last, the almost welcome agony of waiting from minute to minute for word of reprieve from the Governor—word that never came.

WHAT IS IT LIKE to die in the electric chair? Let me fit you into the life of the condemned. Take, for this final day, the victim's place in the death house, and live with him those last hours.

Dawn has reddened the sky above Sing Sing and a keeper has brought your breakfast. The chaplain arrives to console you, tearful relatives appear, the prison physician looks in, brightly and impersonally. Then you are transferred from one end of the death house to a barred cubicle within sight of a door. You know that door leads to the execution chamber.

Next comes the last haircut, an execution-day ritual so often dramatized that the public believes the heads of all condemned prisoners are shaved. There is no shaving. Hair is a good conductor of electricity, and the man awaiting electrocution is merely given a close trim. If the prisoner is a woman, the barber thins the hair in the center of the scalp.

It is now 10 A.M. The electrocution is 13 hours away because at Sing Sing all executions are held at 11 P.M. and generally on Thursday nights. You now receive a last bath, then an issue of new clothing: white shirt, dark trousers and felt slippers for a man; for a woman, a shapeless gray denim dress.

The hours pass slowly, with the chaplain and prisoner talking in low tones while other prisoners, all waiting for their turn to walk to death, call out husky words of encouragement.

5 P.M. The prison physician strides in, smiling tightly. He must keep a careful eye on the condemned. It would be most embarrassing to have the state cheated of its victim, so his examination is just as careful as though he expected the patient to live years longer.

6 P.M. Time for the last meal. Despite the cliché that "the condemned man ate a hearty dinner," your appetite has vanished. Most prisoners order lavishly and then send the food to luckier companions in near-by cells. Their favorite meal, by all odds, is roast chicken topped off with ice cream, cake, coffee and cigarettes.

7 P.M. Death is four hours away. The clock ticks on, its moving hands bringing with them the doctor for a final inspection. In New York State, it is an old myth that the doctor administers a powerful narcotic to ease the agony of the last few hours. Actually, most prisoners are so frightened that they have reached a state of merciful hypnosis, during which they can do

nothing except pray and smoke.

10:30 P.M. By this time you know that your last, failing hope rests with the Governor. That lonely man must decide whether the sentence is to be commuted to life imprisonment, or whether the prisoner is to die by will of the people. It is a difficult decision for any governor to make.

10:59 P.M. The principal keeper, accompanied by two uniformed guards, opens the cell door and says, "Come on." As you step into the narrow corridor—wryly called the "Dance Hall" by death-house inmates—one of the guards slits your right trouser leg with a penknife. If the prisoner is a woman, a female guard rolls down her right stocking.

The chaplain now takes his place at the head of the procession, prayer book in hand. He speaks softly but clearly, and you incline your head to listen. It is six paces to an oaken door which opens into the death chamber. Above the door is a sign —"Silence." This silence is broken as the guards swing back the door, lead in the prisoner, then turn to the right and walk six short paces to the electric chair.

11 P.M. With precision and speed you are pushed into the chair. In less than 45 seconds, carefully rehearsed guards have drawn aside the slit trouser and strapped an electrode to your leg. Others, meanwhile, clamp a brine-soaked leather skullcap and electrode over the top of your head. The brine is to improve the electric connection between electrode and skull. Then a leather mask is fitted from forehead to mouth, with nostrils showing through a slit.

The chair itself is a blocky, primitive object of dark brown wood, like nothing ever seen in home, office or school. Its arms are high, its back is slightly tilted to the rear. As you sit tensely, eight straps of harness leather are fastened around your chest, waist, upper arms, forearms and ankles.

11:01 P.M. The guards step back. The executioner looks out from his curtained cubicle to the right rear of the chair. The prison doctor, standing in the back of the death chamber close to the warden, watches your quick breathing. As you exhale, he brings down his arm with a sweeping gesture and the electrocutioner pulls a switch.

In the swift flash of time that follows as the current crackles through your body, only a faint buzzing sound is audible. You are knocked unconscious so rapidly that your brain is paralyzed before the sensory nerves can convey a message of pain. But your heart fights on a few seconds longer.

11:04 P.M. The doctor steps for-

As a newspaperman for 16 years, Hal Burton has covered practically every type of "big" story that makes a reporter's life an exciting one. His beat has extended from the execution chamber at Sing Sing to the White House in Washington; from the oil fields of Mexico to the trout streams of Northern Canada; from national political conventions to the sinking of the submarine *Squalus* off Portsmouth, N. H. After Pearl Harbor, Burton enlisted in the 10th Mountain Division, with which he served for nearly four years. He is now with King Features Syndicate in New York City and on week ends commutes 275 miles to a cabin in the Adirondacks, where this article was written.

ward, puts a stethoscope against the chest of the figure slumped in the chair, and says: "I pronounce this man dead." Guards unstrap the body and lay it on a wheeled stretcher. The outside doors are opened and witnesses push their way into the unbelievably fresh, unbelievably sweet, outer air. And that is what it is like to die.

Newspaper men run 500 yards down the echoing prison areaway to phone their stories from the administration building. Other witnesses walk out of the death chamber more slowly. These are the spectator citizens who wanted to see an electrocution—and got more than they bargained for.

Any resident of New York State can write for an invitation, and hundreds do. I once saw a beefy policeman, who came for the show, wind up stretched on the concrete floor in a dead faint. I have seen men who drank themselves into a stupor beforehand sober up miraculously when they got their first sight of the chair. A phlegmatic witness may sit down to a steak dinner half an hour after witnessing an electrocution, then go home to a nightmare sleep.

As with witnesses, so with victims, each displaying some little human quirk. Eva Coo, the stout and bleached-blonde roadhouse keeper from upstate New York, said a fond good-bye to a weeping woman guard as I watched them strap her into the chair.

In complete contrast, profane little Leonard Scarnici, who was said to have murdered 30 men, sat down with the aplomb of an after-dinner speaker and began to talk to guards and witnesses.

"I got something to say," he muttered. From the back of the room came an affirmative nod from Warden Lewis E. Lawes, a signal to the keepers to let Scarnici talk.

"You, out there, you reporter from the Albany paper," he snarled, "I remember you! You wrote lies about me, and you're helping to kill an innocent man. Just wait! You'll fry in hell like me before you're done!"

Then one by one he singled out men whose stories he hadn't liked, and as he addressed each man his eyes widened with hate. Finally Lawes nodded again. The guards moved in, cut short the condemned man's speech, applied the electrodes. The faint crackle of the current was heard.

I turned my head to the rear of the room. Lawes was standing there, his arms folded, his eyes tightly shut. In his 21 years as warden, he never watched a man being electrocuted.

Lawes, who attended a total of 303 electrocutions (a function that was required of him by law), was one of the founders of the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, to whose principles the late Franklin D. Roosevelt also subscribed.

"The electric chair is no deterrent to murder," said Lawes. "It is a relic of savagery."

Lawes' immediate successor as Sing Sing's warden, Robert J. Kirby, added: "I doubt that murders would increase if we abolished the electric chair."

The clinching answer to the age-old question comes from Austin MacCormick, former Assistant Director of the Federal Bureau of

Prisons, former Commissioner of Correction in New York City, and now head of the Osborne Association, one of the nation's most active prison-reform organizations.

"In the six states which have abolished capital punishment," says MacCormick, "there is no more crime per capita than in the capital-punishment states. In fact, I suspect that capital punishment tends to increase the murder rate because the legal safeguards hedging about the death penalty make it far more difficult to convict.

"Nearly all crimes are based on passion or perversion. Gang killings or insurance murders are plotted by people who are confident that they never will be caught, so capital punishment represents not the slightest deterrent. Indeed, it is a barbarous and vengeful method of imposing punishment, and I am opposed to it."

Upon every man, woman and child living in a capital-punishment state there falls the shadow of the victims, those baffling, warped, maladjusted persons who have died to satisfy an outworn tradition of revenge. It is a blood guilt shared by more than 100,000,000 Americans. I wonder how long it will take them to wipe out this barbaric relic of the past.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Coronet Calendar for 1948: Continuing a beloved tradition, Coronet brings you the 1948 calendar, illustrated in rich, full color with some of the most delightful photographs you have ever seen of typical American youngsters.

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There's Money in It—

With ingenuity and initiative, anyone can turn a good idea into a profitable business; here's evidence to prove it

When Mr. and Mrs. Mario Frova of Allentown, Pennsylvania, became parents, they found that taking care of the new baby took so much of Mrs. Frova's attention that she lacked spare time for shopping. Yet they needed an endless variety of supplies for the infant. Mario, deciding that other busy young mothers must have the same problem, launched the Kiddie Kar business.

The young ex-GI, in partnership with John H. Wagner, started the enterprise with one truck—painted pink and blue and equipped with everything a baby needs, including foods, formula preparations, clothing, even toys and furniture. Now Frova and Wagner have two trucks in operation, and are awaiting delivery of more.

The only advertising is a letter sent to new parents (whose names are culled from newspaper births-of-the-day columns) describing the Kiddie Kar service. Within a week, the driver on the new mother's route calls at her home.

Before Frova entered the Army, he owned a portrait studio, and now he photographs babies at home, in addition to running the Kiddie Kar service with Wagner. —Helene I. Harned

* * *

Grover Waybright of Saugus, Massachusetts, got a profitable idea while eating a lobster dinner a few years ago. While toying with the empty lobster shells on his plate, he managed to form what looked very much like the face of a laughing man.

Then he had a bright inspiration. Gathering waste shells from other restaurants, he found that he could make complete dolls out of them, using a preservative of his own invention.

Sea-food restaurants soon became interested in his pirates, clowns and bagpipe players, and the demand grew so heavy that Waybright built a small factory near his home. Today the Waybright Manufacturing Company receives orders for its quaint dolls from restaurants throughout the East. —Cush Harris

* * *

Two young men of Wyckoff, New Jersey, decided in 1946 that someone should do something about New Jersey's mosquitoes. So Dick Terwilleger and Richard Hollyer formed a company which they called Fog, Inc., in honor of the machine they bought to do the job—an insecticidal fog applicator which, when mounted on a truck, can be taken almost anywhere and lay a superfine screen of DDT.

Beach resorts welcomed the service, but before the first year was over, Fog, Inc., found they had a variety of other customers. Farms, creameries, laundries, hospitals, private estates, carnival grounds, hog farms, garbage dumps and greenhouses—all with widely different insect problems—are now among their many clients. —Paul D. Green

* * *

Laura Mae Wright of Columbus, Kansas, found a way to turn her knowledge of library research and a flair for words into money. For a small fee she "ghosts" reports for clubwomen, assembles facts for local speakers and furnishes material to busy teachers. She has built up her own library of reference works and a pamphlet and clipping file.

Small ads in local papers attracted her first customers, and what began as a pleasant pastime has become a profitable business.

* * *

An urge for adventure led H. S. Black of Oakland, California, into an unusual business: supplying rare fish to collectors.

Black, a former sergeant on the Burma Road, got his money-making idea during a postwar trip to the Pacific. While in Batavia he saw some fighting fish and bought a dozen. In Singapore he sold them to a collector at a good profit.

Now Black makes a business of bringing back exotic specimens from the Pacific in tanks specially heated or cooled, as needed. His enterprise is a happy one, for it combines handsome profits with extensive travel. He embarked early in November on his fourth trip to Singapore. —Jerry Gordon

* * *

Tieswap, a thriving young business thought up by the Kreshtool brothers, Bernard and Jake, of Wilmington, Delaware, is exactly what the name implies—a receiving center where a man can exchange his unwanted neckties (usually Christmas gifts) for other men's unwanted neckties that are more to his liking.

Clients send in six ties and a dollar (or they pay the postman upon delivery of the ties they receive in exchange). Tieswap sends back six ties turned in by other customers, but first the neckwear is cleaned, pressed and carefully wrapped. The workshop is the Kreshtool home and the lone collaborator is a laundry.

"The only thing we worry about now," says Jake, "is how you'd stop this business if you wanted to. Already we have 3,196 customers."

—Condensed from *Kiplinger Magazine*

Do you know someone who has turned a good idea into a profitable occupation? Coronet invites contributions for "There's Money in It," and will pay $25 for each accepted item, upon publication. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned. Send your entries to "There's Money in It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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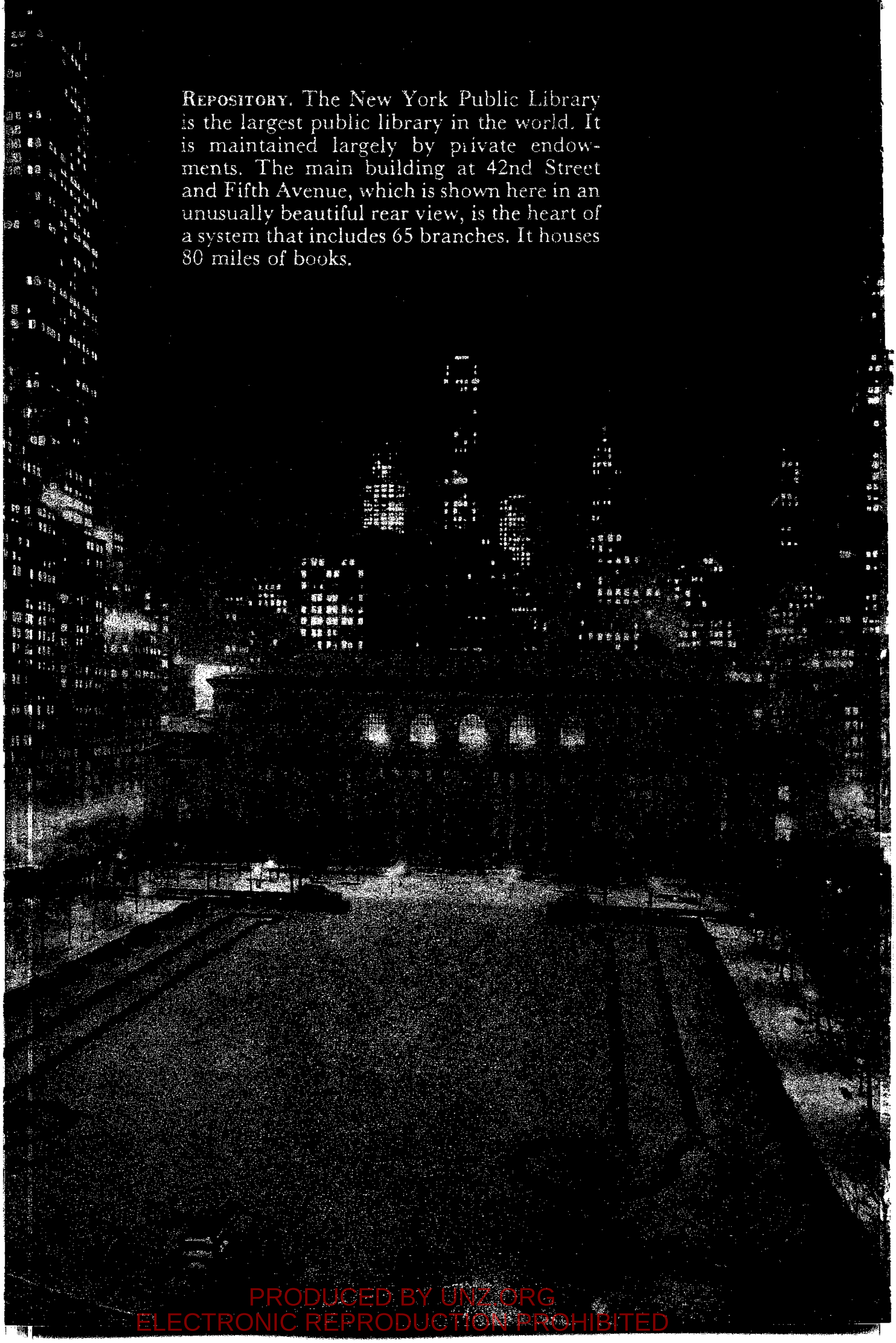
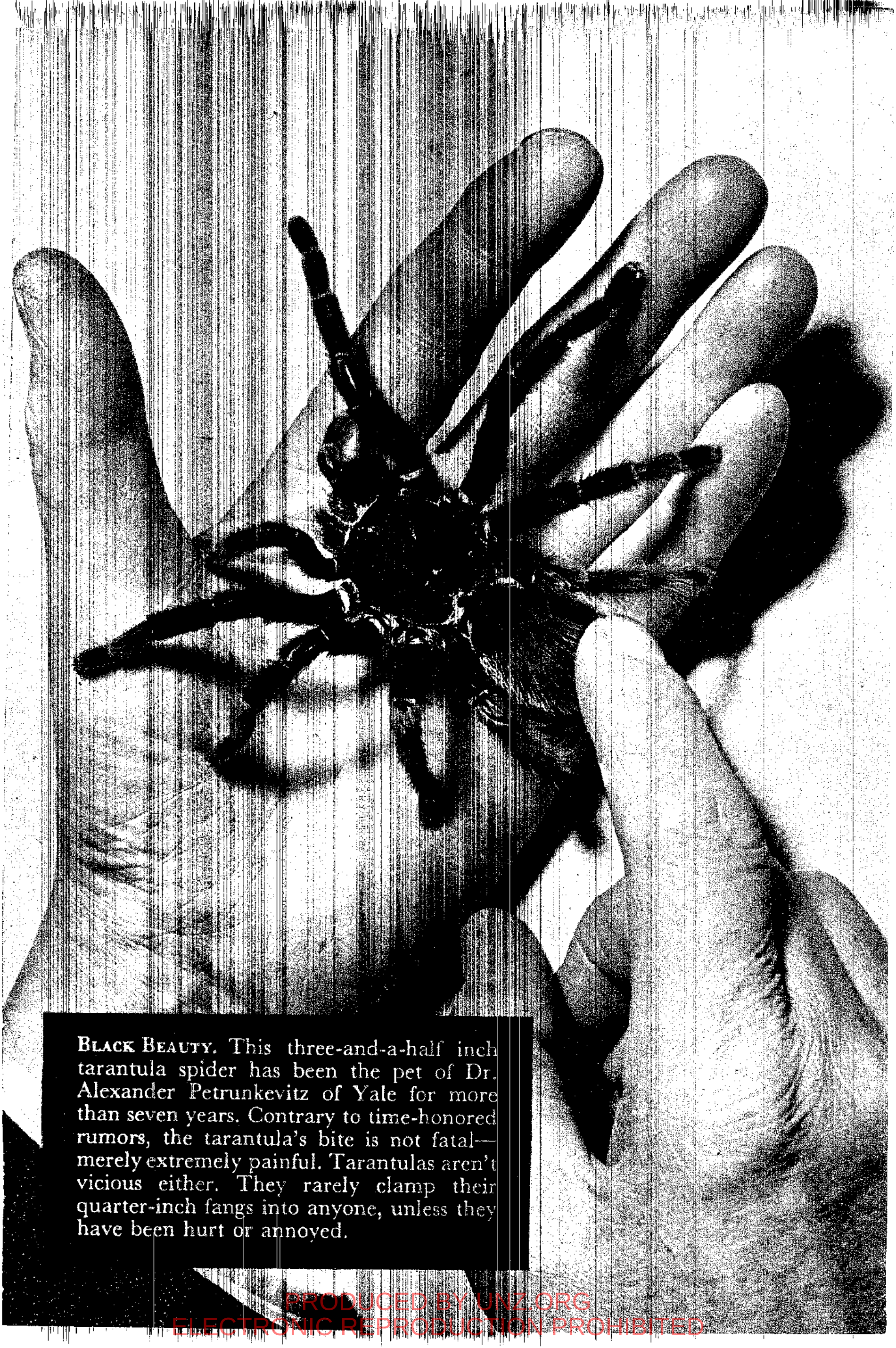
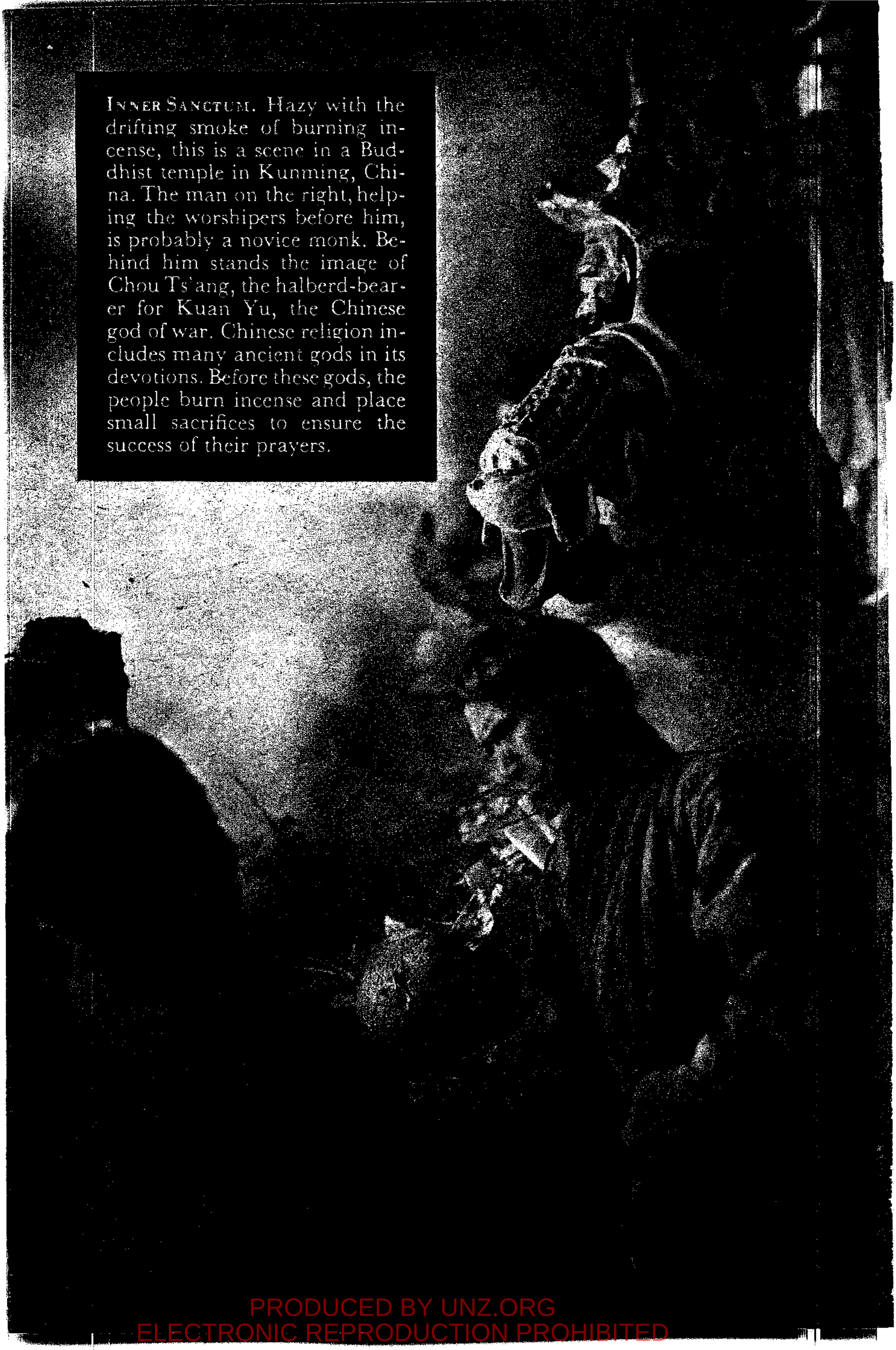


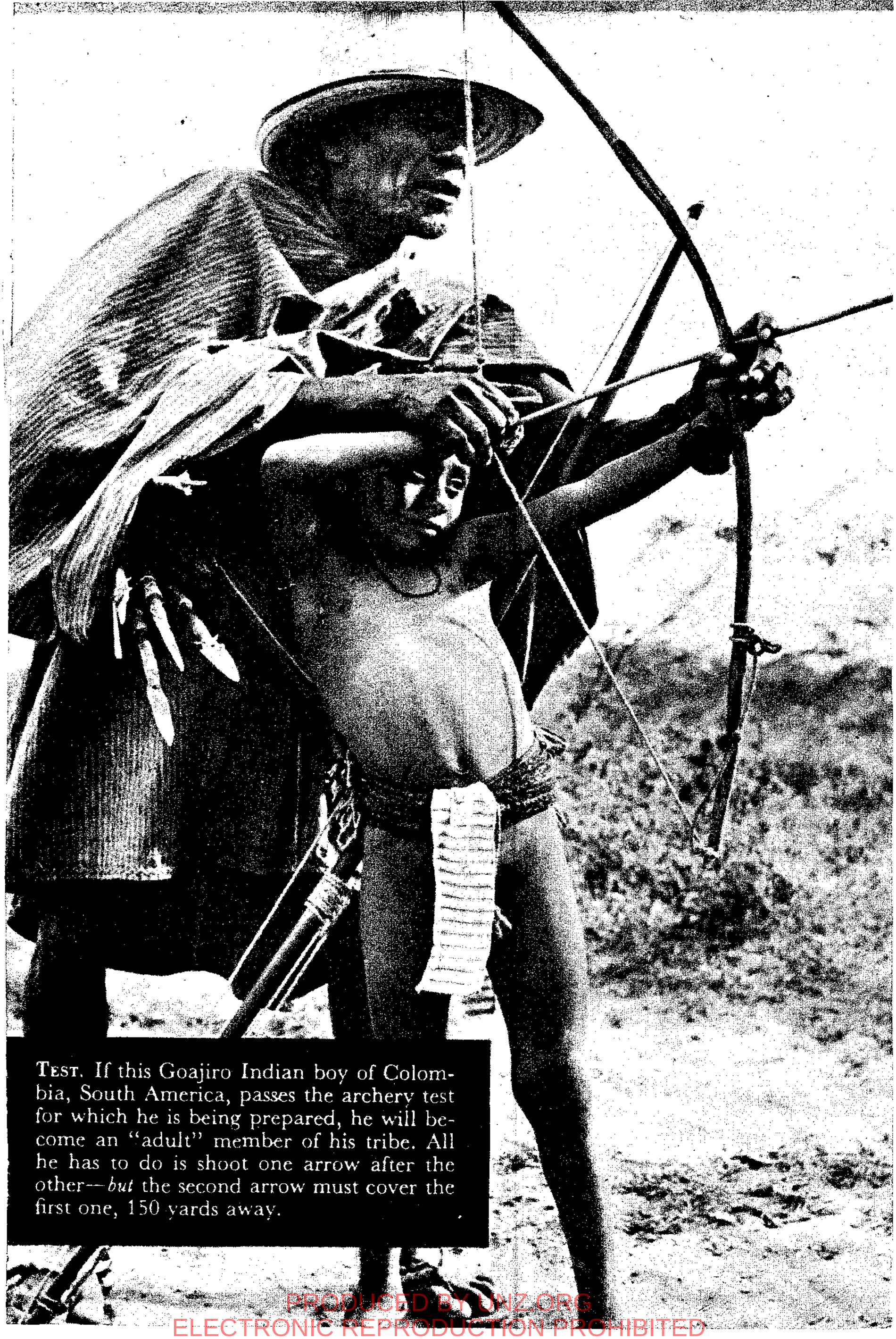
Repository. The New York Public Library is the largest public library in the world. It is maintained largely by private endowments. The main building at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, which is shown here in an unusually beautiful rear view, is the heart of a system that includes 65 branches. It houses 80 miles of books.



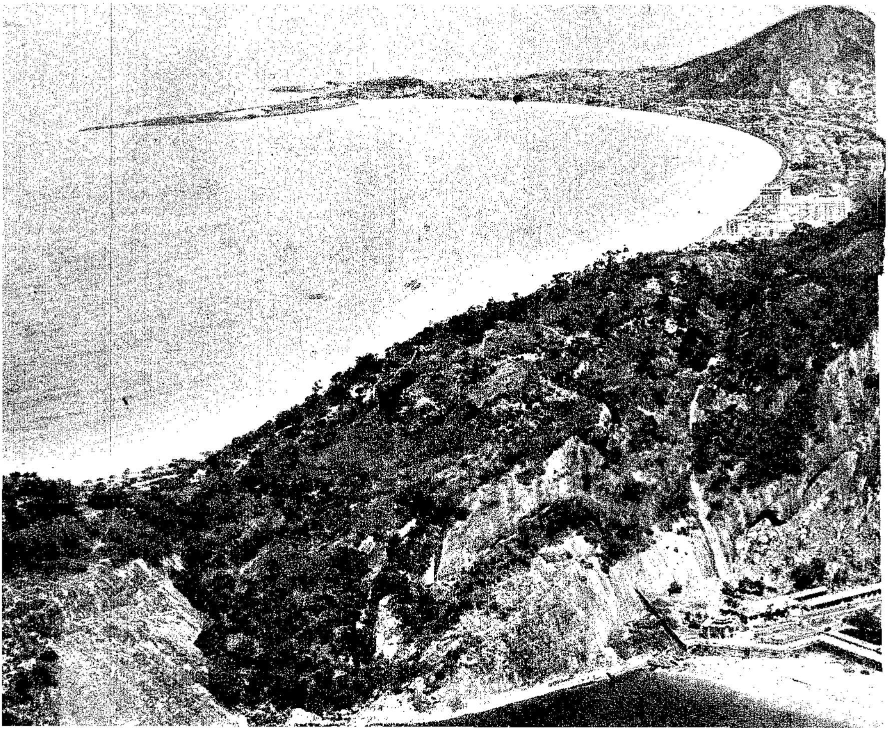
Black Beauty. This three-and-a-half inch tarantula spider has been the pet of Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitz of Yale for more than seven years. Contrary to time-honored rumors, the tarantula's bite is not fatal—merely extremely painful. Tarantulas aren't vicious either. They rarely clamp their quarter-inch fangs into anyone, unless they have been hurt or annoyed.

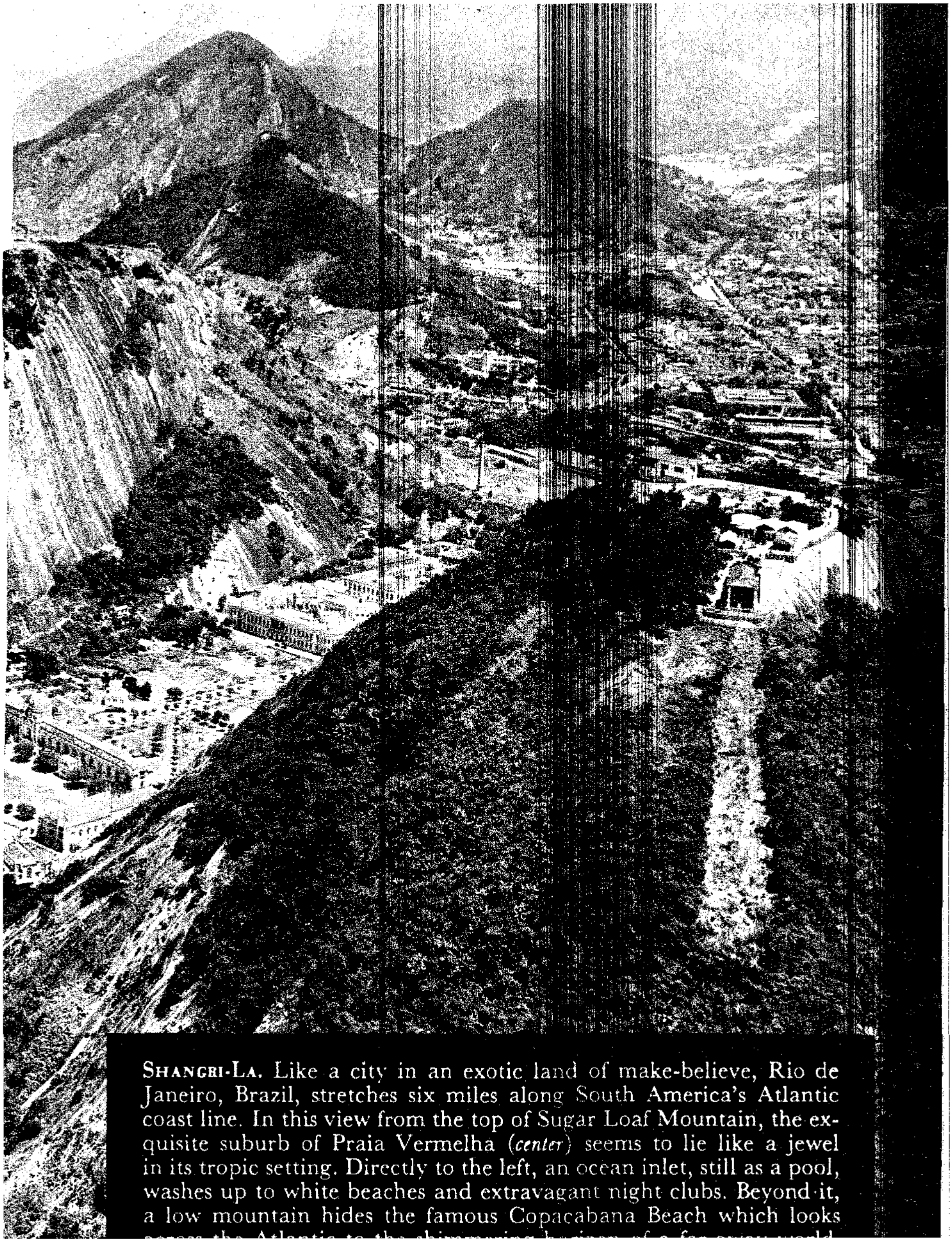


Inner Sanctum. Hazy with the drifting smoke of burning incense, this is a scene in a Buddhist temple in Kunming, China. The man on the right, helping the worshipers before him, is probably a novice monk. Behind him stands the image of Chou Ts'ang, the halberd-bearer for Kuan Yu, the Chinese god of war. Chinese religion includes many ancient gods in its devotions. Before these gods, the people burn incense and place small sacrifices to ensure the success of their prayers.

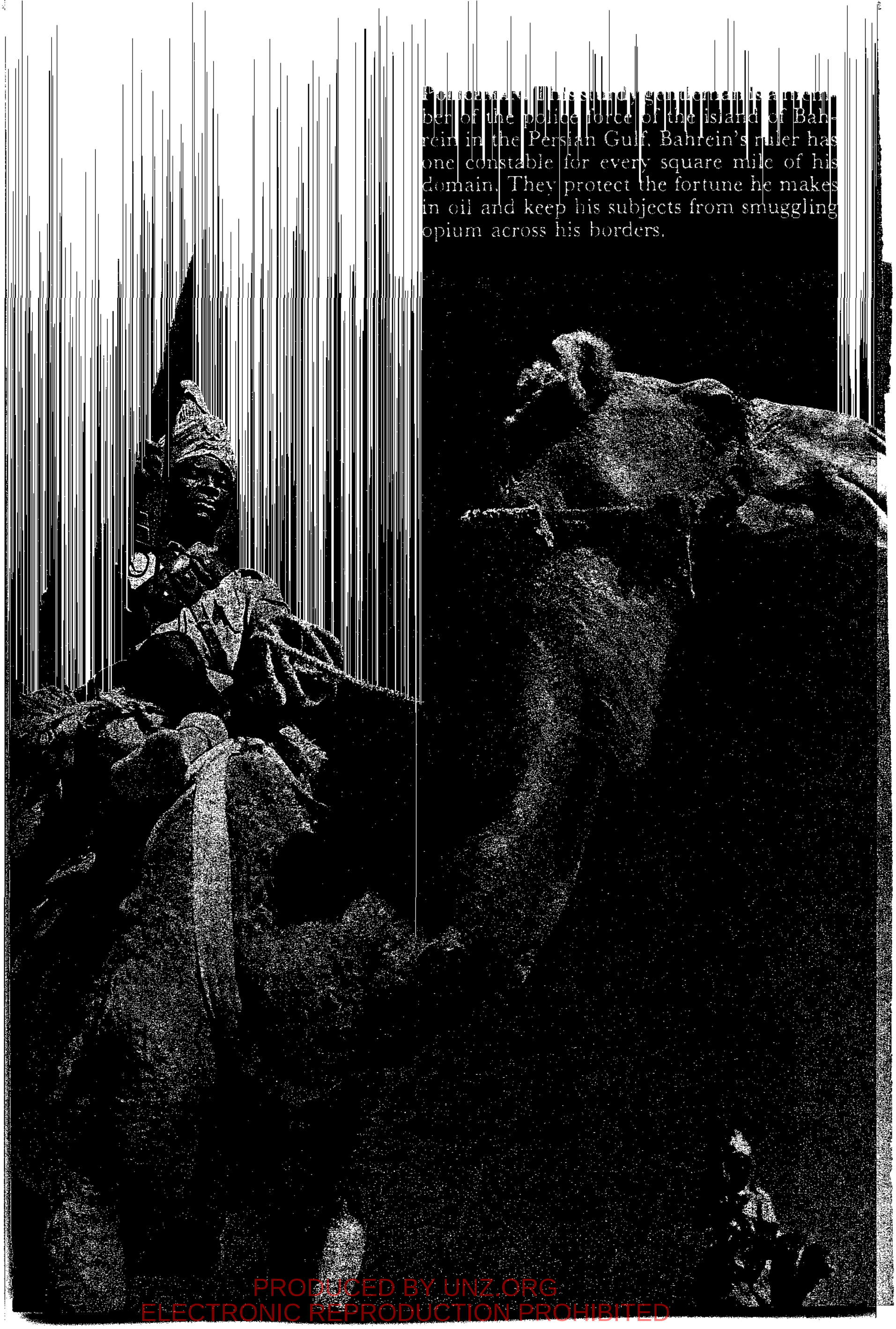


TEST. If this Goajiro Indian boy of Colombia, South America, passes the archery test for which he is being prepared, he will become an "adult" member of his tribe. All he has to do is shoot one arrow after the other—*but* the second arrow must cover the first one, 150 yards away.

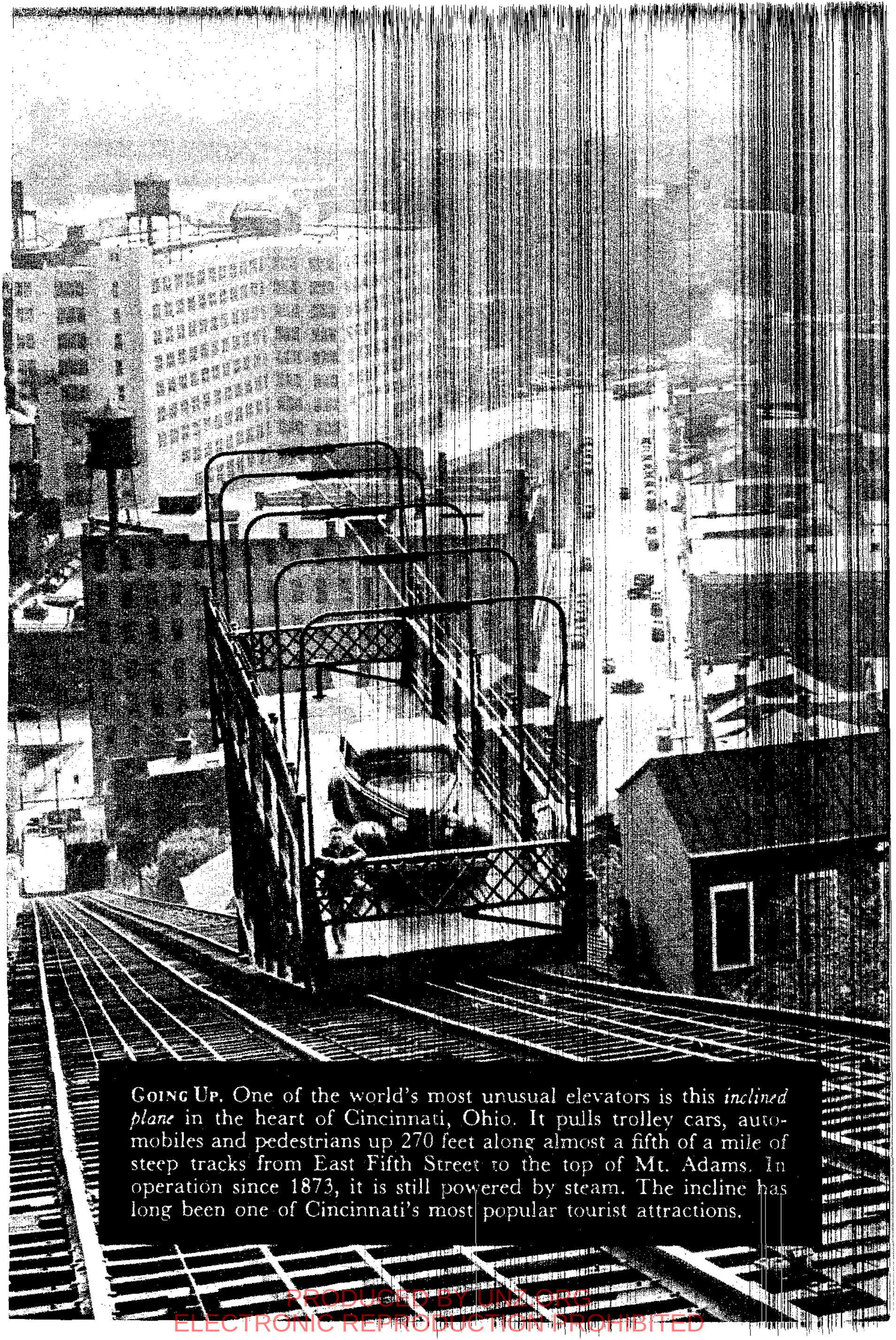




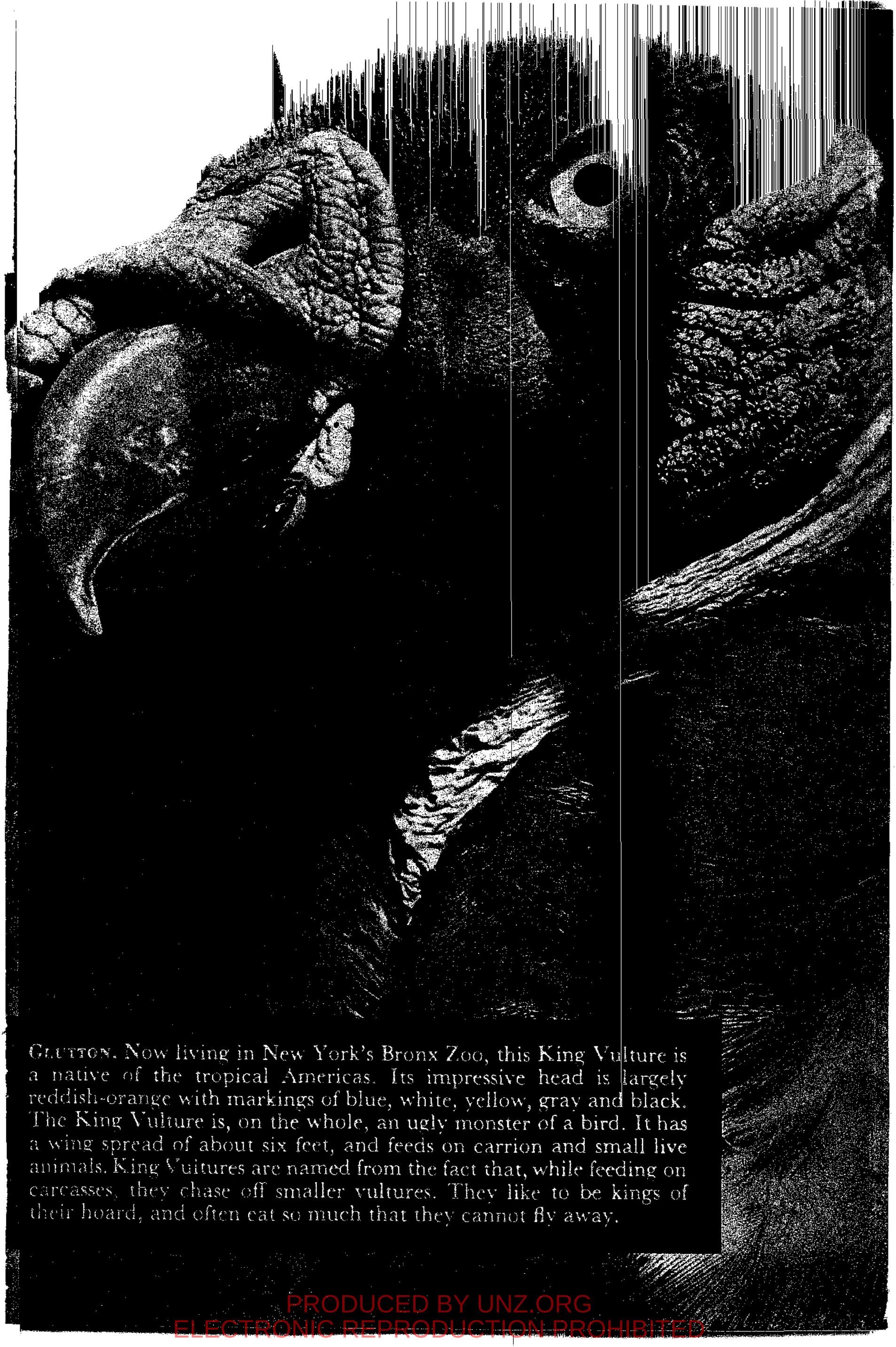
Shangri-La. Like a city in an exotic land of make-believe, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, stretches six miles along South America's Atlantic coast line. In this view from the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain, the exquisite suburb of Praia Vermelha (*center*) seems to lie like a jewel in its tropic setting. Directly to the left, an ocean inlet, still as a pool, washes up to white beaches and extravagant night clubs. Beyond it, a low mountain hides the famous Copacabana Beach which looks



POLICEMAN. This sturdy gentleman is a member of the police force of the island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. Bahrein's ruler has one constable for every square mile of his domain. They protect the fortune he makes in oil and keep his subjects from smuggling opium across his borders.



Going Up. One of the world's most unusual elevators is this *inclined plane* in the heart of Cincinnati, Ohio. It pulls trolley cars, automobiles and pedestrians up 270 feet along almost a fifth of a mile of steep tracks from East Fifth Street to the top of Mt. Adams. In operation since 1873, it is still powered by steam. The incline has long been one of Cincinnati's most popular tourist attractions.



GLUTTON. Now living in New York's Bronx Zoo, this King Vulture is a native of the tropical Americas. Its impressive head is largely reddish-orange with markings of blue, white, yellow, gray and black. The King Vulture is, on the whole, an ugly monster of a bird. It has a wing spread of about six feet, and feeds on carrion and small live animals. King Vultures are named from the fact that, while feeding on carcasses, they chase off smaller vultures. They like to be kings of their hoard, and often eat so much that they cannot fly away.

DEDICATED
TO THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD
IN
MEMORY OF AN UNDYING LOVE
DEC. 25 1935

Every day is celebrity day at the health headquarters of a rugged Irishman who is literally living off the fat of the land

Reilly's Human Service Station

by **Clayton G. Going**

One night in the winter of 1922, the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Romeo and Juliet* reached an unexpected crisis. Romeo, a newly imported Italian tenor, got down on his knees and couldn't get up. Arthritis had stiffened his joints. He had to be assisted from the wings, the orchestra drowning his groans.

Although the audience applauded Beniamino Gigli for his vocal performance, the next day the singer's American chauffeur spoke to him sharply: "Mr. Gigli, I must take you to Reilly's."

Gigli, thinking he meant a restaurant, agreed. But the chauffeur drove to Broadway and 63rd Street and guided his portly employer upstairs—to a gymnasium.

There a ruggedly handsome Irishman laid violent hands on Gigli's ample stomach. "Too much spaghetti and red wine," said the Irishman, Harold John Reilly, physical conditioner who grosses more than $100,000 a year by keeping people healthy.

The gym was full of business executives, socialites and actors. They paid no attention to Gigli's protests: he was just a new customer. In a few days, however, he was a steady patron, and retained the health man as his conditioner for 11 years. Reilly even accompanied the tenor on tours, kicking him in the shins whenever Gigli started to overeat at banquets.

Gigli was one of the first of a long line of ranking entertainers to engage Reilly as insurance against missed performances, a list that now includes many top stars of stage, screen, radio and opera. For instance, when Burgess Meredith arrived last year from Hollywood to rehearse for the lead role in *The Playboy of the Western World*, he went straight to Reilly's—now located in Rockefeller Center.

"Well, pal, here I am again," the actor said. "You've got to put me in shape and keep me there!"

That same day, Phil Baker, sitting mournfully in a heat cabinet, watched Reilly go briskly by, looking fit and cool as always. "That Reilly," sighed the radio quiz man, "lives off the fat of the land!"

While amusing, this is a far from accurate description of Reilly, who is a good deal more than a conditioner and physiotherapist. He is a man with a cause—improving the health of the rest of us. In an effort to make the public health-conscious, he also devotes considerable time to lecturing and writing. During World War II, Reilly taught war workers how to do on-the-job exercises to combat fatigue.

REILLY'S CLIENTELE alone would be sufficient to stamp him as a unique conditioner, for a rather wonderful conglomeration of human beings moves daily through the quietly furnished health headquarters in the RCA building. In addition to those previously mentioned, Reilly's star-studded roster includes Brian Aherne, Walter Huston, John Boles, Peter Lorre, Eddie Albert, Eddie Dowling, Jerry Colonna, Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Sonja Henie, Gracie Fields, Bea Wain and Gypsy Rose Lee.

There are also the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, RCA President David Sarnoff, author John D. Erskine, sportsman Dan Topping, Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky, corporation presidents by the dozen, advertising and radio executives, statesmen, foreign diplomats, artists, models, doctors, nurses, teachers and housewives.

All the clients get physiotherapy, exercises, massages and baths. With variations, Reilly can draw 150 different baths, including a nerve-soothing special that takes two hours and costs $50—admittedly expensive, even for Saturday night.

The Duke of Windsor, who once pleaded with Reilly to start a health service in London, is Reilly's most inquisitive patron. Even while relaxing on the massage table he will look out the window and ask such questions as "How much does it cost to park cars in the lot over there?" and "What is the name of that hotel down the street?"

Reilly got a chance last spring to prove his health thesis with a very important segment of the population—the American housewife. The Columbia Broadcasting System selected Reilly to condition four women a month, brought to New York from different sections of the country as guests of a network program, *Cinderella, Inc.* The Cinderellas visited Reilly regularly for posture lessons, lectures on health and balanced living, plus a rugged conditioning routine which they carried on at home. The results delighted them.

Ranging in age from 20 to 52, they have lost up to 17 pounds in weight, added up to two and a quarter inches in height by stretching exercises and posture correction, reduced their waists seven inches, their hips five inches and made corresponding reduction in legs, knees and ankles.

At times, Reilly's service is strictly of an emergency nature. When veteran actor Walter Huston sprained his back during a wrestling scene in *Love's Old Sweet Song*, he came to Reilly, sure that he couldn't go on again for days. But after baking and other first-aid treatment, Huston was back the next night, wrestling on schedule.

Almost any day is celebrity day at Reilly's, a fact Bob Hope summed up as he watched Burgess Meredith, Walter Huston, Phil Baker, Jerry Colonna and Major de Seversky head for the showers after a workout. "There," cracked Hope, "goes a million dollars' worth of talent on the hoof!"

The comedian is one of Reilly's favorite examples of the dollars-and-cents value of physical conditioning. "Bob," says Reilly, "would have folded-up long ago under the pressure of his varied activities if he hadn't balanced them with exercising, golf and relaxation."

When Hope arrives at the health service, he manages to upset its atmosphere of dignity with wisecracks. Once, while walking to the sunroom clad only in a sheet, he announced: "You've heard of the Cape of Good Hope. Well, here is good Hope without the cape!" With that, he flung off the sheet.

Reilly's 72-year-old mother, who comes to the gym twice weekly and exercises daily at home, is proof of a Reillyism—"If you put more life into your years, you will add more years to your life." Five feet one inch in height and weighing 118 pounds, she has a splendid figure, maintains an active schedule and looks decidedly unlike a great-grandmother.

REILLY WAS BORN in 1895 on New York's Lower East Side. His father died when Reilly was 15, forcing the youth to quit school and go to work. Yet he continued his studies in night school, won a diploma, and even today enrolls for occasional university courses.

"I like to flex my mental muscles, too," he tells friends.

Reilly's first establishment was in one room, off Broadway on 140th Street. From there he moved to Broadway and 63rd Street, and in 1935 he transferred to his present location in Radio City. But Reilly himself was not on hand for the opening of his new headquarters, with its 8,000 square feet of space and its staff of 21 men and women. He was in a hospital, suffering from a fractured knee, the result of an auto accident.

Surgeons operated, but the knee, they said, would never be fully effective again. Always an optimist, Reilly left the hospital and became his own patient. Within a few months the injured knee was as good as before.

Prominent on the walls of the new establishment, which Reilly likes to call a "human service station," are oil paintings signed by Elvira Reilly, a leading woman artist. Reilly met her when she was an 18-year-old art student, and they were married almost immediately because she found him "so stimulating and unpredictable." Today, the Reillys divide their time between a Central Park apartment, where Mrs. Reilly does most of her painting, and their colonial farmstead in New Jersey.

Now 52, Reilly has only graying hair to mark him as a grandfather. His friendly blue eyes, ruddy complexion and the vigorous, erect manner in which he carries his 185 pounds give him a youthful air of complete well-being.

In daily living, Reilly practices

moderation. While a non-smoker, he enjoys a cocktail and believes it is better to have a relaxing drink before dinner "than to sit down and fight your meal." He gets at least eight hours of sleep nightly, and likes to remind tired businessmen that sleep is an old-fashioned habit, here to stay.

While radio and show people gravitate naturally to Reilly, others come on advice of physicians. Reilly works closely with 580 physicians in the New York area. A number of doctors themselves are customers—a fact which leads Reilly to observe: "We must be good!"

Reilly, actually, seems to be a subject on whom everybody agrees. The late clairvoyant healer, Edgar Cayce of Virginia Beach,* began sending his followers to Reilly 15 years ago. This surprised the physiotherapist, for he had never heard of Cayce and met him only after giving in to curiosity and taking a train to the Virginia resort.

"I just picked you out of the subconscious," Cayce explained.

Shortly before he died, Cayce suggested that author Thomas Sugrue also seek Reilly's help. Sugrue, who wrote a biography of Cayce, *There Is a River*, and a best-seller, *Starling of the White House*, had been stricken by arthritis, which disabled him almost completely. Sugrue spent seven years in Florida before he was ready for Reilly's treatments. Then he invited Reilly to his New York hotel, saying: "Here I am. Cayce thinks you can put me back on my feet."

"If you can wink an eye, I can help you," replied Reilly.

Sugrue winked, and the physiotherapist began a long-range program of three weekly treatments, which clearly demonstrate Reilly's incurable optimism and his philosophy of "Always keep trying." When he started the treatments, Sugrue could only limply move his right hand. Today he can move his arms, hands and shoulders, and can turn his head slightly.

"Tom will be walking within four years," says Reilly confidently.

A philosopher should be an example of his own beliefs, and Harold John Reilly is living proof of what he preaches. He works a 12-hour day yet never seems to tire. He is an incorrigible enthusiast yet he is completely practical. Once, when he was asked for advice on physical conditioning, Reilly said:

"The best exercises of all are the ones you do."

**Miracle Man of Virginia Beach*, Coronet, Sept. 1943

Buy-words

THERE IS USUALLY only one reason why a man buys, but with a woman it might be one of eight (so they say): 1) because her husband says she can't have it; 2) it will make her look thin; 3) it comes from Paris; 4) her neighbors can't afford it; 5) nobody has one; 6) everybody has one; 7) it's different; 8) "because."

—*Sterling Sparks*

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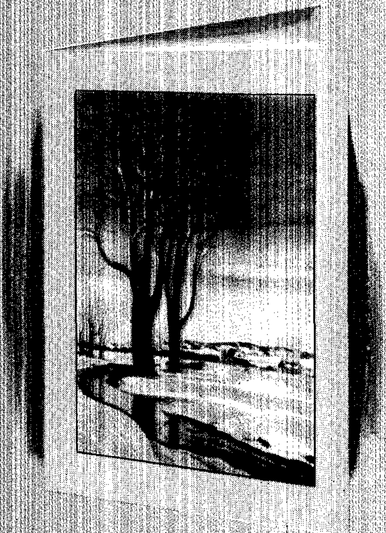

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gift card to read from ______________________________

by JACK STENBUCK

Revival in Vermont

Not so long ago it was a New England ghost town, but things are humming again in Weston; back of its remarkable rebirth is one man's yearning for the hills and valleys of his native state

LIKE SO MANY NEW Englanders away from home, Vrest Orton never ceased to yearn for the hills and valleys of his native Vermont. Now, driving through the Green Mountains on a vacation from his job in a New York publisher's office, he wondered what lay on the other side of a near-by hill.

Turning off the highway, he climbed a dirt road through a wilderness preserved as a national forest, and looked down. Snuggled in the valley below was the picture-post-card hamlet of Weston, Vermont. Mountains cut it off from the outside world. A lazy stream wound past a tree-shaded Common.

Weston had had a brief moment of glory; but in 1934, when Orton first saw it, it was obviously sleeping its last sleep. In 1850, it had been a thriving community of 1,200 on the post road to Boston, 150 miles away. Two grist mills stood on the bank of the river which the Indians called Wantastiquet — "waters of the lonely way." The town boasted several tanneries, a sawmill, four stores, two taverns and numerous handicraft shops.

Now Weston's population had shrunk to 400. Its mills and shops stood abandoned. All its business was represented by a single store, carrying the necessities of life.

Nevertheless, Orton fell in love with the town. Promptly he found a dilapidated red-brick home facing the village green and bought it. Then he quit his New York job and moved in. No one guessed it, but unwittingly Weston had taken its first step toward revival.

Even today, Weston is no multimillion restoration project, but in homely, conservative, unhurried New England fashion, it is an inspiring example of how a ghost town can lift itself by its own bootstraps with the help of imagination and community-wide effort.

Weston's landmarks are gradually being restored. One flour mill is operating again on the dam, with the water-wheel furnishing power. An abandoned church has been remodeled as a summer theater.

Weston's population is now up to 500. For the first time, young folks from other parts of the country are settling there to work at Vermont crafts. One living room echoes to the sound of an 18th-century hand loom, weaving tweeds. Others have become woodworking shops. A turning-mill, long idle, shapes old-fashioned chopping bowls. An ex-GI is making hand-turned wooden plates. An old blacksmith shop is ready to produce wrought-iron products.

Near-by farmers once more are making boiled apple cider to sell. Across from a barn-red old country store, with the authentic flavor of 100 years ago, stands the Weston Inn, open for business.

Last summer alone more than 25,000 visitors came by dirt road over the hills to view Weston's charms, watch its theater productions and buy its Vermont wares. Meanwhile other thousands buy by mail, for Weston has not only revived its old crafts but has evolved a plan to sell its products all over the country.

Weston's revival had its beginning when Orton, once moved in, began visiting with his neighbors. One of these was Ray Taylor, whose ancestors had helped to found the town and who today, at 60, has never been away from it for more than a few days.

Another neighbor was Ray Austin, who had been born in Weston but, unlike Taylor, had gone off to the University of Pennsylvania, then had been a successful interior decorator in New York.

Orton was neither a 100 per cent Westonian like Taylor, nor a native son like Austin who had wandered afar and returned. Born in Northern Vermont, he had left for Massachusetts as a boy, gone on to Brown and Harvard, fought in World War I, served in the consular service in Mexico, then settled in New York where he interested himself in book designing and fine printing. He was 37 when he came to Weston and spent his evenings talking with Taylor and Austin.

Originally, the plan they evolved for Weston was concerned only with making a theater of the abandoned church. Through Austin, they interested Mrs. Herbert Bailey, a Westonian who had gone to New York to live, to finance the project. Austin drew up plans for a theater accommodating 200 and the townsfolk pitched in to help with scenery and furnishings. Since 1935, a stock company from Boston, with some local talent, has been presenting two weeks of summer theater each year.

Hardly had work started on the theater than someone suggested restoring the picturesque Farrar-Mansur house. From cellars and attics came old pewter, antique bedsteads, and an assortment of ancient odds and ends which made the house a museum authentic in every detail.

Soon, plans were made to restore one of the mills which had burned in 1899. It was carefully rebuilt even to hand-hewn timbers and wooden dowels. Simultaneously, U. S. Senator Ralph Flanders of Springfield and other leading Vermonters became interested in Weston. They joined to form the Vermont Guild of Old-Time Crafts and Industries, a nonprofit organization to encourage others to make commercial use of old tools and old skills. The Guild acts as selling agent for its members, but except for the mill, the theater and the Farrar-Mansur house, the profits belong to the individual.

The Guild has about 100 active members. Flanders is chairman of the board, while Orton is not only secretary and treasurer but promoter as well, carrying the story far beyond the Weston hills.

During World War II, Orton left Weston for Army public relations work. Upon his return, he bought one of the abandoned inns and opened a country store. The shop handles the usual staples but, in addition, features others which have long since vanished from the shelves of modern stores. Most important, however, is the fact that it serves as the outlet for products of Guild members.

In the summer it caters largely to tourists, but during the other seasons most of its business is transacted by mail. To a list of 50,000 all over America, Orton sends a homely catalogue offering such wares as hand-woven tweeds, hand-painted tea caddies, handmade iron candelabra, wooden buckets filled with Montpelier crackers, and other similar items.

ORTON, NOW 50, DRESSES and looks like a Westonian who never has been out of the hill country. In winter, he wears tweed trousers tucked into boots, a flannel shirt, a sheep-lined jacket and a cap with ear muffs. He dons city clothes only for infrequent visits to Boston.

Among other urban folk who have been attracted to Weston and are now established Guild members are the Seeleys, Halls and Bairds, representing the young blood which Weston lacked so long.

Anne Seeley, a charming miss in her early twenties, originally hailed from New Jersey. A Smith College graduate, a lieutenant (SG) in the Waves, she married David Seeley, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and a native of Germantown, where he worked in a bank. A year ago they heard about the Guild, came to look at Weston, fell in love with it and remained.

Buying a house on a hilltop overlooking town, they took instructions in weaving, then brought into their home an old loom from the Guild museum. With wool imported from Scotland, they take turns weaving the tweeds which Orton sells.

It's somewhat the same with the Halls. Like Anne Seeley, Steven Hall is a graduate of Smith. In New York, she and her husband, Baird, worked for an advertising agency. Then they heard about Weston, moved there and joined the Guild. Without previous experience, Baird tried his hand at woodworking and together they opened a shop on Main Street. Baird builds chests, trays, boxes and other interesting pieces in the Vermont tradition while Steven decorates them with gay pictures.

When Baird had accumulated a considerable stock, Steven packed samples and went on a selling expedition to New York. She interested Macy's in taking on the line and, encouraged by this success, campaigned for other outlets. Today 400 shops all over the country handle the family's output.

Young Nancy Baird, a relative of the Halls, runs the inn. Her contribution to the Guild consists of delightful Vermont dishes: samp, a breakfast food made of wheat and corn from the mill; pies flavored with boiled apple cider, and muffins made of stone-ground meal.

Mainstays of the Guild, however, are the native Vermonters themselves. Ernest Peck, rural mail carrier, decided at 65 that he was too young to retire. He joined the Guild and makes chairs with cane seats. His wife decorates them at his side.

Long ago, the Guild became more than a purely local affair. In Halifax, Vermont, a theatrical designer retired to a farm. With time on his hands, he started making copper post-lanterns. At Woodstock, a former OPA official is turning out handmade furniture. At Hardwick, an ex-GI is building cricket stools. At Wallingford, a native is producing wrought-iron candlesticks in an old blacksmith shop. At Morrisville, an employee in the power plant uses evening hours to make attractive boxes.

The revival at Weston is attracting widespread attention. Recently, there has been talk of converting the Guild into a cooperative for craftsmen of the whole state. But even if a more ambitious program never develops, Weston is back on the map and Orton is happy.

"Weston's revival," he says, "proves that our remote villages need not die. If a person yearns for the simple country life, there are still plenty of places in America where the tools of the past can be used to make a living today."

Improving on the Dictionary

Drip—A person you can always hear but seldom turn off.

—*Reformatory Pillar*

Eu-ro'pe—A collection of countries with chips on their shoulders and none on the table. —*Forest Echoes*

Gold Dig'ger—A gal who loves a guy for all he's worth.

—*The Burning Question*

Ig'no-ra'mus—One who doesn't know something you just learned.
—Edith Gwynn in *The Hollywood Reporter*

Ma'son-Dix'on Line—A division between "You all" and "Youse guys." —*Forest Echoes*

Traf'fic Sig'nal—A little green light that changes to red when your car approaches.

Grin and share it

Edited by **Irving Hoffman**

A Hollywood hostess, giving instructions to a new maid just before a party, cautioned:

"Now remember, Marie, when you are serving my guests, don't wear any jewelry."

"I haven't anything valuable, madam," answered the maid, "but thanks for the warning just the same." —*McCall Spirit*

"May I ask what your son is doing?" one clubman asked another.

"But of course," was the reply. "He's a naval surgeon."

"Goodness!" cried the first, "how doctors do specialize!" —L. Duke Slohm

The florist's new assistant picked up the phone and listened attentively as he heard the order.

"The ribbon must be extra wide," the man was saying, "with the 'Rest in Peace' on both sides, and if there is room, 'We Shall Meet in Heaven'."

There was a sensation when the flowers arrived at the funeral. True, the ribbon was extra wide, but the inscription it bore read: "Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room, we shall meet in heaven."

—*Reading Railroad Magazine*

"Darling," said Mrs. Brown to her husband one evening, "I've accepted a part in the next play to be given by the Neighborhood Troupe."

"That's fine," replied Mr. Brown. "What kind of a costume will you wear in the play?"

"A bathing suit," she answered. "Have you any objections?"

"You bet I have!" the husband protested loudly. "Do you want the neighbors to think that I married you for your money?"

—Raymond P. Walker

It was a pompous and exceedingly impressive church wedding. Down the aisle came a fragile and lovely society girl; a veil floated like a mist above her classic head, giving her an ethereal appearance.

As she approached the altar, the bride tripped over a flowerpot which contained a lily.

"That," she remarked daintily, "is a hell of a place for a lily!"

—Alan Lipscott

A young married couple who had just settled down in their new home got a pleasant surprise in the mail one morning—a couple of tickets to one of the best shows in town. But the donor had neglected to send his name, and for the rest of the day the question bothering the newlyweds was: "Wonder who could have sent them?"

They enjoyed the show, but when they reached home they found that all their wedding presents had been taken during their absence.

On a table they found a note from the burglar. It read: "Now you know." —EILEEN GRADY

IT WAS A CRUCIAL moment, no doubt about it. The secretary was on her boss' lap when his wife suddenly walked into the office. But with great presence of mind, the boss began dictating.

"Standard Furniture Company," he called out rapidly. "Gentlemen: Shortages or no shortages, how long do you think I can run my office with only one chair?"

—MAE MURDOCK

"TO WHAT DO YOU attribute your long life?" the reporter asked the centenarian.

"I don't rightly know yet," replied the old-timer, puffing lazily at his pipe. "I'm still dickering with two breakfast-food companies."—From *The Speaker's Notebook*, EDITED BY WILLIAM G. HOFFMAN, PUBLISHED BY WHITTLESEY HOUSE.

A SPRY OLD gentleman was smoking in the bus. The conductor said to him: "Don't you see that sign that says 'No Smoking Allowed'?"

"Of course I do," replied the old man, "but how can you expect me to observe all your rules? There's another one that says 'Wear Spiral Corsets'."

—OLGA FERT in *The Louisville Courier-Journal*

THE HEAD OF THE BUS company called in his new driver.

"You drove a bus all day today," he stormed, "and didn't have one customer. What happened?"

The driver shrugged indifferently. "I just didn't have any passengers, that's all."

"You mean to say no one waved at you?"

"Oh, sure," said the driver. "People waved at every corner, but I wouldn't stop for any of them. Why should I? They didn't notice me when I was out of work."

—ALAN LIPSCOTT

A TRAVELER STOPPED in a small town in the Ozarks one night and put up at the local hotel. After dinner, while talking with some of the natives in the lobby, he started to tell them the story of Andrew Carnegie.

"When Carnegie came to this country he had only 25 cents in his pocket," said the traveler, "and when he died, he left more than $25,000,000."

"Well," mused an old native, "he must have had a very savin' woman." —DAN BENNETT

THE PATIENT OPENED his eyes for the first time since he had gone under the ether. He looked up and saw the doctor standing over him.

"Was the operation a success?" he asked.

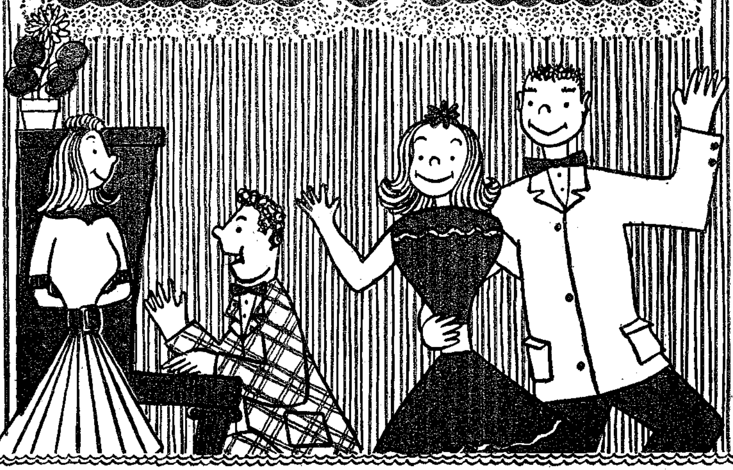
"Yes," beamed the doctor. "I didn't cut myself once." —DIANE SWANSON

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Condensed Book

THE *Betty Betz* PARTY BOOK

[illegible] all-teen parties without disrupting family harmony in the home. So rules to the youngsters and heed to the parents. May they both learn from each other so that their parties will ever be gayer, happier and more mutually satisfying affairs.



Condensed from *The Betty Betz Party Book*, published at $2.50 by Grossett and Dunlap, New York, N. Y.; copyright 1947 by Betty Betz.

THE *Betty Betz* PARTY BOOK

by **BETTY BETZ**

P-A-R-T-Y! THAT'S A magic word no matter who you are or where you hail from. But though it rings of fun and good times, it frequently brings us a mild case of the jitters whenever it's our turn to give or go to one.

Well, don't worry, my friends. Just remember that parties can be just as much fun to give as to attend, if they're planned right and your own party strategy is well groomed. With a little thought and imagination, *you* can be tops as a host, hostess or guest.

You know the difference between good and dull parties. When the fun's fine, the time flies; but when a party flops, the bored guests wonder which excuse will give them the best chance to break away early. After all, your friends can find a free meal at home, and can get a lot of laughs from a movie. So with this competition in mind, give out with a little thought and preparation the next time you plan a party.

You ought to see my mail from boys and girls who are planning their first parties. They're scared to death. "What games should we play?" "What should I give them to eat?" "How can I keep my parents from hanging around?"

Until you've given a few successful parties and won confidence in your ability to help people feel at ease and enjoy themselves, I admit it's a pretty nerve-wracking experience. But if you plan carefully beforehand and polish up your man-

ners, there's no reason why you can't have a smoothly run party at which everyone, including yourself, has a good time.

First, *set a date* that won't conflict with the plans of your family or friends. In other words, don't pick the night your mother's bridge club meets or the senior class holds its annual dance. If you discover that your best friend is giving a party on the same night you've chosen, one of you should offer to arrange a new date.

Parties with atmosphere are more amusing than the plain-Jane variety, so why not tag yours with a special name and decorate your home and table with novelties that suit the occasion? Choose a holiday or a gag, if you like, as the theme for food, games, favors and invitations. It takes a little more effort but the extra fun makes it well worth while.

Now get your *guest list.* After you've decided how many people you'll be able to include, jot down the names of those you want to invite. There's always the problem of pairing off partners, so decide whether you want it to be a gruesome twosome affair, or just a big party where it doesn't matter whether there's a boy mouse for every girl mouse. And don't forget such things as height, looks and I.Q.

Perhaps you'd rather not be responsible for matchmaking and therefore prefer to invite all the boys or all the girls, and let them bring their own dates. You can take this chance if you want to, but it usually works out better if you do the job of selecting the guests, so that you're sure you have asked congenial people.

Your list should include any house guests who are staying with your guests. And if you know that one of your friends is ill, or away and unavailable, send an invitation anyway as a courtesy.

The hostess who invites only the gals whom she thinks she can outshine in looks and conversation, so that she'll be queen of the ball, will swiftly win the reputation of having only female goons and creeps at her parties. Boys also duck the wolfess who manages to invite five men to every girl so that, although all the frails enjoy a whirl, most of the men just stand around talking to one another.

Invitations to most parties may be delivered by phone or in person. Tact helps, so don't blurt your invitation when your prospective guest is with someone you don't plan to ask. A sure way of avoiding unpleasant situations is to mail

your invitations. This eliminates misunderstandings about the date and time, and furnishes a double check on your list. Invitations needn't be fancy or engraved. A penny post card will do.

Refreshments range from light snacks to a full menu, and since they're a high spot, you might get mother's advice. Avoid dishes which are too fancy or too highly seasoned because not all tummies can take them. Simple dishes, served attractively, are your best bet. If you're on a budget, it's wiser to buy ample supplies of ham and eggs than to serve an eyedropper round of caviar.

Inexpensive decorations are fun to make and add that extra sparkle to your party, so use your brain box in dreaming up glamorous trimmings. You can always get your chums to help if it's too big a job, but be sure you don't mutilate the furniture, walls or floors with scotch tape, nails or paste unless you want to move into the doghouse after the ball is over. Colored cutouts, crepe paper, ribbons or flowers will put your guests in a festive mood as soon as they arrive.

Lots of girls get the shakes when they think, "What on earth will we *do* at my party?" Don't think you have to run a ten-act vaudeville show. Any group of young people who know each other will enjoy talking, dancing or eating together. A few stunts or games as warmer-uppers will relax everyone. Games which are too complicated generally cause mental strain, so keep them simple.

Sometimes family problems can be very embarrassing when you're giving a party. Explain to your parents that little brothers and sisters only add confusion, and help to pack them off to bed or to the movies beforehand. Occasionally your parents themselves can be unintentionally *much more difficult* to handle than the small fry, so try to work out an understanding before the big date.

By all means ask them in when the party starts because they can be a big help in meeting your friends and putting them at ease. But make sure they don't stick around like wallpaper all evening. If you have a momma or poppa who can't resist suggesting "drop the handkerchief" or home movies of your trip to the Rockies, urge them to refrain from the old refrain.

Your mother will be a lot more enthusiastic about your parties if you do your own mopping up. Stack the dishes, put away the records and games, dispose of leftover food, and as far as possible restore the room to its original shape. No one expects you to start scrubbing floors at midnight, but remember that your family's morning-after reaction will not be tinged by the pleasant party memories you've stored away. To them, the post-party litter will just look like dirt!

MAKING PEOPLE feel at home is the first basic rule for successful hosting. Although you rattle around the house at ease, your first guests may regard your home as a rather frightening experience. It's up to you to make them feel comfortable and relaxed. It's the little things that make a good party, and once you learn the tricks you'll enjoy going through your paces.

The first step in your open-door

One Way to Start Them Talking

For conversation-starting, try this trick, using your own motifs. Buy a package of cellophane, attach strands of scotch tape to each sheet and place this invisible covering over a plain white tablecloth. Now the fun begins. Choose your own decoration and slide it underneath the cellophane.

If you happen to be a collector, why don't you try putting a few dozen menus or old dance programs underneath your invisible cellophane cloth, along with some paper serpentine streamers and confetti?

If you are giving an old-fashioned barn dance or hay-ride buffet, tear out some of the pages of a mail-order catalogue and place them beneath the cellophane as eye-catchers.

As soon as your guests see the cutouts, they'll start chattering like a flock of magpies.

P. S. This saves wear and tear on your mother's table linen, too!

campaign calls for putting your house in tiptop shape for guests. Rig up a good porch light, if you don't already have one, to prevent bruised shins at evening affairs. Remove brother's tricycle and baseball bat from the hall, and on winter nights be sure to clear the walk and steps of snow and ice.

Arrange the furniture beforehand, and group the chairs so that no one will be isolated in a corner. If your mother dotes on antiques, put them out of reach before the fun starts. Check the temperature so that the room is neither too hot nor too cold, and remember that it's always a lot warmer with a big crowd.

Arrange a convenient place for guests' wraps so that they can find them easily when they leave. Your powder room should be immaculate, and stocked with towels, soap, combs and hand lotion. As for general illumination, try to strike a happy medium between blinding lights and the dim-out variety which not only smacks of corner cuddling but actually slows down the pace of a party.

Radios and phonographs pep up parties, but try to keep the music as a background for conversation and not a concert program. Scatter nibble-food around for those who can't wait for the big feed, and have plenty of soft drinks on hand so that you don't have to duck out to the drugstore for extra supplies.

The hostess who wears her flashiest rig in order to stand out among her guests is inexperienced, not chic. It's better taste to wear the simplest dress rather than a fancy number which will make some more tailored girl feel ill-at-ease at your party. Never be more overdressed than your guests.

Be at the door to greet your guests as they arrive. Take their wraps and give out with some gen-

Ever Tried the Wedding-Ring Gag?

So it's difficult to team off partners? Try the wedding-ring gag. Hang a big wooden curtain ring from the middle of the doorway. Attach one ribbon or piece of string for each couple by passing it through the loop. Tie a brass curtain ring to either end of each ribbon.

When your guests are assembled, let the boys choose rings on one side and the girls on the other. The boy and girl who share the same ribbon are slated to be partners for the evening.

You want another way of pairing off partners? Put all of the girls in the middle of the room and ask four boys to bring on a huge sheet filled with inflated balloons. The boys shake the balloons and shoot them up into the air, and each girl grabs one. After she breaks it she finds the name of her partner on a slip of paper inside.

uine hospitality instead of acting like a scared bunny. A warm smile, a firm handshake and a friendly greeting tell them you're really glad to see them.

Don't forget to do everything you can to make a stranger feel like one of the group. Your other friends who are well acquainted will jabber under their own steam, so it's up to you to ease the stranger into the discussion with a well-planted conversational hook. If you're in the middle of a conversation when another guest arrives, excuse yourself and return later.

Be sure that everyone mixes. If all the boys huddle at one end of the room and the girls congregate at the other, break the jam with a popular group game. If there's someone with talent, whether it's beating out boogie-woogie or performing card tricks, make use of it, and drum up an amateur floor show. Dancing is always a good solution for getting people together and you can always try an exchange dance to help create new couple combinations.

Buffet-style meals are easier to handle than a planned, sit-down supper. However, if you decide to seat people instead, there are a few simple "do's and don'ts." Always split up ready-steadies and seat them at opposite ends of the table so that everyone gets a chance to meet everyone else. After you have selected the partners, place each boy on the left of his girl.

The host or hostess sits at the head of the table. Your partner may sit either at your side or at the other end of the table, whichever you prefer. When it's time to eat, you lead the way to the table and your guests follow. As soon as the food is served, begin to eat immediately, even if it's only to pick up a dab, because it's proper for guests to wait for the host or hostess.

When your guests depart, take them to find their wraps and see them to the door. Upon leaving, they'll probably say "I had a wonderful time," or "Gee, it was a swell party." It's a nice gesture for you to return the compliment with something like, "Thank you, it was fun having you." Make them feel that you want them to come back again and that they're always welcome in your home.

YOU'VE BEEN INVITED to a party and you're all excited. Maybe you think it's more fun to go to parties than to give them yourself, and less work too! It's so simple to be a guest: all you have to do is throw on some clothes, roll over to your friend's house, park around a while, stuff yourself with eats, and then fold up when you think you've had enough for one evening. Well, if it were that simple, I'd say, "Baby, you never had it so good!"

Just between us, if you want to be a guest who gets asked back again, you have to do more than make a personal appearance. Perhaps you're the blasé type who pretends not to care. Wait and see, the time will come when you'll be left out of big doin's around town.

The guest who takes everything and everybody for granted adds no color to a party, so why should a hostess ask a goon who merely fills up space which could have been used by someone with more spark and personality? The person who's always welcome is the one who is considerate, pleasant and well-mannered. Brush up on that party line, so you'll be sure not to get any brush-offs!

If you're bewitched, bothered and bewildered by what to wear, whom to bring, the time or place, don't hesitate to phone your host or hostess to get set straight. It's easier to get things clarified beforehand, rather than showing up in the wrong clothes, at the wrong time, or not showing up at all! And if you have a house guest or a friend in tow, be sure you ask permission before you upset party plans by dragging along extra guests.

Promptness is a virtue that looks good on everyone. It's no longer considered tantalizing for girls to keep others waiting while they put finishing touches on wardrobes or hair-dos. Make a point of being ready 15 minutes early, and read a magazine or book while you wait for your escort. It gives you time to look poised and collected, and frequently furnishes a few good conversational items.

When you are greeted at the door, don't track in mud or snow. If you wear galoshes or rubbers, leave them outside because no host or hostess likes to block her entranceway with odds and ends. If you are instructed to take your wraps to a special room, do so, because they clutter a neat hall when there's a big party going on.

It's a nice gesture to shake hands with your host or hostess, and always shake hands with any parents or elders standing around. Give them a friendly greeting, even if it kills you.

After your wraps are parked, your host or hostess will guide you around to meet everyone, so don't glue yourself to the first person you recognize, and chatter. The time to get acquainted is on arrival; you can always go back and talk with the people you know, so be sure you meet everyone when you have the opportunity. Once the introductions are over, you're on your own, possibly stranded on a sofa with strangers. Strike up a conversation, even if you have to start with that old reliable topic—the weather.

Be sure that you chat briefly with the parents. Parents always like to hear nice things about their kids. Don't drool, but give out with a few sincere compliments. Of course, you know that you jump to your feet whenever any grown-ups come into the room and remain standing until they are seated or until they have departed. Always offer your chair if it's the most comfortable one, even though you had secretly hoped to be planted there for a while.

If you are seated in a spot where you're left out of things, drag your chair into the inner circle, or if you see that someone else is out in the cold, suggest bringing him or her in closer. Nothing is more crushing than to be marooned, but if you use that thing which rests on your shoulders, you can always manage gracefully to help yourself and others out of tough spots!

Just because you came with a date doesn't mean that you two have to make like flypaper all evening. This is dull sport for the other guests. It's just as boring for them to referee love feuds because one of you has shown a little too much attention to someone else. Don't be possessive at a party or you won't have much fun, and you'll put a damper on everybody else's good time, too.

Keep in mind that you're *not* in your own home, and things which your parents may tolerate might irk others. I remember a boy who used to tilt back on his chair and perform a balancing act. How my parents used to gripe! And do be careful not to scratch or damage the furnishings in someone else's home. If accidents happen, always offer to have the repairs made.

At a sit-down dinner, the gentlemen always seat the ladies first at the places appointed by host or hostess. As soon as you're seated, take your napkin and place it half-folded in your lap. If a girl's napkin falls to the floor, the nearest man picks it up (like the hankie gag) to avoid konking heads over it.

Always wait for your host or hostess to start eating, and if you're not sure about which tool to use, follow the leader. If you're not eating, keep your hands folded in your lap. There's nothing wrong with leaning your elbows on the table once in a while, as long as you don't sprawl all over the place.

Girls should park all their paraphernalia before sitting down to dinner, especially purses, which don't belong on the table. If you dote on fancy gloves which match your dress, shed them while you're eating or the folks will think you've got holes in your head. Never leave a handkerchief or a comb on the table, and if you need an overhauling after the main course, wait until the meal is over and then make for the powder room.

Keep a departure hour in mind, and when the time comes to go, don't loiter until your hostess drowses off to sleep. When you depart, say good-night to each guest, and shake hands with your host or hostess. Don't memorize a speech, but say a few sincere words about the fun you had. Just imagine how you'd like others to act when they're in *your* house, and do the same.

THE RIGHT ATTIRE in itself may not make a party a huge success, but the wrong outfit can certainly go a long way toward marring the evening. If you're attractively and suitably clothed, you can forget yourself and have fun. If your dress or suit is wrong, chances are you'll spend most of the evening fretting about your getup rather than joining the festivities.

Girls, be careful of clothes that are too grown up or too sophisticated. You may think you're real siren stuff in tight-fitting dresses trimmed with sequins, but take a tip from me . . . that's what *scares* the boys away. They'd much rather see you wearing something sweet, feminine and colorful.

Silks, cottons and soft wools are always good, especially when they're styled youthfully. The tailored "dressmaker" type of clothes are fine for every day, but when you're going to a party, see how nice you look in a full skirt, a sweetheart neckline or a pretty drawstring sleeve.

Wear as little make-up as possible; just lipstick is enough unless you use a good powder base for an inconspicuous foundation. Of course, you'll want a touch of perfume, but be discriminating about it. The heavy, exotic types aren't for you, so select a sweet and light flower scent and use it sparingly behind your ears and on your elbows instead of dumping it on your dress. Don't load your arms and neck with jewelry, and if you wear earrings, be sure they're not those big hunks of junk designed for older women.

As for the male department, the

Make Every Guest An Artist

WHY NOT SURPRISE your best friend with a party on his or her birthday? Make it a memorable one, with all the tricks and trimmings you can think of. Borrow a lot of baby pictures from his or her mother and hang them around the room. It's customary at a birthday party for the guests to bring presents, so turn the tables and *give* such inexpensive tokens as key rings, address books, or small boxes of candy to your guests.

A week before the party, mail each guest a large sheet of drawing paper and ask him to draw caricatures of himself with black crayon and mail it back to you. On the night of the party, hang the collection of drawings across the room on a string.

When the guests arrive, supply them with pencils and paper and ask them to identify as many of the gang as they can. The person who guesses the most names correctly wins a prize.

A Candy House for Christmas Cheer

NEED A CENTERPIECE for your Christmas party table? Here's an idea worth trying and not at all hard to do. Make yourself a candy house ahead of time so that the whole family can enjoy looking at it under the tree. You know how to paste together a small cardboard house, with a slanting roof and chimney. You learned in kindergarten. Well, when that's done, buy yourself an assortment of the gayest colored candy you can find. Those flat pinwheels are good; so are candy sticks, candy canes, licorice whips, peppermints, jujubes or any hard candy which has a flat surface.

The next step is to glue the goodies to the walls of your cardboard house, trying to keep some pattern throughout. In using the house for the centerpiece on your Christmas table, place it on a patch of white cotton snow and surround it with shrubs of evergreens.

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good old days when a fellow could be a Casanova if he were tall, dark and rumpled are gone. It's just as important for a boy to be immaculately groomed when he attends a party as it is for a girl, and in each case most people make their initial judgments on your appearance.

Girls like to see their dates well dressed and pressed, so make sure your suit is spotless and unwrinkled. Dark blue, gray or brown are the most flattering and practical colors. And a white or light-blue soft-collared shirt and good looking, not-too-flashy tie are fine party togs.

Girls admire escorts who stick to dark-brown or black well-heeled, well-polished shoes. They vote for socks which stay up. The trouser length should be just right, so don't let the cuffs drag. On the other hand, don't wear your trousers so short that they look as though you're growing out of them.

Fashion is a funny business. Girls knock themselves out trying to look different, but the ideal for men is an inconspicuous, well-groomed look. Clothes should act as a background which best expresses your personality. If they fit, if they're clean, if they're appropriate to the occasion, they provide the setting you need to look and act your best.

CONVERSATION IS THE PET party pastime and there are definite rules for those who are interested in acquiring *savoir faire*. There's always some big galoot who likes to sit in the center and hog the conversation. If this character is you, try to realize what a bore you are to others, and do something about it. Always make sure you're not obstructing someone else's view, and if there's someone who's shy, be thoughtful enough to beam the conversation his or her way.

Avoid gossiping at parties, because it only leads to trouble. If you've nothing good to give out about a person, don't say anything and at least that person will never think any less of *you!* Once the dirt gets back, you've lost a friend, especially if the gossip isn't true.

Be tactful, too; don't voice your opinion if it's going to cause anyone embarrassment. To make fun of a certain family in town because they have a broken-down car may get a laugh, but perhaps you don't realize that a girl sitting near you is going through mental agony because her family has a car that's fit for the scrap pile, too.

Beware of being materialistic and try not to speak in terms of price tags. Constant references to "my mother's new mink coat" or "my father's family crest" will mark you as a show-off. Don't ever quote prices unless you're asked, and avoid $$$$$ in conversations as much as possible.

If the subject of politics is being tossed about and you know zero about it, don't look blank or pore over a magazine. Lend an ear, look intelligent. You might *learn something*. You may even be pleasantly surprised to find that you do have something to say on the subject.

Maybe you're the shy type who's afraid to say *anything*. Don't brood about it; you may be better off than kids who trip themselves every time they talk. If you stray towards the outer fringe but dream of the night you'll really wow everyone with your wit and gaiety, start now in a small way. Just concentrate on the person next to you, and you'll do all right. Party talk should be light, pleasant and impersonal, so keep it on this plane.

Lots of girls tell me, "I spend hours fixing up before I go to a party, and I really think I look dreamy. But when I get there, nobody pays any attention to me. Why?"

The boys' answer to what is wrong with this lovely teen-queen, who is standing off to one side nervously twisting her hankie, goes something like this, "She's pretty and all that, but with that dead-pan look it's like saying hello to a billboard poster."

The simplest technique (and it's been used for centuries) is simply to talk about things you think would interest your neighbor. Boys love to show all they know about baseball teams, football scores, tennis matches, track meets and basketball. Girls are just fascinated by movies, plays and books, school activities or local events.

Once you get your partner talking on his pet topic, he'll roll along under his own steam, and you may find that your problem is how to get a word in edgewise. Strangely enough, if you really get him talking about something that matters to him, even if you do no more than nod sympathetically every ten minutes, you'll find he thinks you're the most intelligent conversationalist he's ever met. Try it some time—it really works!

THE SUCCESS OF ANY party you give will depend a lot on the care with which you plan the evening's program. Even the best food won't save a party from falling flat on its face if the guests are bored. It's up to the host or hostess to see that doesn't happen.

With a good list of games and stunts arranged in advance, you can keep things lively and your guests amused even if the party goes on and on into the wee hours.

A good ice-breaker is a little game called "Who Am I?" Here's how it goes: before your guests arrive, place pictures of animals, vegetables, famous people or whatever you choose, on small pieces of cardboard. Make enough so that there's one for each guest, and when the gang arrives pin a picture on the back of each person but don't let him see his likeness.

The confusion sets in. Ask every guest to identify his picture without peeking or asking direct questions. The only permissible questions are those which may be answered with a "yes" or "no." For instance, "Am I tall?" or "Am I musical?" are all right. This is a dandy for getting a party off on the right foot, but be sure you don't have any mirrors around or it'll be a dead giveaway!

If your gang really follows the platter-chatter, you can put your party on the solid side by making with a record game. Pass out paper and pencils, and seat your guests far enough apart so that there's no cribbing. Play a program of about a dozen popular records and test the disc knowledge of your friends. When they hear each record, they must put down the name of the song and, if possible, the name of the orchestra and singer.

Points run like this: Five for each correct title, three for the orchestra name and two for the name of the singer, making a total of ten possible points for each record. The person who stacks up the most points wins.

Another little quick-thinking game that always peps things up requires at least seven or eight people to have any fun. Seat your guests in a circle and elect one person to stand in the center. This person has a knotted handkerchief, an orange, a potato or a ball for use in the game.

The person in the center thinks of a noun such as "automobile" and pronounces the word as he or she tosses the hankie to one of those sitting in the circle. The player who catches the hankie must speak a word which has some direct relation to the word "automobile," such as "convertible" or "taxi." Adjectives like "beautiful" or "fast" won't do; the words must be specific.

You'd be amazed how confusing it can be when you have to think of something so simple in such a short time. The player in the circle tosses back the hankie as he or she says the required word. Then the ringleader tries another word and tosses the hankie to another person.

If a person in the circle misses or can't think of a descriptive word, he takes the place of the one in the center of the ring. This game really has no purpose or prize—it's just for fun. But after all, that's the purpose of your party, isn't it?

IF YOU'VE SUFFERED in silence, or out loud, because your folks don't understand your point of view about parties, ask them to put themselves in your place. Your friends are years younger than your parents; their interests and abilities are much different. No one expects your dad to like the same games your boy friend does, or your mom to relish the midnight snacks the gang adores. Teen-agers usually get along best with other teen-agers,

Put Those Camera Fiends to Work!

THERE *MUST* BE SOME camera fiends in your school, so for your next big dance set up some very bright floodlights so that everyone who owns a camera can snap some candid shots. For decorations, pin up some glossy prints borrowed from the files of your high-school paper.

Or better yet, arrange a photography exhibit with the best shots of all your shutterbugs. You might even ask a few of the prettiest girls to model for the fans, and perhaps a few of the budding actors and actresses could stage a fake scene for the photographer.

You might try having everyone come in "Gay Nineties" costume—the girls in bustles, the boys in derbies and moustaches. Paint old-fashioned scenery on brown wrapping paper for decorations. This will give the camera fiends something to shoot at.

just as middle-agers speak the same language as other middle-agers.

After all, your parents are spending a lot of time and money to groom you as a self-sufficient, intelligent, well-bred person, and the best place for you to practice your social know-how is in your own living room. So talk over your party plans with the family, get their suggestions on time, date, budgets, food and decorations. By all means ask them in to meet your friends, and spend some time chatting with them. But after that, it's your job to take over, and if you explain this to your parents, they'll probably agree to take in the local movie.

Probably one of the reasons many parents interfere with their offspring's social life is that they just can't believe that little Susie is now old enough and competent enough to run a party successfully. So be patient but firm if mother floods you with helpful hints while the party's in progress, suggests a snappy game of "tiddlywinks" or entertains the gang with a running account of how cute you looked the day you wore your first formal. Smile nobly, if grimly, and gently steer Mom toward her appointment.

Never argue with your parents in front of guests. If your pre-party plans go awry and the family decides to park indoors all evening instead of going for that long walk you suggested, make the best of it. Discuss it fully with them the next day, but don't embarrass your friends by a family brawl.

When you get right down to it, the same technique for handling parents applies to handling bosses, teachers and friends. If you take them into your confidence, let them in on your plans, get their approval for new projects and show them the same courtesy and understanding you'd like to receive, you'll find they'll back you to the hilt

Let the Gang Fix the Decorations

HALF THE FUN OF A Christmas party is fixing the decorations. Colored ribbons, ornaments, bells, evergreens, and holly will make sensational centerpieces for tables or mantels. Try serving your dessert sprigged with a holly leaf and pass around dressed-up Christmas cookies.

Perhaps your parents will allow you to buy your own special little Christmas tree just for the party. If they do, you'll be missing a good bet if you don't invite the gang over to help you with the trimming.

Put the boys to work popping corn for gay streamers, and equip the girls with needles and colored thread to sew the popcorn chains. Candy canes, chocolate Santa Clauses, paper stars and bits of white cotton will help make a tree that looks good enough to eat. Afterwards, you can all loll around the fire, drinking hot Christmas punch and munching on the popcorn you *didn't* string.

and make every effort to cooperate.

If, on the other hand, you're constantly pulling fast deals, if you're forgetful and lazy, if you lose your temper at home because you think you can get away with it, if you're indifferent to your family's affairs, you'll find your parents are popping out all over—usually when it's least convenient for you.

And if this happens to you too often, you probably deserve the punishment you take. Because problem parents are frequently just the result of problem children.

ARE YOU THE KIND of guest who is invited to all the best parties? Or do you receive one bid and then never darken that particular doorstep again?

If you'd like to be a party repeater, (and who doesn't?) better check your party behavior right now, to make sure your know-how is as up to date as your hair-do.

A fine basic rule to remember is this: act the way you'd like your friends to behave when they come to your house. Don't embarrass your hostess with thoughtless, indiscreet remarks. Don't decide to conduct a rival party of your own when you arrive on the scene; it's much more fun to join in the group activities. Arrive promptly; depart on time, and make every party minute as pleasant for your fellow guests as it is for yourself.

Some strange characters regard each party as a test of their personal drawing power. You know the girl who barges in at full speed, promptly sheds her date and starts hunting in all the other gals' preserves. This may work one evening, but it certainly cuts down the list of places she'll ever be asked to again. The male version of this breed is the "Big Dame Hunter" who starts chasing early in the evening, repeatedly breaks into all the other boys' dances, ducks out onto the terrace with every unsuspecting frail, and leaves happy in the thought that he's strewn a trail of broken hearts. Actually, when the girls compare notes after the ball, his number will be zero.

Occasionally a boy or girl will turn up at a party wearing a big chip that screams, "Entertain me, I dare you!" This type is a hostess' nightmare. Obviously she hasn't got enough time to devote all of it to you exclusively. She expects you to mingle with the other guests and contribute to the general gaiety, and if you don't intend to do that, it would be far, far better to leave before you're branded an impossible killjoy.

If at the last minute a friend blows in from out of town, or you're forced to entertain your cousin, call your hostess and ask if you may bring along a guest. Short rations, a capacity crowd, or any of a dozen good reasons may make it very difficult for her if you upset her score. On the other hand, if you let her know in advance, she can usually make some fast adjustments.

HOW'S YOUR BALLROOM know-how? You may waltz like a dream and have that eight-beat rhythm step down pat, but if your *savoir faire* is strictly in "E flat," you'll never rate at the top of your dance date's hit parade.

Young ladies are usually pretty busy trying to be ladylike, so it's the gentlemen who sometimes forget that dance floor behavior differs drastically from a locker room warm-up. Cut the roughhouse stuff on a dance floor. Catcalls and Hallowe'en antics may win yakyaks at the soda shoppe, but file them away when you're out with a nice girl who's trying to be captivating.

Such cracks as "You walk on your own feet, so why can't I walk on them, too?" aren't very funny to a girl who's only trying to sail smoothly by a stag line. Never yell greetings or advice to other couples on the floor. When you've chosen a partner, stick with her and limit your conversation to her, instead of beaming it to the whole room.

The most sophisticated girl may be more sensitive than you suspect, so be careful not to hurt her feelings. Suppose you *did* find out that the little second item on your dance program was "a terrific bundle of rhythm"? Don't make your current partner feel knee-high to a worm by praising another gal's talent, looks or anything.

As a matter of fact, it doesn't cost a cent to toss a few nice compliments her way if you want to boost your stock. You don't have to click your heels, bow or kiss her pretty paw, but it's a good idea to pay a girl those small attentions that really make her take notice. Be sure to open doors for her, help her with her wraps, stand until she's seated, make a point of introducing her if she's a newcomer, and always see that she's supplied with refreshments.

Some girls like to do exhibition dancing, but that isn't every gal's dish. Before you insist on going into a rugged jitterbug routine, get the green light from your partner. And even if the gal is completely under your spell, don't lure her out on the terrace for a breath of fresh air unless you mean exactly that and not just the *fresh*. If a girl says she's tired and wants to sit out a dance, try to be obliging, even though you'd much prefer to fox-trot.

Never leave a girl alone on the dance floor or on the side lines, even if she's not your property. It's up to *you* to escort her to her partner even if your date tags along. If you see a little lady stranded on the side lines, try to get her in circulation again. You may think chaperones are a little stuffy, but do spend a few minutes chatting with them during the evening.

If you're a girl and your dancing isn't up to par, practice with the other girls when you have your gab fests. Try to learn the new steps, instead of being frightened by them. All boys like girls who are good dancers, and there's no reason why *you* can't be one of them too, with a little practice. Take a few lessons if you think you need schooling, and if classes are available at your high school, deal yourself in on them.

"I always feel as if I'm in a dark jungle," a boy once told me when I asked him how he ever found his directions. Put your left arm in a comfortable position, and don't get a hammer hold on the poor fellow's neck. Cheek-to-cheek dancing is both unbecoming and uncomfortable. Choose the middle road in your dance styles; try to keep in line with your crowd's approach. Going to extremes may cause ridicule, so be conservative.

Being a lady doesn't limit you to a seat on the side lines in a prim pose. Just be your natural self, have a good time, but never get out of line so that you're conspicuous or bad mannered. And under *no* circumstances should you ever make the remark, "Don't you know I'm a lady?"

If you're a lady, Sister, *you'll never have to tell anybody!*

Now for a final pointer. Don't think of parties as tests of character or endurance contests. The good sense that makes you popular at school and with your family is all you need to drag along when you start going out. But remember that giving a party, or accepting an invitation to one, is taking on a responsibility for making the shindig a success.

So try your best to be your most considerate, courteous and well-mannered self. Before you know it, you'll be doing it *without even trying!*

CREDITS

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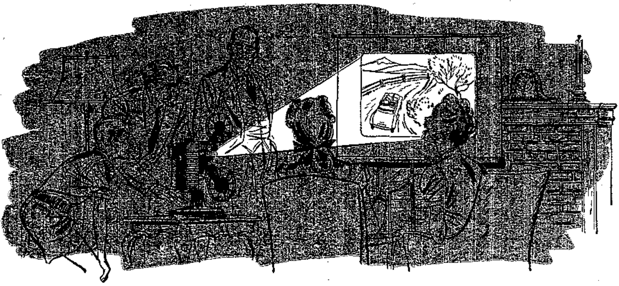

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This Month's Cover: The picture of Santa Claus at work which adorns Coronet's December cover is Jim Lockhart's first national magazine cover. But Coronet predicts that it is the first of many for this up-and-coming young artist who hails from McGehee, Ark. Lockhart now lives in Chicago and he painted our Christmas cover last summer when the Windy City's thermometers registered 95 degrees. So his Saint Nicholas is in shirt sleeves for good reason. Lockhart's friend, Dave Vernon, an art salesman, agreed to act as model only on condition that he wouldn't have to don Santa's usual North Pole attire.